Saddle Sore:
A Christian Cowgirl Spanking Novella
(And Other Short Tales)
By Yu May

Preface

"... being a writer is like showing your butt to the world."
–*Fairy Tail*, by Hiro Mashima

This is a work of fiction, but it takes inspiration from the lived experience of the author. This book depicts multiple sequences of corporal punishment for dramatic and narrative purposes, including depictions of parents using spanking as a form of punishment for their children. Those who are sensitive about this topic are advised to show discretion before reading. The words expressed and actions depicted in this book should not be interpreted as an endorsement by the author.

I became a spanking story author mostly by accident.

In 2023, I began to experiment with A.I. Language Learning Models such as ChatGPT, curious if I could get them to write spanking stories based on my fantasies and experiences. Almost immediately, I discovered the spanking scenes written A.I. chatbots did not live up to my imagination (even if they were willing to write them at all). I started editing these stories to make them more to my liking, usually by expanding on the spanking scenes.

Around 2024, I gradually concluded that my use of A.I. was becoming a creative crutch, and began writing my spanking stories by myself from scratch. Looking back, the experience helped me gain more confidence in my own abilities as a writer, and encouraged me to find my individual narrative voice.

For the purposes of full disclosure, it should be acknowledged that some of the stories in this volume began in my older A.I. chat logs from 2023. When I revisited these rough drafts, I made extensive efforts to edit and revise them and bring them up to my current standards as a storyteller. In summation, this collection reflects my journey as a beginning writer.

These are perhaps my most personal stories, both in terms of their content and in what I learned while writing them. The first *Saddle Sore* novella was originally written and published on the internet as a standalone short story. I received such positive feedback on the first chapter, I was determined to revisit the character of Jayme Schmidt, and much to my delight, Jayme started to tell me her own story.

This book also includes several bonus short stories which, although they do not tie in directly to the central plot of the novella, do relate to the overall theme: growing up in a spanking household in rural America.

Dr. Kriege holds the distinction of co-authoring one of these bonus stories with me, and independently writing his own short story inspired by the characters from *Saddle Sore*. With his permission, both of these tales are included in this collection.

I owe a debt of gratitude to Adam-12, who encouraged me to keep writing *Saddle Sore* by commissioning me to write Chapter IV.

I also want to thank everyone who contributed art and fiction to this anthology, and encouraged me to continue writing. And finally, spank you for reading!

–Yu May

Saddle Sore
Chapter I: The Cowgirl's Hiding
By Yu May

As Mamma's trusty wooden spatula made its impact across the seat of sixteen-year-old Jayme Schmidt's dusty denim jeans, the prodigal teen heard a dense, resounding thunder clap echo through the room.

Jayme's dirty-blond hair flew in waves around her as she jerked her head up, catching a glimpse of the peach tree branches swaying and the light of dawn peeking through the window.

With both legs dangling across either side of Mamma's right knee, Jayme couldn't even get a glimpse of Mamma's face or the spoon. Sometimes, she could just make out a flurry of movement in her peripheral vision, but apart from that, Jayme's impressions of the scene unfolding behind her were restricted to her sense of hearing… and her sense of touch.

"It's not even breakfast! How did I manage to start summer vacation like this? Why is God doing this to me?"

A second slap of the spatula was enough to discourage Jayme's private questions about theodicy.

"Okay, God, I get it. I know I goofed."

Two more stiff swats from the spatula, one for each cheek, were enough to make Jayme wonder why all her friends at church were so terrified of bare-bottom spankings in particular. In her sixteen-year-long career of practicing for the rodeo by taking regular trips across Mamma and Pop's knees, Jayme was pretty sure she'd earned every spanking she possibly could, with every possible implement, in every possible state of dress, in every possible combination.

"Sure, you get less protection with a bare butt, but do you really think parents don't know that too? When you're in your jeans they know it's open season, and…"

Another wallop, another futile twist of Jayme's hips. As the denim up the jeans rode up her crack, Jayme could perfectly imagine a blushing little cartoon face on her booty wailing, *"Lemme' out! Lemme' out!"*

Three quick spanks in staccato rhythm, followed by two more in the firecracker explosion style, before a pause let Jayme catch her breath and consider her position.

Outside, the local mourning dove was cooing above the barn, as if lamenting Jayme's pains.

Jayme bit her lip. *"Vinyl record scratch! Yup, that's me, you're probably wondering how I got myself into this situation!"*

As she felt a gentle tap of the spatula rub against both her lower cheeks, Jayme heard Mamma's stern voice. "Jayme Hilario Schmidt, so long as you live under this roof, you will not take the Lord's name in vain. Is that clear?"

Brushing her hair out of her eyes, Jayme's tongue moved before she could think. "All I said was 'Gosh dang it.' Didn't think that counted."

Jayme winced as she heard the sarcastic bite in her own words.

And Jayme winced again as she felt the bite of the spatula across her own bottom.

"Jayme, this is not a debate. When I ask you a yes or no question, I expect to hear either 'Yes, ma'am,' or 'No ma'am.' Is that clear?"

"Yes'm!" Jayme rested her hands on the spotless kitchen floor. When Mamma was in a lecturing mood, she usually put the spanking on hold to get her point across. Jayme would have cursed herself for forgetting that, if cussing wasn't a spankable offense in the Schmidt household.

Jayme felt Mamma trace small circles across the seat of her pants with the spatula. The Amish-made antique made a gentle swishing sound as it brushed against the denim in figure-eight patterns, lifting each of Jayme's cheeks slightly with each pass.

"That's better, Jayme. Now, in the first place, it most certainly does 'count.' It's called a 'minced oath.' It's coming as close to the blasphemous phrase as possible. You said you didn't know a phrase like that 'counted.' Think carefully. Do you recall what your father and I have taught you about the third commandment?"

Jayme felt oddly soothed by the gentle touch of the spatula. "Um… Yes, ma'am. I think so, ma'am."

"Can you recite Exodus 20:7?"

Jayme nodded furiously, suddenly back in Sunday School mode and eager to please. "Yes, ma'am! 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"

"And what does the third commandment teach us?"

"Yes! Straight out of children's catechism!"

Wondering if having her bottom hanging in the air was improving the blood circulation to her brain, Jayme recited beautifully: "The third commandment teaches us to reverence God's name, word, and works."

Jayme's heart started to swell with pride, before she remembered her humiliating position. Not one child at the First Reformed Baptist Church of Redfield could honestly say they had never been spanked. Even amongst the teenage girls, whispered stories of recent spankings were commonly exchanged with giggles in Sunday School discussions, when the boys were not present of course. The Bible clearly taught that faithful parents must spank their children… what would be the point of hiding it?

But Jayme had a sneaking suspicion that not even all the naughty girls of First Reformed Baptist Church combined earned spankings quite as frequently as she did. Jayme had come to that conclusion, to her chagrin, when the other teens noticed that Jayme always seemed to have at least one new spanking story, every single week.

It wasn't that John and Mary Schmidt were particularly strict or eager to spank Jayme. In fact, some of the stories she heard about the other girls' thrashings made Jayme feel practically spoiled!

It was just that Jayme's parents saw spanking as a first resort rather than the last resort: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Jayme’s Pops and Mamma handed out little spankings to their seven children more frequently than candy, in the hope that they wouldn’t have to dish out harsher punishments later.

For Jayme’s older brother and sister, this method had worked wonders!

So long as you didn’t talk yourself into a for-real spanking, the Schmidt siblings usually escaped with little more than a few light-pink marks as a reminder of their minor misdeed.

Unfortunately, once she was over a knee, Jayme’s brain tended to turn off. She was just *that* good at talking her way into a spanking, to the point that Mamma had hung racks of kitchen implements at strategic points around the house and barn to speed up the process of providing Jayme’s regularly scheduled maintenance spankings.

"And do you think that phrase shows proper reverence to God’s name, word, and works?"

"No, ma’am!"

"So, why did you do it?"

Jayme grinned, glad Mamma couldn’t see her face from this angle.

"Just once… just once! I’m going to talk my way out of a real spanking!"

Jayme's mind was racing as she thought about what she had done to deserve this. While helping clean out the stables, their clydesdale, Sir Hamilton, had taken a nip at Jayme’s golden-brown locks. All Jayme had done was yelp the offending phrase as she brushed him off.

"I just got caught off guard. I’m sorry, Mamma," said Jayme, in her sweetest, angelic voice.

"I understand that, Jayme. It doesn’t excuse you, but I do understand. You will get six more swats with the spatula, and let that be a warning to you!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jayme nodded as she felt Mamma adjust her grip and prepare to finish the brief interruption to their morning schedule. One swat for every birthday was the standard for a warning shot spanking.

"That butt-head! This is all his fault!" Jayme thought out loud.

"... What did you just say, Jayme?"

It was as though Jayme suddenly snapped awake, her mouth agape. That thought hadn't just been in her head? "Um, I meant Sir Hamilton!"

"Where did you hear that expression?"

"I think from the girls at church?"

"Well, I don't want it repeated under this roof! Stand up, Jayme!"

Swallowing, Jayme shuffled to her feet.

"Bad omen!"

Awkwardly, Jayme stuffed her hands into her back pockets to keep from fidgeting and looked down at Mamma. A petite, pleasantly plump brunette in her late 30s, "Mamma" Mary Schmidt was shorter than four of her seven children, including Jayme.

But what Mrs. Schmidt lacked in size, she made up for with her command of the English language and her surprisingly toned muscles, thanks in no small part to delivering spankings almost daily for nineteen years.

As the descendants of German and Spanish farmhands, the whole family ate a lot, and the whole family worked a lot. Jayme mused how much her own penchant for sassing and back talk had contributed to giving Mamma exercise over the years.

"Jayme, you must learn to think before you speak. 'Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.' Or in your case, keepeth your bottom from troubles. Take off your jeans, and get back across my knee."

Jayme practically felt her ears steaming. "But… all the other girls at church say it, and they don't get spanked!"

Jayme balked when she saw Mamma's withering stare.

"Why, mouth, why? What did my… bum ever do to you?"

"If they don't get spanked, then they most certainly should! Do you remember Proverbs 29:15?"

Jayme felt a slight prickle of warmth from underneath her denim jeans. Hanging her head, and still unable to escape Mamma's firm gaze, she recited from memory. "'The rod and reproof give wisdom… but…' uh…"

"'But a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame!' Now, off with your jeans, young lady. If you don't, I'll use Pop's belt on you, and you won't like that one bit. Are you going to argue, or are you going to obey?"

Jayme's body tensed, and her hands flew from her back pockets to remove her own belt. "I'll obey, ma'am!"

She'd only gotten a licking with Pop's belt three times in her life, and that was enough for a lifetime. The sound of her own belt flying through the loops of her jeans sent a thrill up her spine. Jayme delicately set her belt, covered in a decorative floral pattern of punched holes, into Mamma's open palm. As Jayme's fingers fumbled with the button of her jeans, she was painfully aware that Mamma now had a belt at hand, as well as the spatula.

Slowly, slowly, Jayme lowered the front zipper. Slowly, slowly, Jayme lowered the dusty denim jeans, to reveal pink panties emblazoned with a silhouette of a girl on a horse, and the words "Ride 'em, Cowgirl!" stamped across the back in letters formed from a lasso. Jayme felt them riding high on her crack, still giving her a slight wedgie thanks to her writhing across Mamma's knee.

A rich baritone voice echoed from behind Jayme. "Did I hear something about my belt? Well, now! My little Firecracker in trouble? Why am I not surprised? Need me to lend a hand, Mamma?"

Jayme's shoulders tensed, as her face blushed red from the tip of her nose to the tips of her ears. Her jeans around her ankles, her cowgirl undies doing nothing to hide the pale tan line below her freckled, muscular bottom, Jayme looked behind her to implore her father. "Pop? No! Please! I'll be a good girl!"

"Oh? Then why are you already getting spanked before breakfast?"

Jayme turned to look to Mamma, silently pleading her to speak as a witness in her defense, only to find Mamma giving her a bemused nod. "Go on, Jayme. Confess your sins."

Stepping out of her jeans, Jayme straightened up and turned to face Pop, her hands wavering between covering her modesty from Mamma behind her or from Pop before her.

Unlike his wife, Pop was a towering figure, dwarfing even Jayme's six feet. Jayme was alternatively her Pop's "Lil' Firecracker," or his "Tall Drink o' Water." The former nickname had been earned when 6-year-old Jayme had disobeyed strict instructions to not touch the fireworks for the 4th of July, only to accidentally set off an entire box at once. After Jayme was rescued and the fire was put out, all of her siblings, and several approving neighbors, were treated to witnessing a second fireworks show in the form of Jayme's first-ever bare bottom spanking, delivered right on the porch steps by both Mamma and Pops in turn.

Since that day, Jayme had lovingly been nicknamed "Firecracker," and the story was a favorite whenever guests arrived, especially for Independence Day Celebrations.

Jayme settled on demurely folding her hands in front of her. "I… nearly took the Lord's name in vain, Pop. It was an accident!"

Pop nodded and raised an eyebrow as he glanced at the jeans around Jayme's ankles, silently indicating her to go on. "Then… I sassed and backtalked during my spanking. But I'm gonna' obey! You don't gotta' take your belt to me!"

Pop smiled. "That's good to hear, Firecracker. I'd hate to have to spank you on your first day off from school. Now, turn around and let Mamma finish what you started!"

Trembling with relief, Jayme obeyed, resting on Mamma's knee and leaning forward into position, genuinely thankful for her Pop's kindness. "Yes, sir!"

Maybe, just maybe, if she was perfectly obedient…

"Mamma, if you're going to be at it for a while, I'll just make breakfast."

Mamma practically cooed, "Oh, you big sweetie! Jayme, hold onto this for me until I ask to have it back!" Jayme saw the spatula lower into her field of vision and accepted it obediently.

"Of course, I still have six of the best with the spatula coming…"

Mamma patted the pale, prostrated posterior a few times with her hand, and Jayme felt the warmth emanating from the ten imprints left by the spatula.

"Jayme, I want you to know I love you. I'm glad you're being more cooperative now, but I still have to spank you."

Jayme swallowed hard and replied politely, "Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry. I know I was wrong."

"Be brave, and hold still, and I will spare you your father's belt."

Jayme rested the spatula on the floor before her and focused on it, before shutting her eyes tight to accept her fate. "Thank you, Mamma!"

Mamma wasted no time and began Jayme's hand spanking with crisp, steady strokes. With seven children to deal with, Mrs. Schmidt had been forced to dispense with excessive lecturing and extraneous rituals during a spanking. She believed in carrying out the sentence promptly.

A wooden door slammed shut, and over the steady slaps, Jayme heard her oldest brother Joseph's tenor voice. "Pops? Stables are all cleared out! … Ah, sorry, Jayme!"

Her older sister Jessica's sympathetic, sing-song voice added, "Oh, dear! Hang in there, Jayme!"

Of course, Joseph and Jessica had both been up early to help Jayme with the stables. And by now 14-year-old Joanne was likely up to tend to the chickens.

"Oof! Thanks, Joseph! Thanks, Jessica! Yelp!"

"At least Mamma's letting me keep my panties!"

Being spanked in private was a privilege, not a right in the Schmidt household. Maybe not even a privilege, more like a luxury, Mamma's schedule permitting.

Thankfully, Mamma had decided years ago that, for the sake of modesty, bare-bottom spankings were only delivered in a private bedroom or the woodshed.

Jayme's public bare-bottom spanking for the firecracker incident had occurred before this rule was put in place, and had indirectly been responsible for the change. Joanne had been so delighted by witnessing it, she'd teased Jayme ruthlessly, to the point Jayme finally snapped and started a fight.

After hearing both sides of the story, Mamma and Pops had forbidden Joanne from teasing Jayme, and quietly ended the practice of spanking their children's bare bottoms in public… after spanking Jayme and Joanne's bare bottoms, and sentencing them both to spend the rest of the day wearing a single large t-shirt emblazoned with the words "Our Get-Along Shirt."

Behind her, Jayme heard a dry, monotone female voice. "Ouch, that's gotta' hurt."

"Oh, great! Here's Joanne!"

"What'd Jayme do this time? Or are you going for a world record? 'Most spankings received over the course of a summer'?"

Pops didn't look up from his cooking. "Knock it off, Joanne. 'Girls who tease, wind up over knees.'"

Joanne saluted, before finding her place at the table. "Roger, Wilco!"

Jayme heard a chair scoot, and just knew Joanne was adjusting her seat to get a better view of the show.

Joanne had been going through a rebellious, goth/emo/punk phase of late. But unlike Jayme, Joanne had learned to carefully avoid crossing any lines that would earn her more than a quick "warning shot" spanking.

In the years since their violent argument, Jayme and Joanne had actually grown quite close, but that didn't mean that Joanne wasn't going to tease her ruthlessly for getting spanked before breakfast.

Over the steady claps of her own spanking, Jayme could make out a soft sizzling behind her. "Bacon, sausage and eggs will be ready in a few minutes, Mamma. Ya' nearly done? I'd hate to serve you an overcooked meal."

"Don't worry, dear, I'll have this timed perfectly. I'd hate to serve you an undercooked daughter."

Jayme felt tears well up behind her closed eyes, and prayed for strength. She knew she'd cry sooner or later, but at least she didn't have to blubber like a baby. The steady crackling and hissing of the cooking grew louder, and Jayme suddenly realized she was so hungry it was intoxicating. She couldn't help but imagine her own hams, toasting and sizzling on the pan along with breakfast.

Just as Jayme was about to break down, Mamma paused the spanking. With the sound of frying bacon now filling the room, and still feeling the lingering afterburn, it took Jayme a few seconds to even notice the pause.

"Jayme, we're almost done. Hand me the wooden spatula."

Jayme tried to say, "Yes, Ma'am," as she lifted up the spatula but the closest she could manage was a whimpering cry that sounded like, "Mmmyesss, ma-mmeeee!"

As she dimly saw the spatula taken from her grasp, Jayme rested her elbows against the floor, and felt her tears pool against her cheeks and the skin of her forearms.

The moment the spatula made its first impact, Jayme's resolve not to cry melted like butter.

The steam from the stove filled the room with a pleasant aroma, accompanied by the sweet music of Jayme's voice in broken sobs.

An oil bubble in the bacon pan exploded with a sharp *"Pop!"* at the precise moment the wooden spatula made the six and final impact against the center of Jayme's bottom, right where her lower cheeks met her thighs.

Everything was perfectly cooked!

Mamma helped Jayme back to her feet, planting a soft kiss on her wet cheek which Jayme returned thankfully. As she bent down to pull up her jeans, Jayme discovered them missing and struggled to remember where she put them. She found them neatly folded near the wooden stool where Mamma had sat and wondered if Jessica or Joanne had retrieved them for her.

Just as Jayme was trying to squeeze her swollen, bright red buttocks back into her overly tight jeans, the twins, 11-year-old Jack and Jill, arrived in the kitchen, just in time to catch a glimpse of the damage.

Jack stifled a yawn before the revelation woke him out of his stupor. "Yawn! Oh no! Jayme got spanked… already?"

Jill cocked her head with polite interest at the sight of her older sister's well-roasted rump. "What did you do this time, Jayme?"

Mamma shooed them to the table. "Wait until I wake up Juniper. Jayme can tell you the whole story then." Mamma carried six-year-old Juniper to the table, and Jayme related the whole sordid tale to satisfy her younger siblings' morbid interest.

Pops served breakfast, and gave Jayme a quick kiss on the forehead before whispering a congratulations into her ear for enduring her trial.

The spanking signaled Jayme's forgiveness and restoration. Apart from a little friendly ribbing from Joanne, none of her siblings teased her about the spanking. Why would they? After all, *everyone* got spanked, right?

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Jayme lay in bed that night and looked at her digital clock: 9:00 p.m. She had to be up by 5:00 a.m. at the latest for morning chores.

It wasn't any lingering pain from the spanking that was keeping her up… not exactly.

The scorching pain had faded after only a few minutes, and the remaining soreness had bothered her for most of the day, especially where the spatula had made an impression on her lower cheeks. Riding Sir Hamilton that day had been murder. But by bedtime, the saddle soreness had almost completely healed.

Nevertheless, Jayme found herself thinking about the spanking, and with a flourish she threw off her blanket and fumbled in the dark to find something in her dresser drawer.

Creeping on tiptoe, Jayme carefully opened and closed every door so as not to wake Mamma or Pops. Slipping on moccasins and a thin jacket at the front door, Jayme used a flashlight to make her way past the barn and towards her favorite, private place: the woodshed.

"Finally! Just hope they don't catch me! ... What would they even say? It's not like I'm doing something wrong..."

But Jayme wasn't too sure. Sure, her parents had never told her *not* to do this. Yet somehow, it still *felt* wrong. But how could it be wrong, if it was the punishment for being wrong?

Trembling, Jayme lit the dangling bulb in the shed and basked in the warm, incandescent light. She was surrounded by bridles, straps, a wooden paddle, everything that could ever be used to correct a wayward child.

From her bag, Jayme pulled the secret objects: a wooden hairbrush, and her own belt.

There was a very good reason why Jayme knew that she was the single most-spanked girl in her entire family, in her entire church, maybe even in the entire world. And that was because, at every possible opportunity she had, Jayme would spank herself.

She had almost been caught a few times. She'd stopped giving herself spankings in her bedroom after the twins started asking Mamma and Pops who was getting spankings after bedtime, to their confusion. Pops had finally concluded the twins must have heard something like a woodpecker, or racoons in the trash, or branches smacking against the side of the house.

After that close call, Jayme had been careful not to repeat her mistake. The woodshed was perfect. No one ever went there unless…

Well, not unless it was time for a *real* spanking.

Jayme's entire body trembled, and she felt a delicious thrill as she bared her bottom and examined it. She had been dying for this moment ever since Mamma had announced that Jayme was due for a spanking.

It wasn't as if Jayme enjoyed being spanked by her parents. In fact, every time it happened, she was sure she would never, ever want to be spanked again. But sooner or later, the desire to be spanked would return with vengeance.

And every time she spanked herself, the guilt that there must be something wrong with her would plague her for days.

But the more guilty she felt… the more she needed to be spanked.

Jayme patted her bottom experimentally with the hairbrush, then raised it high.

She recited the words from memory: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; But the rod of correction shall drive it far from him," and brought the hairbrush down squarely across her own buttock, embracing the sensation, savoring the tingle, and only wishing that someone *would* catch her, right at this moment, and take over.

As she brought down the hairbrush again and again in a steady rhythm, she cooed phrases like, "I'm a bad girl," and "I'll be good!"

"Please, don't spank me!" followed by "Punish me! I deserve it!"

Setting down the hairbrush, Jayme picked up her belt and folded it. As she snapped it together in her hands, she thrilled at the sound, and repositioned herself for self-flagellation.

"Maybe it's not such a bad thing to get spanked all the time! After all… I've gotta' learn!"

Jayme had no words to describe why she felt the way she felt.

All she knew was, at this moment, she was perfectly happy.

End of Chapter I

Saddle Sore
Chapter II: The Cowgirl's Secret

As the decorative rawhide belt bit across her bare butt cheeks, Jayme gasped, her eyes snapping open. Looking back at the marks left by her self-inflicted spanking, Jayme pouted. "It's just not the same…"

The problem with spanking herself is she could never quite forget that she was the one doing it. She always either hesitated at the last moment, bringing down an unsatisfying slap, or else the stroke would land so hard it "woke her up" from the daydream.

What was it Mamma had said earlier, while Jayme lay obediently, bent over the knee? "Be brave, and hold still, and I will spare you your father's belt!"

A small part of Jayme had wanted to call Mamma's bluff: to squirm and sass until she heard the tell-tale snick-snick-snick sound of Pop's belt being pulled through the loops. Maybe Pops would hand it to Mamma with a wry joke at Jayme's expense: "Be quick, Mamma. I'd like to keep *my* pants up today, at least." Over the years, Jayme had grown used to being the butt of many a spanking joke.

Then again, if Pops thought his "precious, little Firecracker" was defying Mamma's authority, he might just as easily have escorted Jayme to the woodshed himself. That had only happened three times in Jayme's entire life, and no matter how much Jayme was tempted to earn another "for real" trip to the woodshed, she always chickened out in the end.

Jayme winced as she traced the lines of fresh, raised weals left by her own belt, complimenting another set of oval-shaped welts left by her own wooden hairbrush. She could even still feel the lingering marks left by Mamma's wooden spatula, though those didn't hurt anymore, so long as she didn't bend over too much. It always surprised Jayme how quickly her bottom recovered after a spanking. As she spotted a spare saddle resting on a sturdy, wooden rack, a tempting new idea occurred to Jayme.

While standing, she could aim the belt in a wide arc, whipping it across her back, and could usually land it across both of her cheeks. The hairbrush was more unwieldy. God just hadn't designed the arm to deliver a proper hairbrush spanking at this angle. But Jayme recalled how, months ago, when she'd tried this in her own room, she'd managed to spank herself perfectly, so that her fantasy became real

within her mind's eye. On that occasion, she had laid down on her own bed, her hips propped up by a pillow, and delivered a hand-spanking to both of her cheeks, before adding a second dose with the hairbrush that left her near tears, and a warm, glowing sensation all over her body, especially her posterior.

Unfortunately, it turned out the walls of the old farmstead were too thin. Jack and Jill had overheard strange, slapping sounds, and Jayme had been forced to abandon spanking herself in her bedroom. "Thank God Dad bought that it was just raccoons…" Jayme thought out loud.

As Jayme set down her belt and hairbrush within easy reach, and experimentally lay herself over the saddle, she found the rack could easily support her weight. "This is comfortable. And my bottom…" Jayme patted it playfully, "... is in the perfect spanking position!"

With a deep breath, Jayme cleared her mind of her surroundings, and tried to reflect on her many, many cherished memories of being spanked.

There was her first-ever bare-bottom spanking she'd received after she'd disobeyed her parents instructions not to touch the fireworks in the garage before the 4th of July, with explosive results.

Then there were the many spankings she and Joanne had earned for brawling with each other. Mamma and Pops were very fair. They never spanked Jayme if she hadn't started or escalated the fight, but on the one occasion when Jayme had started an unprovoked fight, she'd earned her first thrashing with Pop's belt, and never repeated the same mistake.

More recently, as a freshman at Redfield Christian High School, she'd endured Pop's belt thanks to letting her grades slip out of pure, stubborn laziness. Jayme repeated Mamma and Pop's words on that dire occasion, as they escorted her to this same wood shed. "We don't expect you to be perfect, but we do expect you to make an effort…"

But as Jayme caught sight of her own pink, cowgirl panties falling gracefully, to join her pajama bottoms around her knees, something new pressed into her mind.

In reality, Jayme's parents never spanked her so harshly, nor so cruelly. But sometimes, Jayme couldn't help but wonder… what if?

As she kicked her feet playfully, she could almost hear Mamma saying, "Stop squirming! Oh, that does it, Jayme, you've earned yourself a bare-butt blistering!"

"Oooh nooo, Mamma… not on the bare!" Jayme whimpered, her cheeks burning as she remembered being punished in front of her siblings. She was back in the kitchen, the wooden spatula before her, her entire family behind her, all eyes on her now-naked nates. "Please, just wait til we're in my room! Puh-leeeze! I'm *too old* for a spanking!"

Jayme used her left hand to land a hard, resounding clap to her left butt-cheek, followed by a quick, crisp smack to her right cheek, using her right hand. It felt real! "No more back-talk, Jayme! You will *never* be too old for a spanking! And your brothers and sisters need to see what happens to naughty girls who break the ten commandments!"

Tears dampening her eyes, Jayme turned her head to plead with her beloved Poppa. "But… but… you said I only get spanked on the bare bottom in *private!* That's the rule! Please, Poppa! Tell her to stop! I'm sorry! I'll do better!"

But her father only shook his head. "I know you'll do better, Firecracker. But you're not nearly sorry enough. Not yet. From now on, the rule of this house is: all your spankings end with your bare, bright-red bottom on display in the corner. Regardless of whether or not your siblings are in the room. Or any guests for that matter!"

"Noooooo!" whined Jayme, before Mamma landed a single, deliberate spank with every ounce of her considerable strength. The next spank didn't land immediately, and Jayme rasped as she felt the impression of a handprint rise across her buttock, licking at her like a tongue of flame. She saw all her siblings' expressions of concern and amusement. Her older brother and sister, Joseph and Jessica, looked sympathetic, but nodded with agreement.

As a second, slow spank landed, on the exact same spot, Jayme held back a scream and kept her eyes fixed on the scene behind her.

Fourteen-year-old Joanne was twiddling her thumbs, flashing a toothy smirk. Then she casually tossed aside her lanky black hair to get a better view of the action.

In contrast, the twins, eleven-year-old Jack and Jill, watched nervously, thinking about how they were never, ever going to take the Lord's name in vain, like Jayme had. 6-year-old Juniper watched, wide-eyed, as she sucked her thumb.

Everyone in the room knew that Jayme had earned every single swat she was getting, including Jayme.

Finally, as the third, slow spank landed, on the exact same spot, Jayme turned away, shame-faced. "Ow! N-not the… s-same suh-spuh-spot, Mamma! Oh no, no, no!"

But Mamma landed the fourth spank on the exact same spot anyway, picking up the pace.

Jayme bucked and reared like an unbroken bronco at the rodeo, before a wail escaped her lips.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, Jayme dear. In fact, after this hand spanking, I think we'll finish with the hairbrush. But not until you learn to hold still… assuming you *ever* want this spanking to end?"

As the fifth spank landed, unmercifully, on the exact same spot, Jayme's world became hazy. She heard Pop's voice from far away. "Be thorough, Mamma. I'm taking her to the woodshed for a taste of my belt as soon as you're finished."

Near ecstasy, Jayme used both her hands to quicken the tempo of her self-spanking, finally aiming spanks at other areas of her bottom. Soon enough, she would even out the color to a consistent, cherry red. It was almost perfect! She had almost forgotten this spanking wasn't real.

CRASH!

The sound of a metallic clatter awoke Jayme from her reverie. Hopping up from the saddle, Jayme tottered over to the door to take a peek. A shadowy, cylindrical shape rolled on the ground near her house, before two shining eyes caught the light from the incandescent bulb lighting the woodshed. A raccoon had knocked over their trash can… for real this time!

A light flicked on through a window. Jayme recognized it as the Master Bedroom. Mamma or Pops was awake!

Even then, Jayme remembered not to cuss. (Using naughty words was a spankable offense, after all.) "Fudge!" she hissed as she tried to simultaneously tiptoe as silently as a deer, and sprint as quickly as a cheetah. Instead, Jayme found herself flying towards the soft grass. Her legs flew up behind her, entangled by both the pajama pants and panties she'd forgotten to pull back up. One leg of her pajama pants went flopping as it nearly came clean off her leg.

Jayme spat out a grassy clod of mud. "Frick!"

Spooked by the noise, the raccoon darted along the wall, right under her parents' bedroom window. Hopping on one foot, she pulled her pajama pants roughly back on, feeling her undies bunch between her thighs. Jayme ignored it and bolted towards the front door, away from the light of the woodshed and her parents' window. Even if the racoon drew their attention for a moment, Jayme was still within a clear line of sight.

She heard muffled footsteps inside the house, and without thinking, threw herself behind one of Mamma's prize-winning begonia shrubs, inches away from the front door. A tall, burly man burst out the front door, leaving it ajar behind him.

"Who's out here?" barked Pops, aiming a flashlight around the bushes. Jayme saw the light flicker across her bare toes.

"Is it a raccoon?" squeaked Mamma, in an unusually shrill voice, echoing from around the corner. Jayme guessed Mamma must be poking her head out the bedroom window.

The light pulled away from Jayme's toes, as Pops circled around the house towards the same window. "I think so! Either that, or a 'possum! Well, lookee here! Little booger tried to pull the bungee cord off the trash can. Definitely a coon!"

Realizing that her father was out of sight, Jayme began to inch her way toward the front door. She froze as she saw the glow of the flashlight point towards the woodshed, its door still ajar. She could barely make out Dad's voice around the corner of the house as he mused out loud. "… Huh, that's odd. The light's on in the shed."

Mamma practically screeched. "Don't go, baby! Someone's out there!"

Pop’s rich laugh boomed across the front yard. "Haw! Relax, hon. I probably just left it on when I was working out there… huh, must have been last Sunday?"

Jayme felt the cool metal of the doorknob against her sweaty palm.

"Don’t shoot!" Mamma wailed!

"Easy, easy! No one’s gonna’ get shot. Go to bed, honey!"

"Fuck!" thought Jayme. Of course, Pops owned a handgun for home-defense! What if he was armed?

How could she forget? Once, when Jayme was twelve-years-old, she had tried to crack into Pop’s gun safe, furious at being told she was not yet old enough to learn to use a firearm. She’d managed to guess the passcode correctly, but Pops had wisely decided to keep the bullets and cartridge stored separately. After he caught her red handed holding his handgun, Jayme had received the definitive "Spanking of Her Life" with Pop’s belt in the woodshed, followed by two weeks worth of bedtime spankings to reinforce the lesson in gun safety. The day after her final bedtime spanking, Pops had invited a thoroughly repentant and red-bottomed Jayme to join him at the gun range to learn proper firearm handling. Jayme still felt fuzzy, tingly butterflies in her stomach whenever she thought about those daddy-daughter sessions, both the spanking and the shooting.

At the present moment, Jayme had butterflies in her stomach, but not the fuzzy, tingly kind. What if she startled Pops by mistake, and he assumed she was a trespasser? But if she announced herself, that meant exposing herself to questioning about why she was hiding in the front yard.

As Pops made his way to the woodshed, Jayme knew she’d be back within his line of sight soon. It was a choice between potentially getting shot, and potentially exposing the reason for her secret night-time trips to the woodshed. Jayme slowly turned the doorknob. Easiest decision of her life!

Jayme felt her blood run cold as the door hinge whined a musical cry, and she ran bump into someone standing on the welcome mat! Jayme read the words, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Matthew 7:7b" on the mat beneath her bare feet, then snapped her head up to find Joanne, her messy, jet-black hair covering one of her eyes. She was wearing black pajamas with creepy-cute cartoon images of skulls and animals in a Gothic style. The pants were frilly and voluminous, like

pantaloons, while the matching, ornate, spaghetti-strap shirt revealed Joanne's belly button. In Joanne's many carefully-chosen battles to persuade her parents to allow her to wear *some* Goth-style clothing, while also staying within the dress code of Redfield Christian School, these pajamas were her prize trophy.

One of the straps of Joanne's top flopped off her shoulder as she blinked, still half-asleep. "... Jayme? How'd you get ahead of me?"

Jayme sensed Pop's flashlight shining from behind her. "Who's there? Joanne, is that you, Little Miss Sunshine?"

Joanne craned her neck to peer over Jayme's shoulder. "Yes, Pops. Me and Jayme are here."

"Firecracker? You all right?" asked Poppa.

Stupidly, Jayme felt her temper flare up, remembering all the times Joanne had played tattle-tale during their 14 years of sisterhood. Then, Jayme remembered that the gig was up anyway. Her feet were bare, her pajamas grass-stained and rumpled. Beneath them, she felt her freshly-spanked hindquarters tingle, and clenched her glutes taut. While her panties were still bunched up below her cheeks, the scratchy inner-lining of her pajamas teasingly reminded Jayme that she was practically going commando, and her pajamas were hanging low on her hips. One cursory inspection of her behind would immediately reveal fresh, angry red marks from her hairbrush and belt. Those self-same spanking implements, along with her missing moccasins, were currently sitting right where she'd left them: next to the saddle rack in the woodshed.

As Jayme turned to face her Pops, one look at the loving, concerned look on his face made her want to come clean and confess all. But she couldn't force the words out.

Dad turned his light back to Joanne. "Both you girls heard it too? Sharp ears!"

"... Yeah. I came running to the door in a flash the second I heard it," answered Joanne, neutrally. She snapped her head up to catch Jayme's eye. "Right, Jayme?"

Jayme heard her own voice answering, as if her lips didn't care what her brain had to say on the matter, "Right, Joanne. I heard the raccoon, then hopped right out of bed." The words of the lie sounded strange to Jayme's ear.

"You little fibber! You deserve a spanking just for that!" she thought, as if a little cartoon angel was sitting on her right shoulder.

"... Wait! Who said anything about a raccoon? Why do you have to suck at lying?" she thought again, as if a little cartoon devil was sitting on her left shoulder.

Jayme was sure that Pops could see right through the guilty look on her face. She glanced down, ashamed to look him in the eye. Sure enough, Poppa's pistol was secure in his leg holster. He wasn't brandishing it now, but he'd had it the whole time. *"Thank God for trigger discipline,"* thought Jayme.

As he made eye contact with Jayme, Poppa smiled reassuringly and patted the holster gently. Jayme knew instantly he'd seen the cagey look in her eyes, and assumed that Jayme was nervous at the sight of the firearm. "Good guess, Firecracker! It's just our little local trash panda, sneaking around and causing trouble again. Nothing to worry about. I'll bring the cans into the garage tonight, so he won't bother us. You girls toddle off to bed, now!"

Jayme felt herself turn and march robotically, as obediently as ever she had, since being sent to bed with a stern warning at age two. The effect was only heightened by the fact that her bottom was currently sore, stinging, and smarting from a sound self-spanking.

She and Joanne both froze as Dad called after them. "Wait, girls, I have something else to say to you."

Both Jayme and Joanne's hands reflexively flew to their bottoms. Of course! They were out of bed after bed time! That was one of the very first house rules they'd learned to think of as 'a spankable offense'!

Dad beamed, "Love you, Firecracker! Love you, Sunshine!"

"Love you, Poppa!" both girls answered together.

As they approached Joanne's bedroom, Jayme did a double-take as her little sister spun on her heels to fix Jayme with a minxish smile. "You okay, Jayme?"

Jayme answered without pausing to breathe.
"Yeah-course-I-am-just-a-bit-rattled-why?"

"Well, you're walking all stiff. What, you still sore from the spanking you got this morning?"

"You can't resist, can you? Any time I get spanked, you just have to get your little digs in?"

Joanne rolled her eyes dramatically (a stunt that would have earned either of them an instant spanking if they dared to try it in front of Mamma or Poppa). "That's not what I–"

Joanne caught her breath before regaining her cool composure. "Look, I'm not trying to razz you, I'm just mulling over what just happened. Pretty wild, right? … You must have hopped out of bed pretty quick to get all the way to the front yard, huh?"

As Jayme peered down the hall toward her own room, she immediately saw the hole in her flimsy lie.

Jayme pictured Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson standing alongside her, examining the crime scene.

"But Holmes! How did Jayme manage to run all the way down this hall, past Joanne's room, without anybody noticing?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson, our seemingly innocent Miss Jayme was not in her room! She was in the woodshed, spanking herself with a hairbrush and a belt!"

Jayme shook her head, forcing herself to think. Yes, her story was implausible at best, but not impossible (depending on how long Joanne took getting out of bed). Jayme flared her nostrils as she prepared for a bluff. "Yeah! I hopped out of bed the second I heard it… Well? What's so funny?"

Joanne yawned dramatically, before leaning against her heavily decorated bedroom door nonchalantly. Neither satanic, nor occultic imagery were allowed under the Schmidt family roof, but Joanne had managed to convince their parents that the ornate, upside-down cross was meant as a symbol of St. Peter's martyrdom, and not of the Devil. "Nothing! I was kind of groggy when it woke me up… you're lucky Dad didn't *catch you* outside! You might have gotten shot!"

Joanne said the words "catch you" as though they were a succulent, forbidden sweet she was rolling over her tongue. Jayme wanted to slap the smug look right off Joanne's face. She would have too, if not for the many lessons on the virtue of self-control Jayme had learned while sitting upon, or bent over, one of her parents' laps.

Jayme fixed Joanne with what she hoped was her best 'mom look.' "Dad would never do that. And there's no such thing as luck, Joanne. It was the grace of God. You think it's funny, me getting shot?"

Finally, Joanne's cavalier attitude disappeared. "What? No! That's not funny! … Man, I suck at this. Look, I'm not happy you got spanked. I get spanked–not as often as you–but I hate getting spanked, just as much as you. And I'm not sad because you *didn't* get shot, either. It's just… been a weird night."

Jayme was momentarily at a loss for words. She loved all her brothers and sisters, but her relationship with Joanne was the most complicated. Joanne might rib her for getting spanked, but she was somehow also the easiest person for Jayme to talk to about certain things.

Joanne was easily in second place behind Jayme for the "Most Spanked Child in the Household" contest. The prize for winning the blue ribbon was probably another spanking, Jayme mused.

Not waiting for Jayme to answer, Joanne shrugged and offered a hand. "So… truce?"

Jayme wasn't quite sure if she believed Joanne, but she shook hands anyway, strangely touched by the gesture. "Truce."

Feeling lighter than air, Jayme made her way to her bedroom, rubbing the lingering sting from her throbbing buttocks with both hands. With a start, Jayme turned to catch a glimpse of Joanne's cat-like eye disappearing behind her heavily decorated door.

In Sunday School, Church, private school, and at home, Jayme had learned the importance of controlling her tongue. Obviously, if you said naughty words, like the f-word, you could expect a trip across a knee. An important aspect of that was to control yourself in thought, word, and deed. Jayme didn't just want to avoid *saying* the f-word to avoid a spanking. She wanted to avoid so much as *thinking* the

f-word. Because, in her heart of hearts, Jayme believed that any use of the f-word was a sin, and rightly merited a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking.

"Fuck. Fuck! Fuuuck!" hissed Jayme. Joanne was on to her! This was all part of some devious scheme! Why did God hate her? Why did the Good Lord delight in punishing her so? Jayme rested her forehead against the simple arts-and-crafts cross decorating the front of her room. She remembered her second favorite Bible verse. "Proverbs 17:3: The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts," recited Jayme from memory, instantly repenting of her sinful thoughts. Still massaging her aching bottom, furiously, Jayme nudged her bedroom door open with her forehead, and collapsed onto bed.

She'd screwed up badly today. She'd nearly gotten caught. She'd lied to her dad's face. For a moment, the fiery pain emanating from her backside felt comforting. At least she'd gotten spanked. Not that it should really count for the lying. "That spanking wasn't nearly hard enough… Not for lying," huffed Jayme.

Jayme twisted as she felt her tangled undies bunch uncomfortably against her pajama bottoms. "So *that's* why they say not to get your knickers in a twist…" she mused as she finally fixed them.

Jayme curiously glanced back, wondering if she'd catch a glimpse of her naked ass glowing bright red, like Rudolph's shiny nose. It certainly *felt* like it should be glowing in the dark. "No more risks like that. I *can't* get caught," Jayme told herself, as she pulled her pajama bottoms back up.

Lying in the dark, a quiet little voice in her heart answered, "Then *don't* get caught!"

***

As Jayme drifted off to sleep, she recovered a long-forgotten memory. She was four years old, taking a long shower. As she washed the shampoo from her hair and glanced down at herself, she realized that, sooner or later, she would probably need a spanking for something or other.

Little Jayme immediately delivered a firm spanking to her own, dripping-wet bottom, sending droplets flying with each resounding swat. She even added a lecture in a stern, parental voice, just like she remembered hearing Mamma and

Poppa do while spanking her or one of her siblings. She didn’t stop until she felt tears welling up in her eyes, and the sting had built to the point it was unbearable.

After drying off, she’d marched smartly to find her parents, wrapped in a towel, to explain her clever idea. "See? My bum is bright red. Now you don’t have to spank me ever again! I can spank myself for you!"

She remembered the hoots of laughter, remembered the serious talk about not needing to do that ever again, and remembered blushing with humiliation as that funny "Kids Say the Darndest Things" anecdote was repeated over and over, first to siblings, and later to guests.

"You can’t just spank yourself, and have that count as a punishment for later, Jayme. Don’t you see? A spanking is supposed to teach you right from wrong. You get a spanking *after* you do something wrong," Poppa had explained gently.

But as far as Jayme was concerned, both then and now, she needed all the spankings she could possibly get.

End of Chapter II

Saddle Sore
Chapter III: Jayme Rides Again

As she felt three little love taps across her bottom, Jayme thrilled as the lingering warmth from last night's self-inflicted spanking rose softly against her pajama pants.

"Jaaaymeee…" cooed Mamma's voice.

"Hmmm? … Noooo, Mamma!" whined Jayme, pressing her face against the pillow, still dreaming of being spanked.

Mamma's gentle pats became playful swats, not enough to hurt, but enough to wake Jayme up fully. "Jayme, it's time to get up."

"Five mo' mi'mmits, Mamma…" fussed Jayme.

In answer, Mamma landed a firm clap, smack across the center of her daughter's upturned rump. Immediately, Jayme hopped up, and off of bed in a scramble of limbs and bed sheets. "Yip! I'm up! I'm up!"

Glancing at her alarm clock, Jayme realized she'd forgotten to set it last night. It was six o'clock in the morning! She was late for morning chores!

But that meant… she was going to get *spanked!*

Kneeling on the carpet, Jayme trembled as she looked up at the petite woman who had given her life, and had given her frequent spankings ever since. It reminded Jayme of the days before her last few growth spurts, before she had outgrown her mother, without outgrowing spankings. "Sorry, Mamma! I'll do my chores right now! Please don't spank me!"

Mamma giggled. "It's okay, Jayme! Dad told me to let you and Joanne sleep in a bit this morning, since the raccoon woke you up, but a whole hour is pushing it. Joanne's already up and at it!"

Jayme rubbed the throbbing welts from last night, which were furiously protesting her morning wake-up call. Glancing down at her legs, Jayme tensed as she noticed the grass stains from last night. The only thing hiding them from Mamma's sight was the bed sheet she'd pulled loose by tumbling out of the wrong side of bed.

Mamma raised an eyebrow. "My, you're rubbing your bottom pretty hard. Still a bit tender from your spanking yesterday?"

Jayme felt a lump in her throat. "Wuh? What spanking? I was in bed last night!"

Mamma crossed her arms. "The spanking I gave you yesterday before breakfast, of course. I was worried I spanked you too hard, but if you've forgotten it already, perhaps I went too easy on you?"

"Oh! Of course, *that* spanking! Um… it still hurts a little bit, at the moment! But that spanking hurt plenty, I promise! I've learned my lesson about minced oaths!"

Mamma shook her head, but finally smiled and let out a soft sigh. "Well, I'm sorry for your pains. Mind you, I'm *not* sorry that I spanked your naughty little bottom, but I do feel sorry *for* your poor little bottom. Let's pray that you can get through the rest of the day without needing another reminder. I'm rooting for you!"

Jayme tensed as Mamma started to make her bed, pulling away the bedsheets that were hiding her pajama pant legs from inspection. One casual question about the grass-stains could easily expose Jayme's illicit escapade last night! Jayme pinched the bedsheet between her thighs. "Lemme' make my bed!"

Humming the tune of an old hymn, Mamma tugged the sheets free and turned her attention to straightening the bed. "Oh, I love helping you make your bed! You know what they say. Two people can do it four times as fast!"

Jayme nudged her thigh under her bed, hoping to hide the giant, obvious mud and grass stains in shadow. "Um… Poppa says I should be making my own bed now! To help me… build character?"

"Liar, liar! Pants on fire!" thought Jayme, cupping each of her fiery butt cheeks.

Mamma paused and looked down at her daughter, quizzically. Jayme felt a bead of sweat trickle down her back, right into her slightly exposed butt crack. Mamma sighed. "Hmm, that does sound like him. Very well, make your bed, then straight to morning chores. Don't dawdle, but don't be sloppy! There's a birthday girl visiting the stables after breakfast for her first lesson, and I've recommended you highly to her mother!"

"Yes'm!" Jayme mumbled as she flew to obey.

Mamma cooed from behind the bedroom door. "... Oh, and Jayme?"

Jayme froze like a doe. She felt a sudden desire to yank down her panties and confess her crime, exposing all in one fell swoop.

Mamma beamed. "Thanks for making sure Joanne was safe last night! I'm proud of you!"

"... Thank you, Mamma."

"... Wut?" thought Jayme, as Mamma closed the door behind her. Taking a calming breath, Jayme composed her thoughts as she made her bed. "That was weird… Okay, I've got to hide the grass stains on the pajamas. Can't leave them here, Mamma could come collect them to fill out a load. Putting them in the hamper won't work either, if she checks for stains. So, I'll start a load with my pajamas in it, then start them drying after breakfast."

Jayme flipped a quarter to see if it would bounce off the mattress. It didn't quite work, but she decided to risk being spanked for improperly making her bed rather than risk being spanked for being late to morning chores and breakfast. Jayme winced as she pulled up her Levi jeans, then remembered her missing belt.

Going back to the woodshed in broad daylight to collect it was risky. No Schmidt child in their right mind liked to hang out there if they could help it, and it was hard to go anywhere on the ranch without being observed by at least one of her six curious siblings. Dad liked to work there on little wood-working and leather-working projects as a hobby, but the belt and hairbrush were hopefully tucked out of sight behind the saddle rack, even if he did use the woodshed today. Jayme grabbed her only other belt: a cheap, hot pink one from middle school that made her feel silly.

Jayme hid her muddy pajamas in a pile of other clothes, then ducked and dodged her way to the laundry room unobserved. "Crud, what's the trick to get grass stains out? Is it bleach?" At the last moment, she remembered Mamma using the spray bottle marked "Vinegar" for grass stains, applied some to her PJ's, and stuffed them into the washer.

Jayme started when she heard Mamma's sing-song voice inches behind her, and lost her grip on the vinegar bottle. "Aw! Thank you for doing that, Jayme. Without even being asked! … Woops!" Mamma caught the bottle deftly and closed the washing machine door shut.
"Butterfingers!"

Outside, Jayme glanced furtively at the woodshed as she made her way to the stables, and found Joseph and Jessica delivering fresh hay to the last box stall.
"Sorry I'm late!"

Joseph shrugged, then lifted up his Stetson cowboy hat with a single finger. "No big. We heard about your adventure last night."

Jessica wrinkled her nose. "Pops only told us the short version. Tell us everything, and we won't hold it against you!" Jessica shared Jayme's dirty blond hair, but was a few inches shorter than her younger sister. However, thanks to Jessica's natural curves, friends of the family always guessed correctly that Jessica was the older of the two.

Jayme looked left and right. "Where's Joanne?"

Joseph pointed a thumb toward the chicken coop. "You should have seen her. Finished cleaning her stalls in record time and bolted off to feed the chickens, like… uh, like…"

Jessica revealed her slightly buck teeth in a sly grin. "Like a chicken with her head cut off?"

Jayme joined the banter as she helped return the empty hay buckets. "I don't think that metaphor works, Jess."

Joseph scratched his head. "Is it a metaphor? I thought it was called a simile."

Jessica touched her lip, pensively. "I thought it was called a pun."

The rest of the morning routine passed without incident, except that Joanne was not present to contribute her more barbed, sardonic wit to the Schmidt Siblings' Comedy Quartette.

In addition to the minor chores that all the Schmidt siblings shared, the four eldest (Joseph, Jessica, Jayme herself, and Joanne) were responsible for tending the chickens and cleaning the horse stables before breakfast. Jayme had taken a particular interest in caring for horses, and had the best summer job in the entire world: teaching little girls horse riding.

There were two universal sources of income for a horse ranch: little girls wanting to pet a pony or horse for their birthday, and older girls wanting to train in one of the two schools of riding: Western or English. The oldest joke in the Schmidt family household was that Pops was a Western-style rider, Mamma an English-style rider, but they somehow managed to fall in love anyway.

Jayme had picked up both riding styles over the years, though she specialized in teaching Western classes for little girls, which freed up Pops for his more serious work: training horses and riders for the Silver Screen and The Golden Age of Television.

The need for expert horse riders had brought Hollywood to the midwest. Dad always joked that he could never remember if it was Netflix or HBO who'd needed expertly-trained horses for their cowboy picture, but he sure remembered the first check for his consulting fee.

As she made her way back home for breakfast with her older siblings, Jayme felt the woodshed looming in her peripheral vision. *"Strange? The door is still ajar? Pops must have forgotten to close it last night. If I just say I'm going to go shut the door real quick, that's not too suspicious, right? … Oh, duh, I'd have to go in to grab the evidence, then walk out with a random belt and hairbrush. That won't work!"*

Then Jayme felt someone's eyes on the back of her head. Jessica had noticed what she was looking at. "Thinking about spankin's in the woodshed, Jayme? It's been, what, two years since your last trip? Pretty good run! I haven't been hauled out to the woodshed for three years. Maybe we can beat Joe's six year record, if he could just screw up for once!"

Joe imitated Bugs Bunny as he carefully took off his boots, so as not to track mud indoors. "Har dee har, har! I don't intend to let that record ever be broken!"

Jayme felt goosebumps. It was bad enough to worry about her own spankings, but she also got to bear witness to most of her siblings' spankings.

Joseph didn’t even get "warning shot" spankings anymore, not because he was "too old for a spanking," but because he simply hadn’t done anything to merit one since he was thirteen. Jessica still earned the occasional warning shots, and more rarely was taken to her room for a "serious talkin’ to" spanking. A serious talk was your last chance to amend your bad behavior before it merited an official "Trip to the Woodshed."

In contrast, Jayme usually earned one to three "warning shots" a week, and needed to have a "serious talk" with Mamma or Poppa once a month or so. Joanne’s goth/emo/punk attitude earned her just as many "warning shots" as Jayme did, but Joanne carefully avoided breaking any rule that merited more serious discipline.

Joseph chuckled as he watched Jayme hopping to pull off her cowgirl boots. "Jayme, you okay? You’ve been acting jumpy all morning!"

Jayme jumped straight up to attention, nearly at eye-level with Joseph. "M’not jumpy!"

Brushing off her siblings’ color commentary, Jayme made a bee-line to the laundry room, just as the bell went, "Ding!" to signal the first load was finished! The grass stain on her PJ’s had faded… slightly. Trying to be subtle, Jayme started the rest of the load drying, pulled out the sopping wet pajamas to apply more vinegar, and slipped them into the second load for the washer, humming the *Mission Impossible* theme song to calm her nerves.

Jayme felt a puff of air as she heard Mamma’s voice breathing down her neck. "My goodness! Someone is determined to earn brownie points today! I may never have to spank you again!"

"Yikes!" Jayme nearly jumped out of her socks as Mamma snuck up behind her… again. In fact, one of Jayme’s socks literally flew off as it caught on the toe of her other foot.

Mamma giggled. "Goodness! I must walk too softly. That’s the second time I’ve startled you this morning!"

Scooping up the lone sock, Jamey threw it in the washing machine and slammed the door shut behind her back. "Well, this load looks full! I’ll just–"

Mamma's hand gently shooed Jayme away from the machine before she could press the button. "Jayme, your other sock, silly! Oh, let me. Really, it's sweet that you want to help, but I like to check everything for stains!"

Jayme felt her heart stop as she pulled off her second sock. As Mamma opened the door of the washing machine, the leg of her pajama pants flopped out, with the grass-stain front and center. "But, I want to help!"

Mamma took the second sock, spun Jayme around, and playfully whipped the sock across the seat of Jayme's pants. "No more 'buts'! Everytime I hear the word 'but,' I think about how I'd much rather hear the musical sound of a butt being spanked! Now, off with you!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Jayme caught sight of Mamma lifting the pant leg of her pajamas up by a single finger before flicking it back into the machine and tossing the sock after it with a flourish. "Oh, breakfast will get cold by the time I'm done. I'm sure you did a good job, Jayme. You're still Mamma's Little Helper!"

Jayme finally exhaled as she heard the washing machine hum behind them. *"That takes care of the pajamas! Just got to wait for a quiet time at the end of the day and slip out to the woodshed. I'm gonna' make it!"* she thought as she settled down at her seat at the table.

But the blisters on her lower sit-spots, left either by the wooden spatula, or her own self-spanking with the hairbrush or belt, caught her off guard as she rested her weight on the hard, straight-backed wooden chair. "G'huh!"

Jayme pulled up her knees, and sent her chair rocking as she gripped the edges. Everyone at the breakfast table stared at her. Jayme trembled as she felt Mamma's eyes peering deep into her soul. *"Oh, man! Is 'G'huh!' a minced oath? Am I gonna' get spanked again? She'll see the fresh marks when she pulls down my undies!"*

Pops broke the silence. "You *still* can't sit down comfortably, Jayme? Well, kids, remind me never to take the Lord's name in vain while your Mamma has a spatula within reach! I don't think my booty could take it!"

Jack and Jill snorted at the mention of the word 'booty' (words like 'ass' and even 'butt' were forbidden, but 'booties' and 'bums' still tempted them to fits of laughter). Joseph and Jessica laughed at the absurd mental image of Mamma

spanking Poppa. (Everyone at the table knew that it was a Christian wife's duty to obey her husband! That's what the Bible said, after all!) The joke went over 6-year-old Juniper's head, but she started laughing because everyone else was laughing. Finally, even Mamma cracked a smile.

Jayme melted into her chair, no longer caring about her smarting sit-spots. She just loved her family so much! The thought of how much they all loved her–while she hid her deep, dark disgusting, dirty little secret from all of them–made her feel both horrible and wonderful.

Poppa cleared his throat. "Well, Joanne is late for breakfast, but I won't keep the rest of you waiting. I'll say grace."

Jayme did a double-take as she realized Joanne was missing from the seat next to her.

THWAM!

With a dense slam, the front door burst open and Joanne charged through it, her black hair flying behind her. She skidded to a halt to toss her moccasins to the shoe pile, but before she could dive bomb into her chair, Poppa practically froze her in mid-air with a stern look. "Joanne, do not slam doors, do not toss shoes, and do not pounce onto your chair like a tiger after its prey!"

Joanne stood at attention, a few strands of her hair flying akimbo as her long bangs flopped back down to hide half of her face. Today she was wearing a baggy black shirt with a grungy, full-sized image of the Crucifixion based on an old engraving by Gustave Dore. (It was very gothic, but also Christian and family-friendly!) She wore blackcurrant shorts with a deep-purple belt under the shirt, but the extra-large shirt was so loose-fitting it created the illusion she was pantless. "Sorry, Poppa, I was worried I was late to say grace."

Pops glanced at the grandfather clock. "It's 8:01. You are a minute late, Joanne. Next time you think you're going to be late, don't charge in like a Viking berserker. If you do that again, you will get a second spanking, in addition to the punishment you get for being late for breakfast. Is that understood?"

Joanne nodded. "Yes, sir! … Does that mean I'm getting a spanking for tardiness?"

Poppa let the moment hang. Joanne was late, and late was unacceptable. She had received a "warning shot" spanking only last week for dawdling too long before breakfast. Joanne stood meekly, awaiting the verdict. Joanne knew she deserved to be spanked, and she was prepared to accept it without argument.

Satisfied, Pops nodded, "Well, I haven't started saying grace… so I will show you grace. Have a seat, Sunshine."

Joanne brightened up. "Yes sir!" She planted a quick kiss on Poppa's cheek as she power-walked to her empty seat next to Jayme.

Jayme bit her lip. *"Lucky duck! I'd probably get at least a 'warning shot' for that stunt. Oh, who am I kidding? I'd have sassed my way into two or three extra spankings, including a serious talkin' to in my bedroom!"*

They all bowed their heads as Pops blessed the meal. "Blessed are you, O Lord God, King of the Universe, for you give us food to sustain our lives and make our hearts glad…"

Jayme started to close her eyes, but felt Joanne nudging her leg under the table. Jayme peeked a wary eye open and saw Joanne raise both her eyebrows, knowingly. Jayme guessed Joanne was thinking, *"See? That's how it's done!"*

With a scowl, Jayme willed for Joanne to read her own mind. *"Knock it off, Joanne. You're already on thin ice! Are you trying to get me spanked? Is that your little game?"*

Poppa finished the prayer, "... Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Everyone said amen, and the sounds of plates and silverware filled the room, precluding further conversation. The whole family worked a lot. The whole family needed to eat a lot.

For a blessed moment, Jayme forgot all about yesterday's spanking.

***

Eager to get started teaching horse riding, Jayme wolfed down the rest of her flapjacks. Mamma gave Jayme "The Mom Look." "Chew before you swallow,

Jayme. If I have to save you from choking, you're going over my knee as soon as I'm finished giving you the Heimlich maneuver!"

Jayme sipped on her orange juice to help wash down the last of her breakfast. "Yes, Mamma. So, how old is my birthday girl?"

Mamma smiled mysteriously. "She's ten. Connelly Mording. You remember Conrad Mording? It's his little sister!"

Joanne smiled wickedly. "Conrad? You mean Jayme's babysitter?"

Jayme nearly choked on her orange juice, but fought down her gag reflex through sheer will power. "He was *not* my babysitter. We were *co-babysitters* for you!"

When Jayme was eleven, she'd been left in charge of a nine-year-old Joanne for an evening, which resulted in disaster. After Joanne broke some minor house rule, Jayme took it upon herself to spank Joanne, only for an all-out brawl to erupt, which ended with Jayme hiding in the bathroom, while Joanne sat outside wielding an aluminum baseball bat. After that fiasco, Jayme was not permitted to spank any of her younger siblings without explicit approval from Mamma or Poppa, and twelve-year-old Conrad was hired as a "co-babysitter."

Jayme and Conrad had been playmates in Sunday School, but they hadn't seen each other much since Conrad started high school a year before Jayme.

Joanne swirled the dregs of her orange juice at the bottom of her glass. "I seem to remember Poppa telling him he could spank you if you caused him any trouble."

Poppa chuckled as he bit into his breakfast sausage. "Now that you mention it, I did!"

Jayme felt her cheeks burning. "That was a *joke*. You were laughing when you said it, he laughed too!"

Poppa pretended to think hard about it. "Hmm, maybe it was a joke. But I don't think you ever gave him any trouble, so it must have worked!"

Joanne winked at Jayme. "Better take good care of his sister today. If you screw up, Conrad might take Poppa up on his offer!"

Jayme’s fist twitched, but she controlled her instinct to deck Joanne. "Daddy! Tell her to quit teasing me!"

Joanne narrowed her eyes. "It’s just a little joke! Don’t be such a rabbit-ears!"

Pops set down his silverware and silenced both of his daughters with a look. "That’s enough, both of you."

"Yessir!" squeaked both Jayme and Joanne.

Pops let the moment hang, waiting to see if either of them would defy him. Satisfied, he nodded. "Jayme, you can always choose to ignore Joanne’s ribbing. The more you react, the more fun you make it for her to tease you. Learn to take a joke in stride. As for you, Joanne, I want you on your best behavior while the Mordings are here. No embarrassing Jayme in front of her old friend. ‘Do unto others, as you would have them do unto you.’ Capiche?"

"Capiche!" answered both girls at once. After helping Mamma clear the table and wash the dishes, the Schmidt siblings were excused from the table to enjoy their second day of summer vacation.

On pins and needles, Jayme made her way to the stables to prepare for her first class of the summer. As she caught sight of the woodshed, she formed her plan of action for the day. *"Finish the horse lessons, then I’ll bring a saddle bag over to the woodshed. If anyone asks, I can say I need some spare reins from the shed. Then I can throw the hairbrush and belt in the saddle bag, and bring it home, and no one’s the wiser!"*

There was a risk that Pops would use the woodshed for hobby work today, but as long as he didn’t look too closely behind the saddle rack, the damning evidence might escape his notice. Jayme took a calming breath. *"It’ll all be okay. Just concentrate on teaching your class!"*

Jayme heard the sound of stomping behind her, and turned to find Joanne, stumbling out of the front door, pulling on her cowgirl boots over her charcoal gray overalls. "I’m helping out at the stables today!" Joanne blurted out, as she ran to catch up.

Jayme narrowed her eyes. "Pops said you’re free for the day. What are you up to, Joanne? If you heckle me while I’m teaching a class, so help me–"

Joanne held up a hand as if saying the Pledge of Allegiance. "Yeah, yeah, you'll take me to the woodshed yourself to warm me up, before I get a licking from Poppa's belt! Look, I just want to help out! Honest! 'Do unto others,' and stuff!"

Jayme stiffened at the mention of the woodshed, before shaking her head. "Suit yourself. Help me get the corral ready. The girls will need the basic safety course, so I'll need a spare saddle for them to practice on."

Joanne spun on her heels and strolled toward the woodshed. "There's a saddle rack in the woodshed. I'll fetch it for you!"

"Nooo!!!" Jayme squealed as she grabbed the back straps of Joanne's overalls. Nearby, the chickens spooked at the noise and started squawking in protest. Jayme quickly let go of Joanne, then added, "Uh, I've got one out there already!"

Jayme prayed that she really did have a spare saddle rack at the stables. Joanne looked at her with annoyance, before shrugging. "Okee-dokee! You're the boss, Hoss!"

Jayme sighed with relief when she found the spare saddle and rack in the storage room of the stables, and the two sisters set to work. For the next hour, Jayme was almost in heaven. Joanne bustled around the stables helping her do anything she asked, and Jayme finally forgot about the woodshed.

They both checked Sir Hamilton's hooves, and prepped his saddle. Jayme had taught the "How to Ride a Horse 101" class so many times, she could do it in her sleep. But no matter how many times Jayme did it, it never got old: seeing the expressions on the girls' faces as they rode a horse for the first time. Once she'd taught the girls the safety basics, she'd give each girl a turn to practice longeing, walking the horse in a circle around the corral.

The birthday party arrived, and Jayme was relieved to see it was only a small group of five girls, between the ages of nine and twelve, led by Mrs. Mording, a stolid, middle-aged woman with sharp chestnut-colored hair. "All right, young ladies, be on your best behavior for Miss Schmidt!"

"Behave yourself?" thought Jayme. Whenever she was in the presence of someone her parents' age, Jayme had a habit of smartening herself up. It wasn't merely that she'd learned to "respect your elders" since infancy. Whether it was at church or

school, Jayme would always imagine adults taking her across their knee for a spanking then and there, if she spoke out of turn. Mrs. Mording was no exception.

Jayme fluttered her eyelashes to dispel the stupid vision of being spanked bare bottom by Mrs. Mording in front of all the girls.

"Yes, Mrs. Mording!" answered Connelly's birthday guests.

"Yes, Mama!" added Connelly, who shared her mother's chestnut colored hair.

"Anything I can do to help, Jayme?" asked a young man's voice. Jayme twisted to find Conrad Mording leaning against the railing of the corral. He shared the same distinct rusty, red-black hair color with his mother and little sister. In the years since they'd played together after Sunday School at the First Reformed Baptist Church of Redfield, Jayme had grown two feet, so that she now towered six inches over Conrad.

Remembering the teasing remark about Conrad being her former-babysitter, Jayme's eyes darted to Joanne, but Joanne watched silently.

Joanne smiled as if to say, *"See? I'm behaving myself!"*

Jayme adjusted her cowboy hat to hide her nerves, then turned her attention to her former co-babysitter. "Conrad? I'm good, just make sure your sister pays attention to the safety instructions!"

Conrad gave her a thumbs up. "You got it, Miss Schmidt. You hear that, Connelly? Turn on your listening ears!"

Connelly's listening ears burned red as the other girls giggled behind her. "Conrad, I'm not a little kid anymore! I'm ten years old now!"

Conrad lifted Connelly's pink cowboy hat and ruffled her hair, ignoring her cries of protest. "Staaaahp it!"

Conrad set the hat back down over Connelly's eyes, then clapped his hands to silence the rest of the giggling birthday guests. "Okay, I'll stop! You're a big, grown-up girl, now! Hey! The rest of you, settle down!"

Connelly's four girlfriends stood at attention. "Yessir, Mr. Mording!"

Based on the girls' reaction, Jayme had a sneaking suspicion Conrad had babysat each of them at one point or another. She couldn't help but wonder if he'd been granted spanking privileges.

Mrs. Mording cooed as she pinched her oldest son's cheek. "Conrad volunteered to help me wrangle the littles, today. Don't know what I'd do without having a man around to use the 'Dad Voice' on them!"

Now it was Conrad's turn to look flustered. Jayme caught his eye, before he coughed and adjusted his hat. "Okay, let's all listen to Miss Schmidt!"

As the girls started giggling again, Jayme put her fingers in her mouth and whistled shrilly to get their attention.

Connelly looked up at Jayme wide-eyed. "... Woah, I didn't know people could whistle that loud!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Mording! … Thank you, Conrad. Raise your hand if you want to ride a horse today!"

All the girls' hands shot up.

Jayme crossed her arms. "Okay, now raise your hand if you know how to check a saddle." The girls faltered and lowered their hands. "Well, I can't let you ride a horse until you know how to saddle it, so let's get to it!"

Having successfully gotten the girls' attention, Jayme's lesson progressed as usual. She walked each girl through the process on the saddle rack, then introduced the girls to the horses. Since Jayme was most used to riding Sir Hamilton, she escorted him to the corral.

Jayme carefully ignored the rack of antique horse whips and riding crops her parents owned. In the Hollywood business, historically-accurate props were a major commodity. She'd fantasized about spanking herself with each and every one of them in the past, but Jayme forced herself to concentrate on the task at hand. *"Can't think about spanking myself. Focus! You've got a job to do!"*

Joanne was suspiciously helpful, bringing Jayme anything she needed, and helping brush down Sir Hamilton to prepare him for the saddle.

Poppa had personally tamed Sir Hamilton, but the stallion still had bronco blood in his veins. Jayme understood his personality and loved his energy for barrel racing, but he could be a bit much for new riders. Jayme's plan was to use Sir Hamilton for her safety demonstration, then bring out a gentle mare for the girls to saddle and ride for the rest of the day.

She quizzed the girls as she attached the saddle to Sir Hamilton. "And who knows which way I put this on? … Connelly!"

Connelly bounced on the balls of her feet, her hand in the air. "The horn goes by his head, on top of the… uh, the pocket?"

"That's right! The wither pocket is right here. It's easier to feel than to see. Who wants to feel it? … Oh, everybody? Okay!"

After Jayme lifted each of the four girls in turn to feel the wither behind Sir Hamilton's shoulders, she turned to find Conrad had joined the group. Jayme beamed at him. "Want me to give you a lift, Shorty?"

Ignoring her jab at his height, Conrad lifted his hand and immediately found the wither on his own. "It's so smooth, I can barely see it. Is it different for the mares?"

Jayme beamed. "Horses are all as different as people are, but they all have one. Sir Hamilton here is a bit of a muscle-head so his is easier to feel!"

As if insulted, Sir Hamilton turned to glance at Jayme and snorted.

Conrad patted Sir Hamilton between the shoulder blades. "I think you wounded his pride."

Jayme shooed Conrad away as she cooed Sir Hamilton. "He's smart. He knows it's a compliment. You're a big muscle-head, yes you are!"

Conrad ushered his sister and her friends back behind the gate.

Jayme tightened and secured the straps, calling on girls to name each part of the saddle as she went, and made a point of double-checking the rings. Like she'd done a thousand times before, Jayme prepared to mount Sir Hamilton, easily securing her left boot in the stirrup as she prepared to kick her right leg up and over his

back. "Now, it's a little scary, but you want to do it in one smooth–" As Jayme kicked up, the welts from the belt whipping she'd given herself last night stretched and flared up, "–motion?"

As she winced, the toe of her right boot kicked Sir Hamilton's hindquarter. The fact that Jayme had done this safety demonstration thousands of times only helped her appreciate what was happening, as it happened, in slow motion. Sir Hamilton bolted at the kick, and Jayme felt herself rolling backwards towards the ground, landing right on the seat of her pants. She felt something tugging at her left boot, and instinctively shielded her neck and face. She could make out the sound of girlish screams, felt sand scratching against the back of her neck, and knew she was being dragged. A boy's voice shouted, "Woah, there!"

With a quick twist of her foot, Jayme pulled her boot loose from the stirrup, and came to a halt. Her first thought was of Sir Hamilton. "Joanne! The bridle! Before he hurts himself!"

Jayme picked herself up to find, not Joanne, but Conrad running to calm Sir Hamilton and take the reins. "Woah! Easy there, fella!"

Jayme felt someone grasp her by the shoulders from behind, and saw Joanne had rushed to her side. "Anything feel broken?"

Jayme took a few deep breaths as she felt herself. Her shoulder was sore but nothing felt broken. But her ass was both throbbing and numb at the same time, and she realized it must have taken the brunt of both the fall and being dragged. Looking behind her, she guessed she'd been dragged at least 20 feet before shaking herself loose. Experimentally, Jamey stretched her legs and tried to stand up. "Um… Joanne? Could you check… my pants?"

"Your pants? Hey! Quit trying to stand up! If something's broken you need to–"

Jayme tensed as she saw Conrad wave at her and start leading Sir Hamilton toward them by the reins. "Nothing's broken, Joanne, just check my pants! Please! Do it quick!"

Joanne opened her mouth to argue, then her eyes went wide with dawning comprehension as she spotted Conrad. "Oh! Your pants! Well, they look a bit… distressed?"

Jayme's hands flew towards her bottom, before she remembered that the whole point was to avoid attracting Conrad's attention to it. "Distressed? What does that mean?"

"You know, like, those jeans kids at school get with rips in them?"

"Crud! Is there a hole? Can they see my panties?" Jayme hissed. Mrs. Mording, Connelly, and the rest of the girls called her name as they circled the corral gate.

Joanne's head bobbed up and down as she tried to inspect Jayme's behind without making it obvious. "It's not a hole! It's more like it's… weathered? There's a little threadbare patch about–"

"Jayme? You okay?" called Conrad, as he approached them steadily.

Jayme stood at attention, towering over Conrad. "Good save, Conrad!"

"I jumped in the corral as soon as I saw him dragging you. But you got out of the stirrups on your own. That was amazing!"

Jayme reached for her cowgirl hat, hoping to hold it behind her back to cover the seat of her pants, only to discover her hat had gone flying off her head twenty feet away. Jayme felt Joanne brush up behind her and wondered if Joanne was trying to strategically place herself to hide the "little threadbare patch."

Too scared to turn around, Jayme coughed and accepted the reins from Conrad. "No! You did great! If a horse spooks and goes running, they can catch their reins on something and hurt themselves… you're my hero!"

Conrad blinked, then patted Jayme on the shoulder. "Oh? Glad I could help! Guess I was just in the right place at the right time!"

Trying to side-shuffle around Sir Hamilton to keep her rear out of view, Jayme turned to face Mrs. Mording, Connelly, and the rest of the birthday party girls. "All right. Who can tell me what I did wrong there?"

***

After finishing the safety lecture, Jayme excused herself to return Sir Hamilton back to his box, and took an opportunity to inspect the seat of her pants. Sure

enough, it looked a bit frazzled, but it was intact. After feeling the "little threadbare patch" Jayme argued with herself about whether it was worth running home to change into fresh jeans. "Whatever, I already look like an ass. If they notice it… serves me right for not paying attention."

After Jayme brought out Peace, their gentlest, mildest mare, the girls got to brush and saddle her. Some of them were nervous about riding after Jayme's unforgettable safety demonstration, but Connelly volunteered to go first, and they all were able to mount and ride Peace without incident.

Jayme felt like kicking herself for the entire lesson. But Connelly surprised her with a hug, thanking her for "The Best Birthday Ever," and Mrs. Mording promised to bring Connelly back for regular riding lessons in the future.

Joanne pretended to whisper in Connelly's ear, but made sure her whisper was loud enough for Jayme to hear, "First lesson: don't fall off your horse!"

Jayme imagined clothesline tackling Joanne to the ground, but then imagined herself getting a well-deserved spanking for starting a fight. Remembering how Joanne had come to her aid before, Jayme willed herself to ignore Joanne's barbs. "Second lesson: don't screw around!"

Conrad turned to tip his hat to her. "Thanks Jayme. Thanks Joanne! Connelly had a great time."

Jayme felt her mouth moving of its own accord. "Thanks, Conrad, I had a great time too!"

"...I had a great time too? What the heck does that mean?" thought Jayme. Joanne made it worse by side-eyeing her.

Conrad chortled. "Heh. Well, that makes three of us! See you next class, Jayme!"

***

At lunch, Pops fixed Jayme with a look of mock sternness. "So I hear you took a nasty fall today. What happened? You weren't screwing around were you?"

Jayme hung her head, not because she felt Pops was angry with her, but only because of how stupid she still felt. "No, sir! I just flubbed the mount."

Joanne interjected. "I saw the whole thing. Jayme wasn't messing around, it could have happened to anyone!"

Pops nodded. "Thanks for sticking up for your sister, Joanne!"

Accidents happened at a horse ranch, but "No Screwing Around" was an iron-clad rule. When Jayme was thirteen, she'd playfully slapped her rear end while racing Joanne, only to lose her footing and fall backwards off her horse. That incident had resulted in a "serious talking to" in her bedroom. First, she'd laid across Poppa's lap to endure a spanking from one of the old, reliable hand paddles across her jeans. Then, Mamma had opted to use a more creative implement: a horse brush, which she strapped to her palm before ordering Jayme to bare her butt and get across her knee. The stiff bristles from the brush had prickled and stung like mad. While there were a few consistent implements, Mamma and Poppa didn't hesitate to grab a "weapon of opportunity" whenever the need arose.

Jayme was pretty sure she wouldn't be spanked for making an innocent mistake, but the memory haunted her anyway. *"Of course, if I hadn't spanked myself yesterday, I probably wouldn't have screwed up the mount, so in a way, it is my fault!"* Jayme thought privately.

In her heart of hearts, she prayed for Pops to order her to lay across his lap to get the spanking she deserved, right then and there. Instead, Pops put a supportive hand on her shoulder. "Well, I'm glad you're alright, Firecracker."

Jayme savored Mamma's meatloaf, looking forward to her summer afternoon. Having finished her lessons, Jayme was free for the rest of the day.

Juniper made a fuss about eating her green beans, and after spitting one out, was unceremoniously pulled across Mamma's lap for six firm swats with the wooden spatula.

Mamma seated Juniper right back in her seat at the table and pointed emphatically. "Now you sit there and clean your plate, and no spitting, or I'm taking you to your room for a 'serious discussion' next."

Juniper wailed and sniffled, but more from sorrow than from the pain. After finishing her green beans, she was congratulated and offered dessert. With that, Juniper was back to her old self, as if the spanking had never happened.

"Good job, Juniper! I knew you could do it!" cheered Jack.

"Now you get ice cream, which is so much nicer than a bare-bottom spanking!" observed Jill.

As Joseph fetched the mail, he announced that their final grade reports had arrived from Redfield Christian School. Jayme noticed that Joanne's eyes went wide at this news, at least the single eye that wasn't hidden behind her lanky hair.

Pops accepted the envelopes, each stamped with the school seal. "Perfect! Let's see what you kids learned this year!"

Jayme spotted the rack of spanking implements on the kitchen wall, still remembering her trip to the woodshed from her freshman year in painful detail. Hopefully, no one would need to learn an additional lesson today.

"Jayme… A-plus in Bible class, as expected. A's in Honors English, Home Ec, P.E., Spanish. An A-minus in Chemistry and History… and a B-plus in Algebra?"

Jayme kicked herself at the mention of "B-plus." She'd hoped to bring that class up to an A-minus after her final exam. *"I could have studied harder! I deserve a paddling!"* she thought.

With a nod of approval, Pops handed Jayme's report card to Mamma. "Great job, Jayme. That's two years in a row of a solid A average."

Mamma used one of Juniper's alphabet magnet tiles to display Jayme's grades on the refrigerator with a big, red letter A.

"Next… Joanne! I see we have a B-plus in Bible, B's in English, History, and Physical Science… An A-plus in Art class, great job! An A-minus in Geometry… You had a study hall, and… a C-plus in Home Ec?"

Joanne swallowed. Earlier in the school year, she'd been sent home with D's in Home Economics and a note describing her "unhelpful attitude" in class. That had resulted in a "serious talking to" in her room, and she'd been threatened with a trip to the woodshed next if she didn't improve her work ethic. "I really tried to get that one up, but I sort of… burned the muffins on my final exam. She said everything else was solid except for that!"

Pops considered the grades. "Well, I already spanked you once for Home Ec… and you did improve quite a bit over the year. Great work, Joanne. I think this deserves a place on the fridge, too!"

Mom used a yellow B-magnet to pin Joanne's grade report in place.

Pops read through Jack and Jill's report cards, offering warm praise. The elementary school didn't use the traditional letter grade system for Juniper's first grade class, but she received a note indicating she was either on track or exceeding expectations in all her subjects. All three letters quickly found a proud place on the fridge. "Joseph, I already saw your transcripts from Calvin College. No spanking for you, but also nothing to put on the fridge, I'm afraid!"

Joseph leaned back in his chair. "Aw, bummer!"

Although Jayme and Joanne were frequently reminded that, "You're never too old for a good spanking," they suspected that Joseph had successfully outgrown spanking by virtue of the fact that he had never done anything to merit one since his last trip to the woodshed, six years ago.

Pops reached for the final envelope. "That leaves us with… Jessica!"

But Jessica snatched up the envelope and opened it first. Jayme had a strange feeling Jessica was trying to be nonchalant, and failing badly. "Oh, not too bad! One of my final exams was rough, but overall–"

"Jessica, no need for the pre-game analysis. Let me see."

Jessica's freckles stood out in sharp contrast with her pale face as she handed over the report.

Pops read it silently, breaking his custom of commenting on each subject in turn. "Jessica, how did you manage to get a C-minus in Bible class? That's down from a B-plus on your last report card. What happened?"

Jessica faked a laugh as she rested her arm on the table. "Funny story, the final exam sort of threw me for a loop. See, I thought we were doing a take-home exam, so I prioritized cramming for all my other classes, so imagine my surprise when–"

"You bombed your final exam? Hold on, I remember you explicitly telling me you were all caught up when you went to the Senior movie night with your classmates."

Jessica's lip trembled as she looked from her Poppa to her Mamma, then to each of her siblings in turn. Jayme felt Jessica's pain as she met her eyes, but what could she do?

Jessica forced herself to keep a stiff upper lip, subconsciously switching from speaking casually to being strictly formal. "That wasn't a lie, sir! I thought I was caught up, because I was under the assumption I'd have a take-home exam. I only found out it wasn't a take-home exam the day before, and I spent all night cramming, remember?"

"This is Mr. Jones' Bible class? What gave you the impression that you were going to get a take-home exam? Did he tell you that, then change his mind later?"

Jessica froze, then took a deep breath. "No sir. I don't think he said anything about it being a take-home exam. I think I heard Marcie say something about him doing take-home exams this year, and just… assumed?"

"Well, you assumed incorrectly. And that was no reason to procrastinate on studying until the last day before your final exam."

Jessica's voice went shrill, and she forgot to keep a defiant tone out of her voice. "Well, I'm *sorry*, Daddy! I just studied *so* hard for all my other subjects, that one class sort of fell by the wayside!"

Usually, the Schmidt children all called their father "Poppa." The girls only called him "Daddy" as a cute baby name… or to willfully tease him, long after the joke ceased to be funny. It had only taken a few spankings to stop the latter usage.

Poppa set down Jessica's grade report, so that she could see it, and folded his hands on the table. "You've got a bad case of 'Senioritis,' Jessica. That 'one class' is Bible class, which is the heart of the curriculum. And you've got a B-minus average overall, so if you sacrificed Bible class to study for your other classes, I'm not seeing it. You had an A average Junior year. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Don't do it, Jessica! He's giving you an out! Just apologize and promise to do better! Don't 'pull a Jayme' and make it worse!" thought Jayme.

Unfortunately, Jessica couldn't read Jayme's mind. "What's the big deal? I've graduated! I'm already accepted to college… on scholarship! They aren't going to rescind the offer!"

Poppa stood up slowly. "They might have, Jessica, if you'd failed to graduate high school at the last minute. And you came within a hair's breadth of doing just that. Go to your room. I'll be along to speak with you shortly."

Jessica quailed. "You're gonna… give me a spanking?"

"We don't have to discuss that here, in front of your siblings, if you don't want to, Jessica."

Jessica's buck-teeth flashed as she bared her fangs. Jayme always had the impression that Jessica was a cross between Dolly Parton and a rather irate but voluptuous squirrel. "Hold on! That's not fair! Joanne got a C-plus, and she's not getting spanked! You put *her* up on the fridge."

Joanne sank into her chair, silently wishing to be left out of this argument.

Poppa's voice wasn't angry, but it had a controlled edge that Jessica recognized. "Joanne was spanked once already for poor grades, and made the effort to raise her worst grade from a D-minus to a C-plus, and improved all her grades across the board. You have not been spanked because you started the year off with an A average, which you managed to blow up in your last semester in high school. It's not the grades themselves, it's your *attitude* that merits a spanking. Now, I'm giving you a choice, Jessica. We can discuss your attitude in the privacy of your room, or I can give you a spanking right here in the kitchen, *before* I take you to the woodshed. Which will it be?"

Jayme saw the flash of fury in Jessica's eyes, before reason prevailed. "I… I'm sorry, Poppa. Please don't take me to the woodshed."

Pops pointed towards Jessica's room. "I don't want to do that, if I don't have to. March straight to your room, Jessica. Your mother and I will be along shortly."

Jessica's face said everything. She knew she was doomed, but Jayme had a feeling Jessica was trembling with relief, not fear, at the news she would at least be spared a trip to the woodshed.

Spankings were a daily occurrence in the Schmidt household, but no one earned a trip to the woodshed without working hard to earn one. You practically had to ask for a trip to the woodshed, and the whole purpose of the trip was to make sure you wouldn't ask for another anytime soon.

The squeak of Jessica's chair against the floor broke the stony silence, and Jessica sniffled as she tried to hold her head high and march to her room. She was eighteen years old, and she knew she had a bare-bottom spanking to look forward to. Thanks to her arguing, Jessica didn't even have the dignity of pretending she wasn't about to be spanked. All her siblings would have easily guessed her fate anyway, but at least she could have had plausible deniability.

Pops sighed. He *hated* having to punish any of his precious children. "Jack, Jill, Juniper, go outside and play. Jayme, Joanne, you girls need anything out of your room?"

Jayme snapped to attention, as she heard her name called. "Oh! I was going to do some reading today. Get a jump start on my summer book report?" In fact, Jayme had made no such plans today, but for some strange reason, she didn't feel like procrastinating on her homework for another minute.

Poppa nodded. "Go get what you need. I suspect you'll want to read outside, so as not to be interrupted."

Jayme and Joanne nodded, understanding they were being politely ordered out of the house. Spankings were no state secret, but Poppa clearly didn't want to add any extra humiliation to Jessica's ordeal.

As Jayme passed by Jessica's bedroom, she caught a glimpse of her older sister weeping softly on her bed through the cracked door. A small, nasty voice at the back of Jayme's head urged her to pretend to be slow finding her book, so that she could stay and eavesdrop on the start of the spanking, but Jayme told the Devil to shut up.

Walking on autopilot, Jayme scooped up her favorite book, *Anne of Green Gables*, before remembering that she'd already written a book report on that one. Looking at the pile of great books for next year's English class, she grabbed a thick one from the top of the pile. It had a sticky note from Mamma recommending it highly, but Jayme didn't bother to examine the cover.

Jessica’s weeping had given away to ugly sobbing by now, and as Jayme whipped out the hallway and through the kitchen, she couldn’t help but overhear a bit of Mamma and Poppa’s whispered discussion.

"... don’t think she needs the belt, do you, Poppa?"

"No, but I *am* using the hand paddle."

"Oh, of course that, at least! We need to nip this in the bud before she starts college."

"If you give her a warm up, that will give Jess time to calm herself down and steel herself up for the paddle. Think you could do that, Mamma?"

Mamma rolled up her sleeves. "I hate to do it, but I can and I will!"

Jayme threw on her moccasins and stepped outside, before flopping down one of the front porch chairs with her assigned reading.

"*Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky?" recited Jayme as she examined the cover. "Why do I get the feeling I’m going to relate to this book, somehow?"

From within the house, Jayme could make out the muffled sounds of slaps, and Jessica’s cries of pain as Mamma administered what was surely only the warm-up spanking. Curse this house’s thin walls! Jayme hadn’t gone far enough away.

Ahead of her, she saw the woodshed, which Jessica had so narrowly avoided. Jayme muttered to herself, "Jeepers! If Poppa *had* taken her to the woodshed, he’d have moved everything around. He could have…"

Jayme trailed off as she caught sight of Joanne, resting against the railing on the opposite side of the porch. Not within earshot of Jayme, but probably within earshot of the half-muffled sounds of Jessica’s spanking.

Jayme and Joanne’s eyes met. Something about the look in Joanne’s eyes bothered Jayme. *"Does she think I’m trying to listen in on Jessica’s spanking? Well, I’m not really, and even if I am, she’s doing it too, right?"*

As the claps of Mamma's hand spanking built to a steady rhythm, and Jessica's yelps and promises and apologies all melted into a long, trailing wail, Jayme kicked up her heels and opened her book.

Jayme spent the next few minutes staring at the title page as she overheard most of Jessica's spanking. Finally, there was a pause, and Jayme turned to Chapter 1. "On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged…"

The dense crack of a hand-paddle against the bare backside of a B-average student broke the silence, and Jessica's screams renewed with fresh pleas for mercy. Jayme guessed from experience that Jessica would get 36 whacks from the implement, the number of strokes equal to twice her age in years, assuming Jessica behaved herself and endured the spanking bravely.

After exactly 36 swats, the sounds of the paddling disappeared. The walls were just thick enough to hide any sounds of Jessica's penitent tears, additional parental lecturing, or words of comfort that surely followed the chastisement. Jayme stared at the first sentence of *Crime and Punishment* for another few seconds before tossing it aside. "Screw it, I'll do my homework tomorrow."

As Jayme flipped to a random page of *Anne of Green Gables*, not caring where she started, she glanced up at the woodshed. Twisting on her seat, Jayme felt the lingering welts on her sit-spots buzzing softly. "It should have been me…"

End of Chapter III

Saddle Sore
Chapter IV: Sharing Our Pains

As Jayme flipped through *Anne of Green Gables*, she whispered her favorite words from memory, quoting the character of Mrs. Rachel Lynde: "But if you'll take my advice—which I suppose you won't do, although I've brought up ten children and buried two—you'll do that 'talking to' you mention with a fair sized birch switch. I should think THAT would be the most effective language for that kind of a child. Her temper matches her hair I guess…"

Jayme remembered the electric feeling of reading those words for the first time, and had quickly guessed the implication: Anne of Green Gables was going to get a spanking. Back then, Jayme had wanted to highlight the passage, but had thought better of it. What if someone else read this copy of the book and noticed the strange tendency for every mention of spanking to be marked?

Jayme still remembered her strange mix of relief, and disappointment, when a few pages later, Anne's adopted mother, Marilla, had decided against spanking Anne.

At the sound of a splash, Jayme looked up and spotted Jack and Jill, taking turns jumping in the puddle near the woodshed. What if they went inside to poke around? Jayme took a controlled breath. She was worrying over nothing. As long as no one earned a trip to the woodshed by tonight, she was in the clear.

Absent-mindedly, Jayme flipped through her book, and saw how it opened naturally to the same few pages, the ones she had poured over, again and again: "The amiable suggestion of the birch switch–to the efficiency of which all of Mrs. Rachel's own children could have borne smarting testimony–did not appeal to Marilla…"

As a youngster, Jayme had found herself arguing with Marilla. How could Marilla *not* spank Anne for throwing a temper tantrum? How could *any* kid throw a temper tantrum, and not get spanked?

It had annoyed little Jayme enough to spark a whole conversation at dinner. Mamma and Pops had explained that, strangely, some parents preferred other punishments over spanking, such as timeouts. And even more bizarre, some parents choose not to spank at all? This revelation had blown the minds of the younger Schmidt children. Some mommies and daddies didn't spank their kids?

"But why? When I sin, you *have* to spank me, and put me in timeout, because you love me. Don't they love their kids enough to spank them for being bad? How is anyone s'posed to remember to be good without spankings?" little Jayme had asked.

At the time, Mamma and Pops had chuckled at Jayme, and called her "precocious." Poppa had sat Jayme on his lap and explained everything calmly. "We hate having to spank you, but when we have to, we spank you because we want you to grow up into a good woman. Some parents don't know that's what they're supposed to do to help their kids learn to be good. It doesn't mean they don't love their kids, they just have… *incorrect* notions. They're mixed-up."

In the present, Jayme muttered under her breath. "Mixed-up…"

Jayme swallowed as she noticed how her copy of *Anne of Green Gables* naturally fell open to every potential allusion to spanking, every missed opportunity.

First, it opened, seemingly at random, to the chapter where Anne mistakenly served wine instead of strawberry cordial to her friend Diana Barry, and thus accidentally got Diana drunk. And there it was: the paragraph where Marilla announced, "I just told her plainly that currant wine wasn't meant to be drunk three tumblerfuls at a time and that if a child I had to do with was so greedy I'd sober her up with a right good spanking."

But that just didn't make sense! Marilla didn't spank Anne earlier, because Marilla thought she couldn't bring herself to hit a child. Did this mean that, if Anne had accidentally drunk three tumblerfuls of wine, Marilla would have spanked her, too? But in that case, why didn't Marilla spank Diana, in order to "sober her up"? And did Diana ever get spanked by Mrs. Barry, off screen?

Sure, *Anne of Green Gables* was Jayme's favorite book in the entire world, but it was as if L.M. Montgomery had written this entire book just to tease Jayme.

Jayme thumbed the pages, and sure enough, it fell open to yet another cherished scene: where Anne had cracked her slate over Gilbert Blythe's head for teasing her about her red hair. Surely, that had to result in a spanking. But, no, Anne had only been sent to stand at the front of the class, with the words, "Ann [sic.] Shirley has a nasty temper. Ann Shirley must learn to control her temper," written in chalk behind her.

Jayme grumbled. After all these years, Jayme still felt the exact same way whenever she reread this chapter. "'Anne would have infinitely preferred a whipping to this punishment under which her sensitive spirit quivered as from a whiplash.' … See, even *Anne* agrees with me that she deserves it. Girl's just begging for a good, hard, bare-bottom spank–"

Joanne appeared at Jayme's shoulder. "How's the book?"

Jayme started, and the book flew out of her hands, bounced off the window with a tink before it flopped to the floor with a sharp flap. "Will you *quit* sneaking up on me?"

Joanne ducked reflexively, then chuckled. "Sorry, I must have been a ninja in a past life."

Jayme's face flushed scarlet. "Jo, there's no such thing as past lives. The Bible says that–ooch!"

As Jayme reached to retrieve the book, she flinched as she felt the blisters from her self-inflicted spanking stretch, agonizingly, across the bruises from falling off her horse and right onto her ass this morning.

When she noticed Jayme's hand faltering, Joanne snatched up the book, and flipped through it playfully, the pages falling open to the same few spots every time. "Well, what if I was a *naughty* ninja, and God's judgment was that I have to be reincarnated as a non-ninja, who gets spankings as karmic justice for my former, murderous, pagan ninja lifestyle?"

Jayme winced as she snatched the book back from Joanne, then dusted off the well-worn cover. "We get just one life…'And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many…' Don't you care about what God's Word says?"

Joanne crossed her arms. "Hey, I love the Bible. I believe in the Bible, I just… I enjoy entertaining *alternative* theories."

"Why not try explaining some of your 'alternative theories' to Mamma and Pops? I dare you! If you're entertaining heresy, you could use a good spanking."

Joanne flicked her bangs out of her eyes. "Sure I do, but not for that. Oh, and I'll have you know: I *did* ask Pops about reincarnation. I ask him about Bible stuff all the time. You should try it. He knows all sorts of cool stories. Sex. Violence. Betrayal. Church history is metal."

"May I read my book in peace?"

Joanne raised an eyebrow. "Just want some peace and quiet to read your book with the musical accompaniment of Jessica's ongoing spanking?"

Jayme flushed and looked toward the front door, straining her ear. "Shush! We aren't supposed to be eavesdropping on Jessica. And anyway, it's all over now."

"Really? How do you know?"

Jayme caught her breath. "Okay, I wasn't *trying* to listen in. I came here to read my book, and then I heard the… noises, so I tried to bury myself in my book and block it out. Happy?"

Joanne held her hands up in surrender. "Woah, Easy Eddie! I wasn't accusing. I had the same thing happen to me. Thought I was far enough away, but then… it's these bloody thin walls. Every time we get spanked, even if it's theoretically in private, it's still public knowledge."

Jayme pretended to bury her nose in her book, then noticed she'd flipped it upside down. "Yeah well, that's life. *C'est la vie.*"

Joanne put her hands in her back pockets. "... Do you ever think that we get spanked an awful lot? I mean, compared to other kids?"

Jayme swallowed. She had been thinking about that daily for several years. "All the girls at church still get spanked."

Joanne rested her seat against the arm of Jayme's chair. "... The kids at public school didn't."

At this, Jayme's ear twitched, and she finally put away her book. "Those witchcraft girlfriends of yours sure needed it. Feeling nostalgic for public school?"

As Joanne's nostrils flared, Jayme realized that she'd struck a nerve. Though this didn't give Jayme any satisfaction, she also couldn't help but feel it was about time that she scored a point on Joanne.

Three years ago, when Joanne had been preparing to go to junior high, she had argued, insistently and incessantly, to be put in public school instead of Redfield Christian School.

To all the Schmidt children's surprise, after many heated arguments and spankings for Joanne, their parents had finally relented.

Joanne had spent exactly one semester in public school, before she'd wound up getting caught at a party with high school kids… and alcohol. "No, and those psychos weren't my friends. They were *never* my friends. I'm just saying, most kids stop getting spanked around age twelve, assuming they ever got spanked at all. Even the kids at Redfield Christian. Ever had to strategically hide a red butt in the girl's locker room? We're the ones in the minority."

Jayme sighed. "Okay, so what's your point? You think it's unfair? Think your butt should be the only one that's spared, not bared? We could make you a protest sign, see how that goes!"

Joanne rubbed her forehead. "That's my whole point. I *don't* think it's unfair. Not once, in my entire life, have I gotten a real spanking if I didn't deserve it. I don't really care about the reminder spankings. They're annoying, but whatever. But, like, the real deal, with the hairbrush or paddle in my room, or… the woodshed? Every single one of those, I know I earned."

Jayme sniffed. "Finally, you're talking sense."

Joanne's eyes flashed, and she barely caught herself from shouting. "Would you, *freakin'*… quit teasing me, for *three* seconds?

Jayme gestured to her book. "What are you talking about? You're the one teasing me."

Joanne started to roll her eyes, before very deliberately pausing the gesture. Every Schmidt child had memories of a "serious talk" for eye-rolling. "Whatever. Have fun with your book."

As Joanne turned away, Jayme suddenly felt like a heel. *"What would Jesus do?"* she thought.

Jayme bounded like a deer to catch up with Joanne. "Wait, Jo? Hold your horses! … I'm sorry. I thought you were just trying to push my buttons, so I tried pushing your buttons, and… I was wrong."

Joanne bristled. Finally, Joanne held out a hand, and Jayme shook it. Then Joanne grinned like a fox. "Remember the time I got busted at the kegger party?"

As they finished the handshake, they started strolling alongside one another. Jayme chuckled. "Do I? I can *not* believe Dad didn't haul your butt out to the woodshed, after the cops brought you home."

"See? This is what I was trying to get at. I was sure I was doomed. The woodshed, probably a year's worth of bare-bottomed bedtime spankings to act as reinforcement. Then Mom and Dad took me to my room…"

Jayme carefully controlled her face to hide any hint of interest, willing herself to just let Joanne keep talking. "... and they actually *listened* to my side of the story. About me not knowing about the alcohol."

Jayme was tempted to make a sarcastic remark, but changed her mind. "Yeah, *sure* you didn't… I mean, how didn't you notice? Doesn't alcohol… taste strong?"

Jayme's only experience with alcohol was communion wine.

Joanne kicked a rock on the gravel road. "The party guys said it was a Diet Coke. I was stupid. Like, duh, I knew *they* were all drinking alcohol, but I didn't know people put alcohol in pop. Then I felt funny, so… I called Pops."

Jayme felt equally impressed and skeptical. "Really? I didn't know you did that… Wait, didn't the cops bring you home?"

"They broke up the party while I was still on the phone. Pops says my scream nearly gave him a heart attack."

Jayme nodded. "Oh, yeah! Wow, you just unlocked a memory. Mamma was crying about you going to jail, we all thought you'd been shot or something…"

Jayme stiffened as she remembered something else. Earlier that same week, fourteen-year-old Jayme had been hauled out to the woodshed for her abysmal mid-term grade report for freshman year. Thanks to Jayme's smart mouth, she'd earned herself an additional week of bedtime spankings to act as reinforcement. Jayme had still been nursing her wounds, and awaiting her next bedtime spanking in her pajamas, when the catastrophe had struck.

Jayme stuck her hands in the back pockets of her jeans. "So, because you didn't know it was alcohol, they let you off without the trip to the woodshed? What'd you get, the hairbrush?"

At this question, Joanne suddenly became more sheepish. "... Actually, they were just going to let me off, without the spanking."

Jayme paused walking, positive she had misheard. "... No spanking?"

"Yeah, I couldn't believe it either. Pops said that because I hadn't intentionally gotten drunk, it was a mistake, not deliberate disobedience. And he believed me about the witches telling me it was just a regular study party, before they stranded me there. I was stupid not to call him right away, but—no, he didn't say 'stupid.' Oh, yeah! He said I was 'naive,' but, being naive isn't a sin, and I did the right thing once I found out I'd been drinking alcohol… so…"

Jayme nodded. "So, no spanking."

Joanne shuffled her feet, glancing at the woodshed. "Kinda. I felt so guilty, I actually talked them into giving me a bedtime spanking for being dumb about not calling sooner. But they only gave me a 'gentle reminder.' It barely hurt, but it was… comforting, somehow?"

Jayme followed Joanne's line of sight, spotting the woodshed. "If you say so."

"You've never asked Mamma or Pops for a spanking, if you thought you deserved one?"

Jayme shook her head. "Not unless you count me upgrading myself to a 'serious talking to' as asking for it."

Then the sight of the woodshed triggered a memory. With all the excitement over the cops detaining Joanne, Mamma and Pops had forgotten to give Jayme her

bedtime spanking that night. Jayme had laid awake in bed that night, waiting for her turn, dreading the sound of a knock on her bedroom door, desperate to go knock on her parents' door herself and remind them to spank her… to just get it over with… but Jayme hadn't had the guts.

Jayme snapped out of her reminiscence as she heard Joanne giggle. Joanne brushed her bangs aside, and flashed a Mona Lisa smile. "Heh, you certainly do that a lot! It's almost as if…"

Jayme looked back at Joanne. Something about Joanne's smile reminded Jayme of the farm cat playing with a captive mouse. "What?"

Joanne spun on her heels and ambled back toward the house. "Nothing. I was going to tease you about you getting spanked some more, but I've decided to be nice. Thanks for hearing me out, Jayme. It's weird, I can talk to Mom and Dad about anything, even embarrassing stuff, but talking to you… Well, it's nice to know I'm not the only kid in the world who still gets spanked. Poor Jessica, she was *that* close to winning a trip to the woodshed."

Jayme finally relaxed. Of course, just because Joanne was interested in the woodshed, that didn't necessarily mean anything. The woodshed had a haunting quality for all the Schmidt siblings. Jayme only wished she had remembered to retrieve her effects from the woodshed earlier, before the catastrophic horse riding lesson.

Now there were far too many potential witnesses. She overheard Jack and Jill giggling, and saw they were now taking turns hosing each other off.

Jayme caught up with Joanne. "I hope she didn't earn any extras. Jessica is my favorite older sister, after all."

Joanne winked at Jayme. "Mine too."

Unoffended, Jayme chuckled. That had been her and Joanne's favorite shared joke since their toddler years. As they took off their shoes at the entrance, Jayme and Joanne whispered about their theories on Jessica's spanking. The moment they rounded the corner, they noticed Jessica, sitting on a four-legged stool in the living room, reading her Bible. It was unmistakably an old-fashioned time-out. "... Bad sign," whispered Jayme.

Jessica was wearing a pair of hand-knitted hand-me-down pajamas, which Jayme instantly recognized. They had been handed down from Granma to Mamma, then from Mamma to Jessica, before being handed down from Jessica to Jayme. Two growth spurts later, and Jayme had wildly outgrown the pajamas, so they were handed back up to Jessica, who always found them wildly comfortable. They were a one-piece design with a simple floral pattern and a buttoned-up drop seat, meant for a young child. But Granma had left them with plenty of extra room for "growing into," and Jessica had quite never managed to outgrow them.

Joanne tipped an imaginary cowboy hat, imitating Pop's gruff voice. "Hey there, Chipmunk. How you holdin' up?"

Smiling, Jessica shifted on her seat to face Joanne and Jayme, folding her Bible in her lap. "Hello, Sunshine. Howdy, Firecracker."

Jayme's throat tightened as she remembered the times she'd been sent to bed early wearing those exact same pajamas. "... You okay, Jessica?"

Jessica fidgeted. "It was a hot one. I was pretty squirrely at the start, so I earned an extra-long hand spanking for the warmup. But Pops said I took the paddling well, so I didn't get any extra paddle swats. We had a great talk afterwards. Still stings a little, but I'm feeling much better now."

Jayme nodded. "So, why the PJs? Are you still in hot water?"

Jessica dusted off her shoulder, looking oddly proud of herself. "Ah, I put these on myself. Since I was so close to a trip to the woodshed, Mamma and Pops said I'm on probation. I have to reread all the chapters of the Bible I skimmed over last semester, and write an essay this summer, but that's no biggie. It really helps me think, while…"

Joanne finished Jessica's sentence for her. "... while you're stuck in time out?"

Jessica thumbed the pages of her Bible nervously. "... Yeah, that's part of my probation. When we talked about the punishment and whether it was fair… we agreed I'd get a bedtime spanking tonight. So, now I've got something to look forward to!"

Joanne whistled. "Man, when it comes to spanking, Mamma and Pops do nothing by halves! I'm surprised you're so calm."

Jessica looked flattered. "It was my idea, actually. I figured since I didn't get the woodshed, a bedtime spanking was the least I deserved."

Jayme felt a bead of cold sweat forming on her brow. "For how many nights?"

Jessica flashed her buck teeth. "Just the one. After tonight, I'll have repaid my debt to society… assuming I don't procrastinate on my Bible essay, which I am determined not to do."

Joanne smiled like an imp. "So, how red is your butt right now?"

Jayme locked her knees, then forced herself to relax to keep from cutting off her blood circulation. Once, nine-year-old Jayme had fainted after standing stiff as a board for too long. It was right in the middle of Mamma and Poppa renewing their wedding vows to celebrate their 15th anniversary.

Jessica frowned at Joanne. "It's red, what do you think?"

Joanne's eyes sparkled. "Yeah, but *how* red?"

Jessica twisted on her seat to face her nose against the wall. "None of your business!"

As Jessica twisted, Jayme couldn't help but notice how Jessica's wide hips filled out the old pajamas. One of the buttons of the drop seat had fallen out years ago, the loose corner of the flap teasingly revealing a few square inches of Jessica's upper-left buttock. The sliver of exposed flesh was bright pink, matching the color of Jessica's pajamas so perfectly, Jayme hadn't noticed it before.

As her knees trembled, Jayme suddenly felt light headed.

Joanne leaned forward to give Jessica her best puppy-dog eyes, holding up her hands. "Pretty please? How else am I supposed to learn if my favorite older sister doesn't provide me with a *shining example?"*

Jessica pouted and twisted in her seat to face Jayme. "Humph! You're just fishing for an opportunity to tease me… but if Jayme asks me nicely, and promises to keep you in check, I might reconsider."

Jayme's throat went dry as Joanne and Jessica both looked up to her. She imagined her shoulder angel, flopping down on her shoulder, face first. *"Do it, Jayme! For Joanne's sake! She needs to see what EXACTLY happens to naughty girls who don't read the Bible!"*

Jayme's shoulder devil clawed up her back like a cat. *"Yeah! And I wanna' see that smokin' hot, flamin' red ass!"*

The shoulder angel suddenly looked incensed. *"You fiend! That's Jayme's precious sister! How dare you refer to her so crassly?"*

The shoulder devil stuck out her forked tongue. *"Spare me the false piety, twinkle butt, you asked first!"*

Jessica looked at Jayme with mock sternness, her finger playing with the loose flap of her pajamas. "Well, Jayme? Want a quick peek?"

Jayme suddenly felt a splitting headache coming on. She wanted far more than a mere quick peek. "No, Joanne, it isn't right. Mamma and Pops gave Jessica her spanking in private. We shouldn't add to her humiliation."

Joanne looked like Christmas had just been canceled.

Jessica tilted her head. "Aw, you're so considerate, Jayme…"

Before Jayme could do anything, Jessica stood and undid the only button holding up the drop seat of her pajamas, before slowly lowering the flap. Jessica looked thoroughly pleased with herself. "... But I've taken plenty of bubble baths with you two. Nothing here you haven't seen before!"

Joanne whistled, and leaned on her knees to examine the results of Jessica's encounter with the hand paddle. Jayme felt like the world was swimming in a fog around her. She imagined her shoulder angel and shoulder devil pausing their argument, pulling out polaroid cameras, then seating themselves at a neat office desk to sort their photographs into a folder labeled "Permanent Memories" in the filing cabinet inside Jayme's skull.

The entire surface of Jessica's full, freckled fundament was a consistent, cheerful shade of bright pink, the lingering effects of the hand spanking. But the lower center of Jessica's bottom was an angry shade of red, the flat paddle strokes having

left a squarish, geometric pattern. Jessica gestured to the red marks, easily tracing the area with her index finger. "After the warm up, I got the first twenty-four strokes of the paddle right here…"

The straight angularity of the paddle marks contrasted sharply with the soft curves of Jessica's plump posterior, which seemed to spill out from the open window left by the lowered drop seat.

Jayme felt her whole body trembling, and the moment she tried to gulp for air, Jessica bent over. Using both her cupped hands, Jessica lightly lifted up her lower butt cheeks, revealing the sensitive area hidden under the folds of puppy fat. It was as if Jessica's backside was smiling. "...and the last twelve right on my sit-spots, for a total of thirty-six. Two swats for each of my eighteen years. I can't wait for my next birthday!"

Jayme felt her stomach clench. Ordinarily, the initial, agonizing pain of a spanking faded surprisingly quickly, usually within a few minutes. But Jayme knew first hand that sitting a freshly-spanked bottom down on the wooden stool was a keen reminder of the sting, especially when their parents remembered to add a few strokes to the tender, delicate sit-spots. And whenever Jayme earned a "serious talking to" Mamma and Pops never forgot to pay proper attention to Jayme's sit-spots. "I'm… sorry you got it so rough, Jessica."

Jessica shook her head, glancing down at her own behind with amusement. "Don't be. I asked for it, and I got exactly what was coming to me. You know Mamma and Pops. They're always… fair?"

Jessica's eyes went wide, and Jayme felt like she had eyes on the back of her head. Jessica quickly sat herself back down on her wooden stool, and Jayme and Joanne turned to find Mamma gliding into the room, her steps as light as a kitten's. Mamma crossed her arms, and fixed Joanne with her patented Mom-look™. "Hello, girls! … Jessica, are *either* of these two teasing you?"

Jessica shook her head, now sitting with perfect posture to face the corner. "No, ma'am!"

"And why is the flap down on your pajamas?"

Jessica twitched to glance over her shoulder, before remembering to keep her nose in the corner. "The flap? I… Because I unbuttoned it, ma'am."

"And why did you do that?"

Jessica bowed her head. "Jayme and Joanne wanted to know if I was doing okay and… I… it was all my idea… I wanted them to see what I got for my just desserts."

Jayme raised a hand to intercede, but Mamma shook her head at Jayme, then tapped her foot. The only sound in the room was Mamma's leather slipper slapping against the linoleum floor. "Jessica, not ten minutes ago, your father sent you to *sit* in time out. Do you remember his instructions?"

Jessica rocked back and forth, keenly aware that her bare, spanked bottom was now a damning piece of evidence establishing her guilt. "Yes, ma'am. I'm to sit in the corner, read my Bible, and think about what I've done."

"And have you done that?"

"Yes, ma'am…" A shiver traveled up Jessica's spine as she corrected herself. "I mean, I did that at first, ma'am. But when they asked me how I was doing, we got to talking, and I sort of… forgot, ma'am. It wasn't deliberate disobedience."

"Stand up, Jessica. Keep your nose in the corner."

Clutching her Bible to her bosom, Jessica stood to attention, her flap dangling freely to expose her freshly-roasted rump.

Mamma patted Jessica's bottom, giving her three quick love-taps which sent soft ripples through each of Jessica's butt cheeks. "Did you *accidentally* drop the seat of these pajamas? Or did you *deliberately* drop them?"

Jessica clenched her buttocks, the puppy fat still quivering. "Yes, ma'am… Deliberately, ma'am."

"And did you *accidentally* put down your Bible and stand up to 'show off the just desserts' of your defiance?"

"No, ma'am… I did that deliberately, ma'am."

"In that case, when you claim you did not *deliberately* disobey, what do you mean by that? What do you have to say in your defense?"

Jessica took a shaky breath, then stood at attention. "I meant that I wasn't being willful, ma'am. I *did* leave timeout, but it was out of forgetfulness, not a desire to disobey."

Mamma nodded, then turned to Jayme. "You were a witness. Is that what happened?"

Jayme nodded, then steeled herself. "Yes, ma'am. We were the ones who asked Jessica if she was okay, and she was just telling us how she agreed she needed the punishment. She wasn't trying to show disrespect, not on purpose!"

Mamma looked up at her tallest daughter, with a look that suggested supreme self-confidence, despite her diminutive frame. "Do *you* get to decide what constitutes disrespect to the rules of the household, young lady?"

Jayme shook her head. Suddenly, she had a strange series of visions, downloaded into her head all at once. She imagined herself flipping the bird with two fingers, screaming an "Eff you!" as a war cry, then pile driving her own mother. Jayme was reasonably sure she could take Mamma in a straight fight.

Then she imagined the warm-up spanking from Pops that would surely follow, perhaps followed by all three of the eldest Schmidt sisters being escorted to the woodshed for a triple spanking session, followed by Jayme earning several decades worth of additional nightly bed-time spankings to serve as a lasting mark of her shameful rebellion against the Fifth Commandment: Honor your Father and Mother.

Jayme imagined herself as Jessica, standing in timeout, complete with the childish drop-seat pajamas, and bizarrely, the mental image seemed like more of a reward than a punishment. In the time it took Jayme to blink, this entire sequence of events played like a movie in her mind's eye, and consciously, she forced herself to resist the temptation to defy her mother. "No, ma'am. That's not my decision… but you asked me for my witness testimony, and I wanted to tell you the whole truth."

Mamma's ear perked up at Jayme's addition, then she retrieved a wooden spoon from one of the strategically placed racks of emergency spanking implements. Jayme second-guessed herself, wondering if what she said counted as back-talk,

but Mamma smiled. "Very well spoken, Jayme… Jessica? Turn around, sweetie, and look me in the eye."

Jessica shuffled on her feet to spin in place to face Mamma, the diminutive mother and daughter at eye-level with one another. Mamma patted the wooden spoon against the palm of her hand. "Jessica, in this house, deliberate disobedience and defiance *always* equals a spanking. I'm satisfied that you're not guilty of that… though I'm also astonished at your forgetfulness. When your father puts you in timeout, you mind your father."

"Yes'm!" squeaked Jessica.

Mamma gestured the wooden spoon at Jayme and Joanne. "And as for you two, when you see your sister in timeout, assume that she has more important matters to attend to, such as studying the Scriptures, rather than sharing idle gossip. You can always…"

Mamma slapped her own behind with the wooden spoon with three firm swats for emphasis. "... *compare battle scars*… another time. Now, Jessica, when you were in your terrible twos, I often had to give you a reminder spanking to teach you to stay put in timeout. Do you need another reminder now, at your age?"

Jessica hugged her Bible tightly against her chest, clutching to it like a security blanket. "No, ma'am. If you think I need a reminder spanking, I'll accept your decision, but whatever you decide, I promise I'll remember."

Mamma pressed the wooden spoon against her lips, then hung it back in place on the rack. "I believe you. I was very proud of you for having the maturity to ask Poppa for a bedtime spanking tonight. That shows character. Because of that, I'll spare you the reminder spanking you would have earned for this little stunt, when you were a toddler."

Jessica nodded, her fear evaporating. "Thank you, Mamma!"

"Don't thank me yet. I'm letting you off without the reminder spanking, but it's still up to your father to make the final decision. When we come to give you your bedtime spanking tonight, I want you to inform him of this discussion, and submit to his judgment on the matter. We'll leave it up to him whether you need an extra spanking to remind you to keep your bottom in timeout."

Jessica's face plainly revealed she was doing the math in her head, trying to calculate her odds of additional spanking tonight. Jayme felt like she could read Jessica's mind as easily as a thought balloon in a comic book. Jessica was thinking, *"It's okay. You can trust Poppa. He's always fair!"*

Jessica bounced on her heels, resisting the urge to jump for joy. "Yes, ma'am. I'll tell him everything! Thank you for correcting me."

Mamma kissed Jessica on her nose. "You're welcome. Now, sit your little booty down in timeout, right where it belongs."

Jessica was in such a rush to obey, she forgot to button up her drop seat. Jessica started to stand up to fix her wardrobe, but Mamma waved a finger. "No, no. You felt like showing off your just desserts? Fair enough. Keep that flap down until bedtime. That will give you a concrete reminder of our little discussion. Take time to pray, and think hard on the spanking you already have coming tonight… Don't pray that Father will let you off without a second spanking. Pray that he will be fair with you. When you've finished saying your prayers, concentrate on reading God's Word."

Jessica nodded, and folded her hands in silent prayer, as Mamma gently placed her hand on top of Jessica's head. Jayme noticed Joanne bow her head, and followed suit. After a full minute of silent prayer, Jessica announced, "Amen!"

Then Jessica rushed to flip open the Bible on her lap and scoop up her highlighters. She was marking the passages with different colors to represent different key concepts in classical homiletics, a trick the Schmidt siblings had picked up from Bible Study Fellowship.

As Mamma fixed Jayme and Joanne with a stern look, they knew they were both excused, and retreated toward their rooms. As Jayme rounded the corner, Mamma caught her by the elbow. "Jayme…"

Jayme clenched her already aching butt cheeks. This was it! Jayme should have known she wouldn't escape unscathed for defiance. As Jayme readied herself to be dragged to her room, she mentally rehearsed the whole scene that would play out when her self-inflicted welts were exposed. But instead, Mamma only squeezed Jayme's hand in hers. "Thank you for standing up for your sister."

Jayme's heart swelled as she bent down to let Mamma kiss her softly on the cheek, then slipped into her bedroom. As Jayme leaned against the door to shut it, she felt like a weight had suddenly fallen off her shoulders. Her parents were proud of her! She wasn't a giant screw up!

Glancing down, Jayme noticed the copies of *Crime and Punishment* and *Anne of Green Gables* tucked under her armpit. With a sigh, she set them down on her bedside table. "No point, I just can't concentrate."

Spotting her Walkman on the floor between the wall and her bed, Jayme fished it out. "Ah, there you are! Been wondering where you went for the last month!"

Jayme examined the disc through the clear plastic case. "*Adventures in Odyssey*? Classic. Just what I need."

Popping the headphones into the jack, Jayme settled down on her bed, only wanting to relax and enjoy her all-time favorite Christian radio drama program. The CD cued up to where she'd left off. Jayme's favorite character, Aubrey Shepherd, had traveled back to Biblical times, through the magic of the Imagination Station. Jayme concentrated as she tried to remember where Aubrey's adventure had taken her… Ah yes, the palace of King Herrod Antipas, where Aubrey met none other than Princess Salome. There was a sound of shattering clay as Salome accidentally knocked over a valuable vase.

Jayme's eyes popped open. She remembered this part of the radio story all too well. She fumbled to find the pause button, trying to ignore the dialogue as Aubrey valiantly offered to take the blame for breaking the vase. "...What *is* the punishment around here for breaking a vase?"

Jayme ripped off the headphones, but it was too late. She could still make out the soft sound on the headphones, and she already had this section perfectly memorized. "Oh, nothing too severe. Ten lashes with a stick," said Princess Salome…

"Uh… how big is the stick?" said Aubrey Shepherd.

Jayme stopped the Walkman. Of course, the spanking scene. Or rather, the off-screen spanking, which was clearly implied to take place during the commercial break. A month ago, Jayme had reached this point in the radio program, and pressed rewind on the CD, over and over, imagining herself as

Aubrey Shepherd, picturing herself enduring every painful lash with "the stick." Every time, Jayme would rub her own bottom, as Aubrey said, "Yeah… Remind me to thank you, when I can sit down again!"

The voice actresses' pained delivery for the line was perfect. Every time Jayme listened to this episode, she fully believed she was Aubrey Shepherd, spanked bottom and all.

As early as age six, Jayme had done the same thing with audiocassette tapes for older episodes, replaying the brief references to spankings over and over, until the tapes finally wore out.

Jayme vividly remembered how she had laid on her bed doing exactly this on the night after her first-ever bare-bottom spanking: after the fireworks incident. Sniffling into her pillow, she had rubbed her sore bottom gently, listening to her favorite characters discuss the importance of spanking in their lives, how it was done out of love, not anger. Then Jayme would lift her head, rewind the tape, and settle back down on her pillow, praying to Jesus to help her not sin again, thanking God for giving her parents who loved her enough to spank her.

In the present, Jayme lay on her stomach, cradling her own bottom gently. The cozy, warm feeling from last night had long since faded, but the stripes left by her own belt still prickled softly. In contrast, the two bruises from falling off her saddle felt like she was sitting on two cold nails.

The evidence was all around her. Sooner, or later, someone was bound to figure it out.

Jayme… was mixed-up.

But *how* had she gotten so mixed-up? What even *was* this feeling? Jayme *hated* spanking! How could Joanne and Jessica even *think* to ask for spankings, on purpose? Were they mad?

Jayme dug her fingers into the seat of her pants, then unbuckled her stupid pink belt, yanking down her jeans and massaging her buttocks, trying to rub away the numb ache left by the bruises. Jayme stiffened as she stuck her ass higher in the air. Had she remembered to lock her door? What if someone walked in, right now?

But as she dug her fingernails into her buttocks, reawakening the fading welts from last night, savoring the tantalizing sensation, Jayme didn't care! Let someone walk in. All she wanted was for Mamma or Pops to catch her red-handed, scream at her, drag her by the hair to the woodshed, and…

Her blood running cold, Jayme quickly pulled up her pants and fixed her belt. Behind the anger, she finally saw the truth she had been running from. Jayme wanted nothing more in all the world than to be spanked. But she was also too afraid of spanking to ever ask for one… not willingly.

End of Chapter IV

Saddle Sore
Chapter V: Evidence of Guilt

A knock at the door shook Jayme out of her trance, and Mamma entered without warning. "Jayme, it's almost time for supper. I'd like some help with–"

Jayme twisted on her bed, trying to look casual, and saw the quizzical look on Mamma's face. Jayme silently reminded herself that she was fully dressed. There was nothing in the room that could prove her secret sin.

Mamma nodded toward the Walkman. "Let me guess, *Adventures in Odyssey?* Such a wonderful program. I may disagree with Dr. James Dobson on spanking, but the man knows how to put together an excellent radio drama."

Jayme tensed as she heard the magical, omnipresent word: "spanking," glancing at the Walkman, which was currently paused at the precise moment where her favorite character was bemoaning her "butt-hurt." What if Mamma picked it up and started listening? Wouldn't she find that a peculiar coincidence? Jayme tapped her bed. "I thought Dr. Dobson agreed with Biblical spanking? *Dare to Discipline?*"

Mamma pursed her lips. "Hmm, parts of that book are okay. His argument in favor of spanking itself is solid. Though if you ask me, he overemphasizes everything. Wants parents to go through this long, multi-step process: establish guilt, talk about the need for discipline, explain every little step of the spanking, read the Bible, pray, never spank in anger, hugs and kisses, la-dee-da-dee-dah! … You can tell he's not a mother. Sometimes, you just gotta spank and be done with it, or before you know it, every spanking's taking up the entire day. You'll find that out for yourself when you're a mother. Come along, Jayme, I don't want to serve a cold meal."

As Jayme weighed her mother's argument, she felt like every little "reminder spanking" she'd ever gotten over the years suddenly made way more sense. As she followed Mamma to the kitchen, Jayme easily recalled the passages from *Dare to Discipline* on the subject of spanking. She'd memorized them. "Doesn't he argue spanking should stop around age ten?"

"Did he? Yes, now I remember. No Biblical basis for that notion, of course. The Bible clearly endorses, and requires, corporal punishment, with no qualifications for age. Deuteronomy limits the number to no more than forty stripes with a whip."

Mamma went right to work finalizing supper, beef and vegetable stew with dumplings. Jayme found herself helping on autopilot. "Well… don't you give us more than forty whacks sometimes?"

Mamma brought the heat on the stove down to a simmer, shaking her head. "Not with a whip I don't… You're talking about a hand spanking?"

Jayme folded her hands behind her back. What on earth had possessed her to bring this topic up? "Yeah, hand spankings… I guess that's not really comparable to a whip."

"See? It's all a matter of reasoning from first principles. The Bible gives us a specific rule: we're not to deliver more than forty strokes with a whip. Okay, so what's a 'whip'? I was just reading a fascinating blog on the subject, by Dr. Wilson. In the Mishna—that's an ancient collection of Jewish oral tradition—they used a scourge with three soft leather tongs. Just like our tawse, but worse. Then they delivered thirteen strokes on the bare chest, thirteen strokes on the left shoulder, and thirteen strokes on the right shoulder. The total came to thirty-nine strokes, to avoid going over forty by accidentally miscounting. Now, that's not the Bible, but it gives you a sense of how God's people applied that verse, at the time in which it was written."

Jayme vividly remembered watching *The Passion of the Christ* with her older siblings and Poppa. It was her first R-rated movie. Jayme had overcome Poppa's initial hesitation through a long campaign of gently arguing she was mature enough to handle it. But, at her father's suggestion, Jayme had closed her eyes for the entirety of the flagellation scene. "I thought they attached bits of glass and seashells to the whips for scourging, like the Romans did to Jesus?"

Mamma gasped with horror, remembering the exact same scene from the movie. "Yes, the *Romans* did that, because the Romans were a pagan empire. They didn't care more than they had to about the laws of a strange, monotheistic people under their dominion. If you were a foreigner, they'd happily flog you to death or crucify you, and if you were a Roman citizen, they preferred more civilized methods, like beheading or strangulation. My point is, the Bible gives us a limiting principle. Thirty-nine to forty strokes max, with a whip of three tongs. That comes to about one-hundred-and-twenty raised welts. When you read about Peter, Paul, and the early apostles being scourged for the Gospel of Christ, that's the punishment they're talking about. Now, let's see you apply some logic. What's an 'unfair spanking' according to the Bible?"

At that moment, Jayme was vividly imagining herself receiving thirteen strokes on her naked breast and each of her bare shoulders, while tied to a public flogging post. "... Oh! That'd be anything more than forty strokes with a whip, with three tongs of leather… so I guess that's like getting a hundred-and-twenty whacks with a belt, right?"

"And have we *ever* spanked you like that?"

Nearly two years had passed since her last trip to the woodshed, and Jayme vividly remembered the feeling of the hefty leather strap, and the heavy wooden paddle, across her bare backside. It had been *slightly* worse than the belting she'd gotten for playing with guns, two years before that. But Jayme knew the answer. "No, you've never spanked me like that."

Mamma beamed. "Exactly. Because you're young, we lessen the degree of severity. Forty slaps with my hand certainly isn't going above the Biblical limit, but it's far more than what's needed for a small child. I never have to give Juniper any more than twenty swats to remind her to behave. Really, ten is plenty most of the time. But if she's being especially difficult, six good spanks with a spatula or the hairbrush acts as a wake up call. That's the last warning shot Juniper gets before I have to send her to her room, for deliberate disobedience, defiance, or disrespect. Then it's twelve whacks on the bare butt, plus a hand spanking for a warm up. But I almost never have to do that, because Juniper knows what the rules are, and she knows what the warning shot means. That's the beauty of spanking. It scales!"

Jayme nodded, still terrified by the memory of those "baby-spankings," even as she considered how laughably light those punishments would be for her now, at age sixteen. "As opposed to, like, grounding, for other kids? If you grounded me for a day, I just wouldn't care. You'd have to scale to, like, a week, a month, a year?"

Mamma held up her hands. *"Hallelujah!* See, this is how I know you're my daughter. You got Poppa's looks and brains, but you got *my* common sense. These 'gentle parenting' types think they're so wonderful, and all it is is disguising abuse by pretending that as long as it's not spanking it's not abuse…"

Mamma put on a mock-sophisticated accent, which she used to imitate "NPR listeners." "Ooh! Look at me! I never hit my children! I just verbally abuse them! I just emotionally isolate them! I just use solitary confinement! Are your children

old enough to use reason? Just use reason! Huh? What's the consequence for willfully refusing to listen to reason? I don't know!"

Jayme snickered, and imitated a stereotypical, stoner hippie voice. "Hey, man, I'm into free-range parenting. You can't just spank a kid for playing in the street, after you told them not too. That's like, totally uncivilized. I just let my children roam free and experience natural consequences… like letting them get run over by a car!"

Mamma paused in the middle of serving the first two bowls of beef stew to double over in fits of giggles. "Ha, ha! Oh, goodness! Please, not the hippie accent! **Wheeze** You're gonna make me spill hot soup on myself!"

Jayme beamed as she swooped in to finish serving the first two bowls herself. "If I do, do I get spanked?"

Mamma finally caught her breath, wiping away tears of mirth. "... Don't try to find out."

Jayme tightened her grip on the bowls. "So… I know age ten isn't too old for a spanking… but will I *ever* be too old for a spanking?"

As she helped Jayme set the table, Mamma became suddenly serious. "No, Jayme, you will never be too old for a spanking… so long as you need one. It's not a matter of birthdays. It's a matter of attitude. Technically, Joseph's not too old for a spanking. But he just doesn't need spankings anymore. He could move out on his own, if he really needed to, but we like having him around. He's always helping. The day you're too big to go across my knee is the day you start acting like it… Who knows? Maybe today's that day. I must say, you've made an incredible effort to help out since this morning. You're on a roll!"

As the rest of the family gathered at the table to answer Mamma's shrill whistle, Jayme glanced up from the table, and spotted Jessica, still sitting in timeout in the living room, easily within ear shot.

Sure, Jayme expected to be spanked all through high school, just like Jessica had been. But there was her big sister, the Prom Queen, the high-school graduate, sitting on a soundly spanked, bare bottom…

… And looking forward to a bedtime spanking in just a few hours. Looking forward to her first year of college, and if she didn't improve her study habits, at least another four years of spankings, on grade report days.

And if she didn't fix her attitude, Jessica was looking forward to many, many more spankings, for many, many more years. And they both knew it.

Jayme looked at Jessica, and saw her future. Jayme would *never* be too old for a good spanking. And the worst part was… that was exactly what she wanted.

***

Before Pops could seat himself, Mamma nudged his shoulder and gestured to Jessica, still sitting in the corner of the living room. Pops nodded. "Jessica, please come to the table."

The whole family got a quick peek at Jessica's bare behind before she quickly spun around and marched to the dining room, holding her Bible flat against her stomach. Pops waited until she stood behind her usual chair. There were eight bowls of steaming stew, one for every member of the family, with the notable exception of Jessica, whose placemat was as bare as her backside.

Pops looked Jessica in the eye. "Everyone, I'm afraid Jessica earned a spanking earlier today, first for laziness, and second for defiance. Mamma and I talked to Jessica, and we all agreed that Jessica deserves to get another spanking tonight, before bedtime. I want you all to know that we're not angry at Jessica, and we've already forgiven her. Jessica was very brave, and asked for this spanking herself… but it's still got to be a real spanking. Jessica, you know the rule in this house. Part of a bedtime spanking means being sent to bed without supper. Before you're excused, do you have anything you'd like to say to your brothers and sisters?"

Jessica held up her Bible. "I… I've been reading Proverbs. I remember this one: 'Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.' I thought about that one a lot, because… it's what happened to me. I was lazy. I didn't pay attention. It was like I was asleep. Then, in the same chapter, I read this one: 'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' It reminded me that Poppa *has* to chasten me… to spank me, until I cry. And it's not enough for me to just cry, no matter how much I want the spanking to end… I have to be chastened. I have to remember what I did wrong. So that means the spanking has to last long enough… to be a lasting reminder… Daddy? I trust you

…and I'm ready for my spanking." As Jessica uttered the last words, she didn't sound like she was quite convinced.

Pops nodded. "Let us pray."

Pops began by offering a prayer of gratitude for his daughter Jessica, thanking God for giving her the gift of a repentant heart. Mamma echoed the sentiments in her own words, asking God to guide Jessica into wisdom; to help her become a "Proverbs 31 Woman." Pops invited Jessica to pray, and Jessica offered up a simple, faltering prayer of repentance, sniffing back tears. Poppa invited the rest of the family to pray for Jessica. Juniper volunteered a precocious prayer. "Dear Jesus, thank you for Mommy and Daddy. Help Jessica do better, and help the spanking not hurt too much. Amen!"

The preemptive "Amen!" earned a soft chuckle. Joseph prayed to ask God to give Jessica courage. Joanne, Jack, and Jill all shook their heads, not sure what they wanted to say, leaving Jayme last.

Jayme hesitated, wanting to pray for Jessica, but wondering what else there was to say? She was never good at smoothly speaking her thoughts in prayer, like her parents could, but they'd always encouraged her to pray from the heart. As the seconds dragged on, Jayme knew it was now or never. "God… thank you for Jessica. Thank you for putting me in this family. Help… help Jessica be strong. Help me… not need spankings anymore."

Jessica remembered her secret, and censored the last sentence. In her heart, she completed the thought: *"Help me not <u>want</u> spankings anymore."*

Poppa finished the prayer. "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen… All right, Jessica. You may be excused. Go wash up and get ready for bed."

Jessica hesitated, before she answered politely, and turned to march away, keenly aware of her younger siblings' eyes on her bottom. Jayme couldn't tear her eyes off it, even when she noticed Mamma, Poppa, and Joseph all politely averting their gaze away from Jessica's backside.

Jack broke the silence. "Is Jessica going to get spanked a lot now?"

Mamma and Pops shared a knowing look. Of course, what else was going to be the topic of discussion for the night? Poppa leaned close to Jack. "If you mean, ‘Is Jessica getting a trip to the woodshed, or a week’s worth of bedtime spankings?’ then no, tonight is it. We never add extra spankings unless *someone* is asking for it. But if you mean, ‘Will Jessica ever get spanked again?’ then I don’t know. If she doesn’t learn her lesson, then, yes, Jessica will get more spankings. But if she makes an effort to improve her attitude, then no, Jessica won’t get another spanking, unless she asks for one."

Jill stared at her steaming bowl. "But, didn’t you say Jessica asked for the bedtime spanking?"

Pops sighed as he noticed the confusion caused by his own choice of words, looking to Mamma for assistance. Mamma nodded, and addressed Jill. "Not in a bad way. Jessica asked for tonight’s spanking, politely, because she’s really a mature and responsible young woman, who just needs a little extra guidance. But when someone like…" Mamma glanced at Jayme before carefully choosing her next words. "Well, when we say one of you kids is ‘just asking for a spanking,’ we mean you’re being rude. Backtalk. Rolling your eyes. Those are *impolite* ways of asking for a spanking."

Jill glanced at Jayme. "That’s why Jayme gets spanked all the time?"

Jayme swallowed a full spoonful of stew, burning the roof of her mouth. The family paused to make sure she wasn’t choking. "Yes, Jill, that’s why I get spanked so much… but I am working on that."

Jack blew on his spoonful of stew to cool it. "I don’t think I’m brave enough to ask for a spanking the polite way. Wish I didn’t ever have to ask for a spanking the rude way, by accident."

Pops patted Jack on the back. "That is a goal you can achieve, son. It’s all a matter of mindset."

***

Having given up on getting past the second paragraph of *Crime and Punishment* today, Jayme lay on her bed. She heard the door of the bathroom open, and glimpsed Jessica passing by her door wrapped in two towels. Jayme glanced at her clock. Jessica was cutting it short. A Schmidt child sentenced to a bedtime

spanking was expected to wait patiently in their room, with "heart fully prepared, and bottom fully bared," before Mamma and Pops arrived.

Maybe Jessica wanted a long, relaxing soak to take her mind off the coming trial. Jayme understood the feeling. Bathtime, very naturally, had been made an essential aspect of the preparation ritual. After all, you came out squeaky clean, and ready to change into fresh pajamas.

Jayme wondered if Jessica had decided to reuse her favorite, hand-me-down pajamas. Sure, footie pajamas felt a bit childish, but it beat kicking off your pajama pants by accident in the middle of an extra-long bedtime spanking.

Jayme saw two shadows pass by her door, and recognized Poppa's heavy footsteps. "... Show time!"

Jayme went to close her door, and glimpsed her parents knocking on Jessica's bedroom door. She heard Jessica's musical voice, inviting them to come in. Jayme pulled the door shut, not wanting to attract any attention to herself at the moment.

In Jayme's early childhood, until age six, she had witnessed numerous bare-bottom spankings being administered to her siblings, especially Jessica. But after the disastrous results of Jayme and Joanne's bare knuckle brawl, instigated by Joanne teasing Jayme for getting spanked on her bare butt, a family meeting had been called, and bare-bottom spankings were forever afterward delivered in the privacy of a bedroom, or the woodshed.

It suddenly occurred to Jayme that she hadn't actually seen Jessica's bare bottom suffering under the effects of a spanking in over ten years. She'd seen Jessica get plenty of spankings over a clothed bottom. And she'd seen Jessica's bare bottom only today. But not both at once.

Jayme heard the door of Jessica's room creak shut… without closing. Clearly, Mamma and Poppa were not concerned with Peeping Toms. Jayme remembered Joanne had been spanked a few times after being caught trying to violate her siblings' privacy. In the past, Jayme had never understood the temptation. You could tell so much just by listening carefully to the sound of a spanking. The quality of the slaps themselves told you where the spanks were being landed, and how hard. The clapping rhythm provided a clear picture of the pace of the spanking. Some of the lecturing and pleas got muffled behind the thin walls, but if Jayme closed her eyes and concentrated… it was almost like she was there.

Holding her breath, Jayme stepped into the hallway, and heard Pop's voice. "Jessica, it's time."

"...Yes, sir."

Jayme knew the moment of decision had arrived. Like Mamma had explained, there came a point where there was no more need for lecturing or hugs or prayer, and all that was left was to get the spanking over with.

Jayme approached Jessica's door, craning her head. If they spotted Jayme in the hall, maybe she could pretend she was going to the bathroom? No, that wouldn't work, the bathroom was the other way. If she was caught at all, she would be caught red-handed.

Jayme glimpsed Pop's knees as he seated himself at the end of Jessica's bed, and then… Jessica's bare bottom. The paddle marks from this morning had faded to a light, rosy pink. Sure enough, she was wearing her favorite pajamas, with the seat lowered. Mamma must have been standing in the opposite corner, waiting to take her own turn spanking Jessica.

As Jessica bent over Pop's left thigh, with her footie-pajama-clad toes dangling just above the floor, Jayme felt a shiver travel from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. The angle was perfect. She would be able to see Jessica's bottom, while Poppa was seated in profile. Jayme had stumbled across a perfect blindspot.

The precise moment Jayme found her hiding spot, she saw Pop's mighty right hand clapping firmly across the center of Jessica's plump, fleshy bottom, covering plenty of meat on either side of the butt crack. Jessica howled, and twisted her hips, but Poppa's arm was more than enough to hold her in place.

Jayme remembered her own bedtime spankings. That's right, a strong first impression, leaving no doubt of what was in store. After about ten spanks, Jessica's squirming became more pronounced. Mamma's voice barked, terrifyingly close to Jayme's ear. "Jessica, quit fidgeting. We already talked about this once, this morning."

Jessica held down her legs, clearly trying to rest her weight on her feet to resist the urge to kick. "I'm trying! It hurts!"

Pops landed a spank across Jessica's left buttock, raising his hand to deliver an immediate follow-up. "It's supposed to hurt, Jessica. You knew that."

A spank across the right buttock. A wail from Jessica. Clearly, her earlier vow to take her spanking well had been a way of convincing herself she could. But now Jayme saw just how quickly Jessica's resolve was crumbling, with every resounding spank. "Slow down! I wanna' hold still! Just slow down!"

Unmoved, Pops landed two quick smacks, with equal force, and Jessica kicked her feet wildly. Jessica whinnied, just like a horse. "Eee-hee-hee! Noooo!"

"Need a hand?" asked Mamma.

Hearing the bed springs creak, Jayme withdrew from the door as Poppa leaned forward to adjust his grip, pinning Jessica's legs between his own. "No, I can wrangle this hoss."

Jayme willed herself to step forward, just in time to see Jessica switch from kicking to bucking, trying to lift herself up off of Poppa's lap. "No, no, no! Too hard!"

Satisfied that he had Jessica securely taken in hand, Pops began to deliver spanks at a slow but steady pace. Jessica had just enough time to yelp and yip between each one. Pops voice was dreadfully disappointed. "Jessica, you asked for this punishment. What did you think you were going to get? A pat on the back?"

"Ow! Not this! Ah! N-not like this! Ahhoow!"

Poppa landed four of his best spanks, making each count, then paused to let Jessica finish mewling. "Let's try this again. Why did you ask for this spanking, Jessica? What were you hoping to prove?"

"I wanted—I wanted to show you I was really sorry! I wanted to be brave!"

Poppa patted Jessica's bottom, warning her that more spanks were incoming. "Are you really sorry, Jessica? Are you being brave, right now?"

"Noooo…." Jessica's voice turned whiny, before a spank brought her back to plaintive. "Agh! No! I really am sorry! I'm just—I'm just not—YEOW! Oh, Daddy! Daddy, please!"

Two more spanks, then Poppa rested his hand on Jessica's already reddening bottom. "Remember your favorite verse, Jessica? Proverbs 19:15. Chasten thy son while there is hope… and?

As the spanking paused, Jessica fought for a trembling breath. "... and let not thy soul spare for his crying…"

"When does a proper spanking end, Jessica?"

"When… when I'm well and thoroughly chastened."

"Very good. In that case, we'll end the warm up here. Mamma? It's your turn."

Clutching her chest, Jayme pressed against the wall to get out of eyesight. This was stupid. This was wrong. Any stray movement, and she'd be spotted.

Jayme heard Jessica sniveling. "M-Mommy?"

"Do you remember what we talked about before? You have something to tell your Poppa."

"P-please, don't make me… you can spank me, but don't make me tell—"

"No, Jessica. We're not finishing this spanking until you keep your promise. Making a confession of sin is always part of true repentance."

"He'll think… he'll be disappointed in me."

Jayme could make out Pop's unmistakable, gentle shushing, the kind she needed to hear every time she was in tears. "Shhh… There, there. I will never be disappointed in you for telling me the truth. What happened? Let's hear it."

Jayme heard shuffling, and knew that Mamma was gently guiding Jessica into a spanking position. Clearly, Jessica would be making her confession with plenty of extra encouragement, should she hesitate or stretch the truth. "I just… I just wanted them to… I didn't mean anything by it!"

Jayme heard Mamma deliver the first spank, out of her line of sight. "No excuses. Tell him the whole story, starting from the beginning."

As Jessica started to stammer out the sordid tale of her flagrant disregard for her earlier timeout, Jayme considered her position. If they were seated at a slightly different angle than before, any movement could easily expose Jayme. Mamma was an ambidextrous spanker. What if Jessica's face was pointed towards the door this time, for a left-handed spanking?

Jayme made her decision. She was tired of "off-screen" spanking scenes. She wanted to see the real thing.

As Jayme willed herself forward, she saw she had been half correct. Mamma had spun Jessica around to deliver a left-handed spanking, but she had also guided Jessica to lay down across her lap, letting the bed support most of Jessica's plump frame. Now that Poppa had encouraged Jessica to be more compliant, Mamma was able to use a less forceful grip. This also meant that Jessica's face was just barely covered by the edge of the door, where ordinarily she would have been looking Jayme right in the eyes. But Jayme could tell that Jessica was focused on Poppa, looking up at him imploringly as she continued giving her full confession. "... And then I dropped my seat to show them! I only–"

Mamma interrupted the coming excuse with a lightning-quick spank, before flicking her arm right back up to hover high in the air, all in a single, crisp motion. "No, 'I only's. Speak plainly."

Jessica roared, and took a few seconds to catch her breath. Jayme could just make out the curves of Jessica's upturned bottom, unlike the earlier full moon shot. But, somehow, Jayme felt closer to Jessica than ever, almost as though the glimpse of Jessica's face meant that she had been given tacit permission to be here. Who knew? Jessica had been eager to show off her bottom before. Maybe she wouldn't have minded having Jayme as an audience, if she were asked. Jayme remembered all the little acts of kindness Jessica had shown her over the years: everybody's favorite older sister.

With a hiss, Jessica struggled to find the right words. "I… I was showing off. I wanted them to think I could tough out a spanking!"

Mamma delivered another thunderclap. "You told me you wanted them to: 'See what you got as your just desserts.' You made it out like you were trying to enlighten them."

Jessica groaned, as if feeling the spank on a delayed reaction. "That… that wasn't a lie! I really did want them to learn from my example… I wanted them to know they didn't have to be afraid of a spanking!"

"Suppose I bring them here? Would you like to repeat that to Jayme and Joanne? Would you like them to watch this spanking, and learn from your shining example? You can show them what a big, tough, mature young woman you are, and exactly how they should submit to a spanking."

Jessica flopped her face down onto the mattress, kicking her toes meekly against the pillows. "Nooo, puh-leeze! Don't let them watch! Don't let them see me… like this!"

After Mamma landed the next smack, Jessica reared, arching her back as she screamed. Jayme had her answer. Jessica, most certainly, would not want Jayme witnessing this. But by now, Jayme was fully committed. A retreat back to her room was just as risky as staying. The only reason Mamma hadn't spotted her already was the fact that Jayme was lurking in the shadows, combined with Mamma's stern concentration on Jessica's bottom. "Why not? Why don't you want them to see you, Jess? What are you afraid of?"

Jessica snarled, her temper rising. "I'm afraid of spanking, okay? I'm afraid of them knowing… I can't take it!"

Mamma landed three quick swats, then settled into her own rhythm, lecturing as she carried on. "Yes, you can. You're taking it right now. Grit your teeth, and concentrate. Don't concentrate on wanting the spanking to be over…"

Mamma slowed the pace to emphasize each of her last three words. "Concentrate. On. Repenting."

Jessica seethed, then pressed herself flat against the mattress, lifting up her bottom to provide a better target. Mamma patted her bottom with half her strength. "Much better, Jessica. Now, here was your critical mistake: pride. Spanking is not just about correcting external bad behavior. It's about correcting the attitudes of the heart. You wanted your sisters to think you weren't afraid of a spanking. Well, there's a right way, and a wrong way to go about that. If you're thinking about sinning, you most certainly *should* be afraid of a spanking. We don't want you to do the right thing just because you want to avoid being spanked, but if you ever need help remembering… it certainly helps. Before, you were pretending you

weren't afraid of a spanking, for all the wrong reasons. But now that you're lying across my lap, all that false bravado won't help you. You need a *better* reason to not be afraid of a spanking…"

Jessica trembled. "... How? How do I do it?"

"Simple… with prayer. Ask the Lord to guide you, and he will… 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man…'"

Poppa continued the quotation from memory. "... but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape…"

Jessica lifted her eyes to look at her father, remembering the verse from her Bible memorization homework. "... that ye may be able to bear it… 1 Corinthians 10:13."

Jessica's eyes went wide as Mamma planted an almost playful swat. "Precisely! … And one more thing…"

As Mamma's next spank landed, there was absolutely nothing playful about it. With a howl, Jessica strained her arms and legs, wobbling on her stomach atop Mamma's lap. Mamma leaned low to whisper in Jessica's ear. "... I don't need your help to parent Jayme and Joanne. You worry about keeping your own backside out of trouble. Understood?"

Sensing she was approaching the finish line, Jessica nodded. "Yes, Ma'am."

Mamma patted Jessica's bottom to signal her to stand up, ruffling Jessica's hair with her other hand. "Well, I'm satisfied. The last thing to do is to stand and face your father. He'll know best what to do with you!"

Jessica pouted as she sat back up to rest on her knees, rubbing her buttocks before remembering with a start to keep her hands away from her bottom. Jayme tried to pull away from the door, without breathing, without letting a stray hair fall out of place. This was madness. Any second, it would all be over. Mamma and Poppa would kiss Jessica, and tuck her into bed. Then they'd trip over Jayme in the hallway, and the whole house would soon hear the tell-tale sounds of yet another spanking in progress. Jessica would know that Jayme had violated her privacy. Everyone would finally know who Jayme really was.

As Jessica turned slowly to face their father, she faced away from the door, bringing her full bottom back into view. The effect was hypnotic. Two hand spankings had returned Jessica's bottom to a cheery, cherry red, a few raised handprints clearly visible, glistening in the soft yellow light. Jayme could even make out goose pimples on Jessica's fleshy hindquarters, as they were exposed to the cool air.

Jessica sniveled, while Pops pronounced judgment. "Jessica, I don't believe your disobedience was done out of wilful defiance. You should thank Jayme later, for backing you up. But what you did was still disobedience, even if unintentional. The fact that you had just been paddled and put in time out for disrespect, only to disregard your instructions, suggests that you're not taking your last spanking very seriously. Mamma let you off without a quick spanking to act as a reminder, but I'd say a reminder spanking is both a fair and lenient consequence for ignoring your timeout…"

Pops sighed, the hurt clear in his voice. "What do you have to say for yourself, Chipmunk?"

Jayme knew from experience that this wasn't a trick question. There was a difference between making empty excuses, and having a good reason. And for more serious spankings, Jayme had always been given an opportunity to speak in her self defense (with the obvious exception of Mamma's countless rapid-fire reminder spankings, which maintained order amongst seven squabbling siblings).

Jessica clenched her buttocks, then relaxed, hanging her head. "I have no excuse… I know I said I wasn't trying to be wilful, but as I look back on it… I knew I was being flippant. Mamma let me off easy… oh, man!"

Jessica's legs start to wobble. She saw Pops catch Jessica and guide her toward the bed. "Woah! You okay, Chipmunk?"

Jayme tensed as she saw Poppa cradling one arm around Jessica's shoulder. Mamma rushed to join them. If they looked carefully into the dark hallway, Jayme was directly within their line of sight. Jessica held her hands against her face, looking pale. "I… I think I'm all right… I was just so nervous, I felt light-headed… Phew, I'm sweating bullets!"

Mamma pressed the back of her hand against Jessica's head to feel for a temperature. "I don't think you're feverish. Do you need a glass of water? A restroom break?"

Jayme's flight or fight response activated, and she chose a third option: she froze, crouching her back against the bedroom door behind her. As Mamma stood to fetch a glass of water herself, Jessica held Mamma's hand to stop her. "No, it's okay, Mamma. It's these old pajamas. Gramma always said she made them to keep me warm and toasty on winter nights. Please, stay with me. I have something to ask you…"

Ignoring Mamma's fussing, Jessica stood and turned to face them. In the hallway, Jayme found herself at eye-level with Jessica's bare bottom, perfectly framed by the narrow gap in the doorway.

Then, to Jayme's horror, Jessica began to step out of her thick, knitted pajamas. "... Mamma, Poppa, I asked for this spanking because I wanted to show you I'm serious about repenting… but I haven't been doing a good job thus far. Before, I was just thinking of some way, any way, I could get out of another spanking, even though I knew in my heart that I needed this. I want to become a wise, Godly woman… but I've been forgetful. I've been lazy. I've been disrespectful. I've been disobedient. I've been defiant… And I've been dishonest… Father, I need chastisement… and let not your soul spare, for my crying…"

Now fully nude, Jessica folded the pajamas neatly and stood at attention, her posture firm, despite her shivering. Now that Jessica was out of her childish pajamas, her mature, womanly curves now stood out in sharp contrast. Jayme silently mouthed the words she wanted to say, as Jessica spoke those same words out loud. "Please, spank me, Daddy."

Mamma and Poppa both stood to hug Jessica, her naked form framed between. Mamma accepted the pajamas, clutching them tight like a cherished memory. "I'm so proud of you, Jess."

Poppa gestured to the closet on the opposite side of Jessica's room. "Very well, young lady. You will get exactly the spanking you have coming. Go fetch a pair of slippers from your closet. The nice leather ones Mamma got you for Christmas."

As Mamma and Poppa seated themselves back on the bed, Jessica disappeared from Jayme's sight, then reappeared, kneeling on her knees to offer up the two

slippers to each of them. After they accepted the slippers, Jessica settled her weight down, resting her chubby, sweaty, *glistening*, well-spanked bottom against her feet. Poppa patted his left thigh. "Jessica, the Bible teaches that a disobedient child, at your age, should be punished with no more than forty lashes, with a whip of leather tongs. Therefore, you will get the full, Biblical forty lashes, but only with a leather slipper. Think of this as a final warning, for both laziness and defiance. If we are ever forced to repeat this conversation, we will have it in the woodshed."

Jayme could see Jessica curling and uncurling her toes in anticipation, before Jessica obediently crawled on her hands and knees towards Poppa's knee, and up onto the bed to assume the position. Jayme knew what was coming: Jessica was about to straddle *across* Poppa's knee. Unlike bending over a knee, or a lap, this meant Jessica would be spreading her legs, forcing her to relax her buttocks and submit herself fully to every stroke. This position would allow Poppa to hold his repentant daughter in an unbreakable hold, so that Mamma and Poppa could both rain down spanks uninterrupted by struggling legs.

The moment before Jessica would have unintentionally exposed herself, Jayme averted her gaze. She'd come this far, well past the point of no return, but Jayme couldn't do it. Not to Jessica.

With her eyes shut tight, Jayme heard the claps of leather against bare buttock, each joined by a wail, and easily guessed the pattern. Pops and Mamma were taking turns, their coordination perfect. Willing herself away from the door, Jayme dared to risk opening her eyes, and now only saw Jessica's feet, flailing uselessly. Jayme realized the pattern was even more sophisticated than she had initially guessed.

Clearly, Mamma and Pops had discussed a strategy in advance, in case Jessica had been bold enough to ask for the full penalty. Dad aimed a stroke at Jessica's left butt cheek… Mom aimed a stroke at Jessica's left butt cheek… Dad aimed a stroke square at the center of Jessica's buttocks… Mom aimed a stroke square at the center of Jessica's buttocks… Dad aimed a stroke at Jessica's right butt cheek… Mom aimed a stroke at Jessica's right butt cheek… On and on it went, in steady sets of six. Jayme silently counted until the total reached 30, and her parents finally paused.

Noticing the change of pace, Jayme finally risked peeping a look at Jessica's bottom. If Jessica had expected her spanking to result in real tears, she was not disappointed. Already, Jessica was bawling, but as Poppa lifted her off his knee

and settled her hips back down onto the mattress, she felt a series of three love taps. Brushing the leather sole in soft circles against his target, Pops waited until Jessica had ceased mewling long enough to receive instruction. "Jessica, the last ten will be on your sit-spots."

Rubbing her feet together, Jessica moaned as she realized it still wasn't over. "Nooooo…"

Three more love taps from Pops. "Yes, Jessica. Will you obey?"

Jessica settled her feet on the floor, steadying herself against the mattress. "Yeeesss….."

Mamma took over, falling naturally into her role as Pop's backup. "Then listen carefully. I want you to reach back and hold your bottom with both hands… Good. Now, lift up your bottom, slightly, on both sides."

Jessica struggled to lift her bottom to the correct angle at the edge of the mattress. The hidden area under her sit-spots was still a mottled pink from this morning's paddling, but Jayme was in awe at the color contrast between the sit-spots and the rest of Jessica's Nebraska-Cornhusker-red rear end. So, *this* is what a sit-spot spanking looked like from this angle. Jayme knew exactly how it felt, on the receiving end, but she had no idea that the folds of the lower buttock provided so much protection.

Pops patted Jessica's bottom a final time to warn her it was time to begin. "Atta' girl, Chipmunk. You're nearly over the finish line…"

Jessica hummed weakly to answer yes, and stretched her buttocks taut to present an easy target. "Mm-hmmm…"

By the time all ten slow, agonizing whacks landed against the pale, exposed sit-spots, Jessica had melted into soft weeping, too exhausted to scream. Dad set down the slipper, rubbing soft circles against Jessica's bare shoulders. "It's all over, Chipmunk. You did it. You've been punished enough."

Jessica cooed as she tried to straighten up, without releasing her firm hold on her buttocks. Jayme could make out the distinct shadows of ten small impressions, left behind by Jessica pressing her fingernails deep into the flesh. Clearly, she'd been holding onto her ass for dear life. As Jessica looked into Pop's eyes, he lifted her

chin gently. "Now that we have that unpleasant business behind us, let's review. You're old enough to know that obedience alone, just following rules, is not enough. You need to be mindful of your thoughts, and your words, and your deeds. But you also took responsibility, and repented. You are forgiven."

Jessica nodded, before glancing at her backside. With a start, she pulled her hands away from her bottom to rest on the bed, as she twisted to look at Mamma. "No rubbing?"

Mamma giggled. "Jess, it's over. You can rub all you want, if you think it will help."

With a hiss of relief, Jessica clutched her buttocks with both hands, kneading them thoroughly like dough. "Thanks… Wow, I am *not* gunning for a trip to the woodshed any time soon!"

Jayme felt like she'd suddenly returned to her body, after being abducted by aliens. Of course! She was still here! And Mom was standing up! "I'll get you some lotion. I think I have some aloe vera in the–"

Just as Jayme turned, with no plan except to make a futile dash to her room, and hope she wasn't seen… the door she was leaning against opened behind her, and her skull knocked against it with an audible bump.

Pop's voice was like a junkyard guard-dog's bark. "Woah, what was that?"

Jayme scampered into her room, her footsteps painfully loud, and as she turned to close the door behind her… she saw Joanne looking down the hallway in the opposite direction. Of course, Jayme had been leaning against Joanne's bedroom door the whole time. Dad appeared at Jessica's door, face to face with Joanne. As Jayme saw him looking Joanne up and down, she realized with a thrill exactly what he must be thinking:

Premise A. There was just a strange thumping noise outside my oldest daughter's bedroom, while we were in the midst of giving her a spanking.

Premise B. My third-oldest daughter, who I have had to spank several times for peeping on her siblings' spankings, is standing right outside the door.

"Joanne. Were you just peeping on Jessica's bedtime spanking?"

Joanne, who had been looking down the opposite end of the hall, away from Jayme's room, snapped her head back to look at Pops. "Did I what?!?"

"She did what!?!" squeaked Jessica from inside her room, her voice cracking.

Pops turned to look back. "Jessica, you let me handle this. Get yourself dressed."

"Yessir!" answered Jessica, with the perfect, sincere obedience that a freshly-spanked bottom never fails to inspire.

Pops looked Jessica right in the eye. "Joanne, yes or no. Did you spy on Jessica?"

Joanne stood at attention. "No, sir. I did not."

"Don't lie, you little rat!" roared Jessica, before a sharp swat interrupted her. "Yow!"

Jayme heard Mamma's voice. "Jessica, you mind your father. Last warning. Wait right here."

There was just a hint of extra discomfort in Jessica's voice as she answered. "…Yes, ma'am!"

Jayme swallowed. Sometimes, she and Joanne liked to joke that Jessica had an "angry squirrel mode." Usually, a quick spank from Mamma was all it took to snap Jessica out of it. Mamma appeared at the door, behind Poppa.

As Jayme processed what was happening, it was as if she could feel the Devil sneaking up behind her with a contract ready to sign. All she had to do was say nothing, and Joanne would get the blame. Jayme imagined herself elbow slamming the Devil in the throat before he had a chance to explain the terms of his deal. There was no way in hell she was going to let Joanne take the fall for this. Jayme clutched her door knob, ready to burst it open and announce, "It was me! I am the Peeping Tom! Here am I! Spank me!"

But before Jayme could do anything cool and dramatic, Dad spoke up. "Then why were you leaving your room?"

Joanne blushed. "I… I needed to pee. I was waiting for you guys to finish the spanking, and… it sounded like you were wrapping up."

"And what was that loud bump I heard?"

Joanne swallowed. "I dunno…"

"You don't know? You didn't hear it?"

"I… I felt it! I opened my door, and…" Joanne bumped her knee against her own door. "It was like that. I thought it was a racoon or something."

"A racoon? Inside the house?"

Joanne looked down the hallway again, and found no raccoons. "I mean, I guessed it was. I opened the door, and it bonked me, like there was a weight on it, and…"

Joanne took a deep breath, looking her father right in the eye. "Mom, Dad, I *did not* do that. I'm innocent."

Jayme felt cold sweat on her door handle. Then she heard Pop's voice. "Jayme, are you awake?"

Jayme strode out her door, still mentally rehearsing an epic confession speech. But all she could manage was, "Yes, sir."

"I take it you overheard most of the bedtime spanking?"

The mental image of Jessica's entire spanking, from beginning to end, flashed before Jayme's eyes. "Yeah, I… couldn't get to sleep until it was all over. So I waited by my door, in case…"

"You were waiting by your door? Why?"

Jayme's mind raced. She couldn't bring herself to tell the truth. But she couldn't bear to lie to her Poppa again. "I… I wanted to hear Jessica's spanking… I just felt so sorry for her."

Jayme almost cried. It was the truth. But it wasn't the whole truth.

"So you were standing right there, the whole time this happened? Did you see or hear anything?"

Jayme's stomach tied itself in a knot. She was a liar. "Joanne… Joanne didn't peep on Jessica. I didn't see or hear her do anything!"

"When you say that, do you mean: you didn't see or hear Joanne doing that? That you can't confirm or deny if Joanne did anything? Or are you telling me you were standing right here, watching all this happen, and Joanne is innocent?"

When Jayme looked at Joanne, she saw her little sister's lips form the silent word, "Please!"

Jayme looked her Pops in the eye. "Joanne *could not* have spied on Jessica. I am one-hundred percent certain. Joanne is innocent. "

Pops nodded, then glanced over his shoulder at Joanne. "Wait a minute, you still need to use the bathroom?"

Joanne stammered, looking down at her trembling legs. She had unconsciously started doing the bathroom dance. "Yeah, I… I'm innocent?"

"You're innocent! Go do your business! G'wan, get moving, Little Miss Sunshine!

Joanne became a blur as she raced past Jayme's bedroom to reach the bathroom.

As Pops faced Jayme, Mamma appeared at his side. Jayme imagined herself sitting in the witness stand on *Matlock*, being cross examined by her Pops, who had replaced Andy Griffith in the starring role. Just how many holes could be punched in her flimsy story, anyway? Then Pops surprised Jayme with a hug. "Thank you for telling me the truth, Firecracker."

Jayme melted into her Poppa's arms, before a flushing sound interrupted the moment. Joanne looked out from the bathroom furtively, wiping her hands with a towel. Pops strode to face Jayme, towering over her, before he kneeled down to reach her eye level. "I love you, Little Miss Sunshine. You're a good kid… I'm sorry if I scared you."

Joanne cracked a goofy smile. "... Oh, thanks! I was… kinda getting nervous there for a second. But I wasn't scared of you… I knew you'd listen. Love you, Pops!"

Jessica popped her head out of her bedroom door, now dressed in her old pajamas again. "So, wait? Did *anyone* spy on my spanking?"

Pops held up his hands. "Nope. Everyone probably overheard it… but no one watched it. You can rest easy, Chipmunk."

Jessica flashed her buck teeth in a big smile, before turning to Mamma. "That's a relief! … So, do I need another spanking for snapping at Joanne, or—"

Mamma threw up her hands. "No! You're spanked! You're forgiven!"

The twins both poked their heads out of their doors, on opposite sides of the hall. Jack raised his hand. "So, is Joanne getting a spanking?"

Jill shook her head. "No, no, Jessica was the one who got the bedtime spanking."

Mamma clapped her hands. "No more spanking! If I have to give one more child a spanking tonight, I'm giving them another spanking for making me give them a spanking! Now, get to bed, before you wake up Juniper!"

The twins disappeared. Mamma sighed with relief. "Older girls, too."

She kissed Jessica, Joanne, and finally Jayme goodnight, giving them each a soft pat on the behind to goose them through the door. For the next two hours, Jayme lay in bed, rolling over and over. As she imagined herself, walking through every step of the spanking she had just witnessed, savoring every moment, Jayme was afraid of what awaited her, in the land of dreams.

End of Chapter V

Saddle Sore
Chapter VI: The Spanking of a Lifetime

For some reason, Jayme Schmidt was horse riding, wearing only her underwear and assless chaps. She was wearing a g-string that had a picture of a cartoon character falling off a horse, along with the slogan, "I Do My Own Stunts."

Everyone was watching her: her family, the girls from Redfield Baptist Church and School… and Conrad Mording. As Jayme twisted to look at all the spectators, she felt her cheeks burning, before she fell backwards off her saddle, and came rolling and skidding to a halt on the fine sand. As her butt took the brunt of the impact, she felt her cheeks burning red hot… both sets.

Conrad leapt over the fence, and scooped Jayme up in his arms. For some reason, he was about three feet tall, and resembled a hobbit from the 1970s cartoons by Rankin-Bass. "Never fear, Jayme! I'll save you!"

Then he leapt up and over the fence in a single bound, and deposited Jayme on her feet.

Mamma screamed. "Jayme! What were you thinking? You could have been hurt!"

Poppa strolled forward from the crowd, shaking his head. "And what on earth are you wearing, young lady? That is not appropriate attire for a Christian lady."

With all eyes in the crowd on her, Jayme suddenly noticed what she was wearing, and covered herself as best she could. Immediately, Poppa snatched her wrists, and placed her hands behind her head. "I'm afraid I'll have to spank you, Firecracker. It's the only suitable punishment for a bad girl like you."

Jayme felt her stomach twisting as Poppa reached for her panties. "But…"

In one clean motion, Poppa tugged down her panties, and the assembled crowd collectively gasped, then erupted into howls of laughter.

Poppa roughly bent her over, easily pinning her against his waist under one arm, and began to deliver firm spanks. "You should be ashamed of yourself. I'm very disappointed in you. I promise you, young lady, this will be the definitive spanking of your life."

As the all-too-familiar burn returned to her behind, Jayme squeaked like a mouse and kicked her feet. "I'm sorry! I know I deserve this spanking! I know I'm a bad girl!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Jayme saw Mamma handing Conrad Mording a diaper bag. "Conrad, I'm afraid Jayme is simply too irresponsible to be left on her own. We'll have to hire you to be her baby sitter again. Here, once we're finished spanking her naughty little bottom, you can diaper her naughty little bottom."

"Noooooo!" wailed Jayme, only to be cut off by a particularly ferocious clap. Then, as she was set back down on her feet, she heard a familiar sound: the click of a belt buckle, followed by the snicks of rawhide leather ripping through the loops of denim jeans.

Poppa released his grip on Jayme, and snapped the belt between his hands. "Yes, Jayme, after I'm finished, you will ask Mr. Mording to give you a spanking, to teach you to be obedient to your new baby sitter. Go hold onto the fence, and stick out your behind."

Jayme started sniveling, but forced herself to nod, and obey. As she approached the fence, she saw Sir Hamilton, holding an apple in his hoof, and chewing it contemplatively. Then, Sir Hamilton spoke, with a voice exactly like the amazing Mr. Ed. "Hold on, Miss Jayme. I've always found you to be the most responsible and generous host a horse of good breeding could ever ask for. You're not a bad girl at all. Why do you put up with this abuse?"

Jayme shook her head, tears falling freely. "No! I'm a bad, sinful girl! This isn't abuse! I deserve this spanking! I deserve every lick of punishment I can get!"

Sir Hamilton shrugged, then popped a tobacco pipe in his mouth. "Welp, if that's what floats your boat, who am I to judge?"

With perfect timing, Poppa whipped his folded belt across Jayme's bare bottom, then began to properly thrash her. Every lash was delivered with expert aim and ferocious force. Jayme screeched, and clung tight to the fence.

Suddenly, Mamma appeared in her peripheral vision, flipping through her Bible. "As the good book says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it'... but since we're going to have to start training you up all over again, starting right back and square one with you in diapers, I think we

ought to commemorate this important day in Jayme's life. We need some sort of… symbol. An indelible mark to represent the permanent stain of sin and shame."

Jayme heard a soft hissing, and twisted to find Conrad Mording pulling a white hot branding iron out of a fire. Past the rippling, billowing steam, Jayme recognized the mark of the Schmidt family horse ranch: the letter "S" wrapped around a Latin cross.

Jayme shook her head with force. She tried to stand up, but it felt like her hands and feet were super-glued into place. She was trapped! "No! Not that! Anything but that! I'll be good!"

But Conrad Mording only shook his head. "Sorry, Jayme… but your ass is mine now."

As Jayme screamed, she felt the sizzling brand press against her buttocks with a hiss, and then, for the first time in her life, she really, truly *screamed.* But no matter how she twisted and writhed, she couldn't escape.

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Still screaming, Jayme shot her head up from her pillow, and found herself in her own bed. She was sweating profusely, and felt her chest heaving. Reflexively, she clutched her own bottom, positive she could still feel the burning scars left by the branding iron. But her bottom was cool to the touch.

Taking shaky breaths, Jayme buried her face in her palms. "What is wrong with me? God… why did you make me this way?"

Jayme peered through her fingers at her digital alarm clock. It was two o'clock in the morning. Automatically, Jayme imagined her parents bursting into her room, wanting to know what all the noise was about, before ordering her to the woodshed for the spanking of her life for waking up the whole house.

Jayme groaned. "Why do I think like that? They'd *never* do that to me! They wouldn't take me to the woodshed over something so—"

Jayme paused as she thought of the woodshed. And then, she finally remembered. "My hairbrush… my rawhide belt… I forgot to get them!"

Instantly, Jayme's felt a cold sweat. All the work she had done to hide her secret, and she'd forgotten the most important detail. How could she have been so stupid?

Digging her fingers in her hair, Jayme considered her options. In just a few hours, she would have to get up for morning chores. Could she duck into the woodshed after that?

Then Jayme considered the clock. Not even Poppa would be up this early, and he was usually up and working by 5:00 a.m.

This was her best chance. But it also meant, on the slim chance she was caught, there would be no reasonable explanation for why she was up after bedtime. She might just get that trip to the woodshed for real, after all.

As Jayme felt a cold sweat break out, she made her decision. This was just like when she made her decision to set off the fireworks, or the time she'd cracked the lock on Poppa's gun safe. To hell with it! If she was going to get caught, she might as well get caught in the most spectacular way possible.

Jayme flung off her blankets, and crept toward her door. Maybe everyone had heard her scream. Maybe she'd get caught in under a second, get spanked until she was forced to confess everything, and the nightmare would finally be over!

But as Jayme carefully pulled open her door, she saw nothing. There was a soft groan from one of her sister's bedrooms. Jayme wondered if it was Jessica, having trouble sleeping with her freshly-spanked, red-hot backside.

After waiting a few seconds, Jayme determined that Jessica must have fallen back asleep, and tiptoed down the hall. She found her moccasins by the front door, and pulled them on.

But as Jayme stepped out the door, a strange thought occurred to her. She was going back to the woodshed. She had nearly two whole hours before Poppa would be awake. Quivering in her pajamas, Jayme clenched, and unclenched, her gluteus maximus.

After all… didn't she deserve a spanking?

Instantly, her rational mind dismissed it as a stupid idea. Just last night, she had come way too close to getting shot, or worse, getting caught.

Then, Jayme felt a strange sense of calm, and her insides stopped writhing. "But I *didn't* get caught…"

For sixteen years, she had kept this secret hidden. She had been so obvious, so many times, in so many ways, for so long, and yet… here she was. And then, a strange thought occurred to Jayme. What if God was helping her keep this secret? What if her parents had never found out because they were *never meant* to find out?

Jayme tried to remember everything she'd learned in Bible class, anything that could be relevant to her present predicament. She recalled something from her Theology 201 courses. God's nature was that He was omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent: all powerful, all knowing, and always there. Surely, if Jayme was meant to be caught, she would simply just get caught, right?

So if there was nothing that could change God's will, one way or the other, why not just risk it?

But something about her own logic seemed off. Jayme whispered, "Be sure your sin will find you out…"

Jayme glanced at her bottom. "But spanking isn't a sin. Spanking is good. It's fair. It just makes sense. Naughty girls get spanked. I'm not sinning, not really…"

In her conscience, Jayme remembered when she was two years old, her earliest memories of spanking herself. She remembered parents telling her that it was their job to spank her, not hers. That settled it. This was disobedience. This was a sin.

But then Jayme thought about the importance of self-discipline. She remembered her memorization verses from the book of Hebrews. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Wasn't that what spanking was? It was never joyous while it was happening, even when she was spanking herself, but afterwards… she always felt so peaceful. So maybe that was the problem! She just needed more spanking, and she'd feel better!

"Then why not ask Mamma and Poppa for help? Go to them. Ask them for help. Tell them what's wrong. Ask them to give me more discipline…"

With an effort, Jayme forced herself to open the front door, and stepped onto the front porch. She stared at the woodshed, in awe of how it looked under the blue moonlight. It was so beautiful.

Jayme tried to imagine how the conversation would go. "Mom, Dad? I've been sneaking out after bedtime to spank myself in the woodshed. You see, I'm obsessed with spanking. There, I said it. Want me to go to the woodshed and wait for you to come spank me?"

Jayme shook her head. There was no way she could make herself say that. She'd probably die of embarrassment first. There was just something wrong with her. Maybe she was just bad inside, needed lots more spanking than any other kid in the world, and the spankings her parents were giving her just weren't enough to cut it.

Or maybe she should go to her parents, and confess all, some day. Or maybe she could ask them about spanking in an indirect way, like whether she would still need spankings after she graduated college. She might ask if some kids were just born with bottoms that needed more spanking than anyone else, constant spanking!

That might be the best of both worlds! She could find out the answer to her question, without admitting why she was asking in the first place.

But whatever the answer, Jayme knew, she needed a spanking tonight, and she didn't have the guts to wake up her parents at this hour to ask for one. Jayme took a deep breath. "This is it, either way. One last self-spanking, and you talk to them."

With that, she made up her mind. But Jayme didn't head straight to the woodshed. She turned toward the horse barn and crept inside.

No, if this was going to be her last time spanking herself, she had to make it count. She was going to give herself a proper horse whipping, just like in the old Westerns.

Jayme stiffened as she heard a horse snort, and tried to hold her breath. In the main arena, where the horses ran exercises, Jayme found her father's collection of antique horse whips and bull whips. One in particular caught her eye: it had a short handle, with dozens of thin leather tongs. She'd always wondered what it must feel like. Once, she'd even dared to whip it across the seat of her wrangler jeans, a little harder than she'd meant to.

Holding the whip in her hand, Jayme cracked it experimentally. From the neighboring stalls, a horse snorted, then it let loose a whiny neigh. Jayme jumped, and nearly dropped the horse whip. She started to put it away, before remembering there was no point. "Stupid, stupid, *stupid* me!"

Jayme hissed with frustration as she marched out of the horse barn, wondering if she'd find her parents waiting for her at the entrance. She thrust it open, mentally preparing to make her full confession, before asking politely to be taken to the woodshed immediately. But there was no one there.

All was quiet on the western ranch.

As Jayme spotted the woodshed, she felt her feet moving of their own accord. There was no more hesitation. She had come this far, and she was determined to see it through to the end. Jayme clutched the horsewhip tight against her chest, and muttered out loud in a scolding tone. "Jayme Hilario Schmidt, it's time for your spanking! Now, get your butt to the woodshed."

She felt her whole body trembling, and although she knew full well it was from fear, she found it delightful, intoxicating.

Jayme thrust open the door of the woodshed, and didn't bother to close it behind her. After all, there was a naughty girl who desperately needed a good spanking, and there wasn't a moment to waste. Jayme continued to play-pretend lecturing herself as she turned on the incandescent light, and shoved the saddle rack against the wall to open up the center of the floor. She would need to stand up to properly swing the horse whip. "No whining, young lady. You know full well you have this coming. This is going to be the spanking of your life, and I promise you, you will never forget it! And, yes… it will be on the bare."

With that, Jayme bared herself below the waist, held her pajama shirt tight against her chest with her left hand, and arched her back to stick out her bottom as far as she could while standing. Experimentally, Jayme gently swung the horse whip, and found to her pleasure that it landed exactly where she wanted it to. It would cover most of her right buttock, and the tips of the whip-like tongs would land against the center of her left buttock. Jayme took a calming breath, remembering vividly her previous trip to the woodshed. "The Bible teaches that a criminal should receive forty lashes, minus one, as the due penalty for their offence. For your disobedience,

you’ve earned the full thirty-nine licks. You will count each one, and thank me for spanking you."

Expertly, Jayme lashed the horse whip across her bottom, with full force. She gasped as she felt the impact, and for an instant, she snapped herself out of her pretend world. "Ah… ow…"

Gritting her teeth, Jayme quickly delivered a second stroke of the horse whip, which landed just below where the first had landed. "No! Count! Repeat after me. One, sir! Thank you, sir!"

But before Jayme could pretend to count, she felt dozens of long, thin welts flaring up across her buttocks like a rising fire. It didn’t just feel real. It *was* real. So real, she was actually struggling to stay calm, and continue playing the role of spankee.

But Jayme the spanker was having none of Jayme the spankee’s defiance. Jayme snapped the third stroke of the whip with a precise flick of her wrist, achieving a resounding snap. Jayme gagged, then managed to groan. "One, sir! Thank you sir!"

Jayme lowered her voice, speaking with cold authority. "Better. But those first two didn’t count. You’ve done wrong, Jayme. Don’t think about feeling sorry for yourself. I want you to think about what you’ve done, and count. Then ask God to help you repent, and to help you hold still. Count two."

As Jayme landed the fourth lash, she felt the first three sets of welts screaming protest at her, and yelped. "Ow! Two, sir! Thank you, sir!"

At the thought that she might wake her family up at any moment, Jayme tried to stifle her scream, but as Jayme landed the next stroke, all thoughts of the world outside the woodshed slowly melted away. The woodshed was her entire world now. "Agh! Three, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Steadily delivered the next set of strokes. The pain was just unbearable enough that she felt the sharp sting, and wanted it to stop, but just bearable enough that she could carry on the spanking anyway. She had found her groove. But after twelve strokes, Jayme started to struggle, and lost her rhythm. As Jayme felt her lip trembling, she switched to playing the stern spanker. "Your count, Jayme."

Covering her bottom with her left hand, Jayme shook her head, genuinely wanting the pain of the spanking to be over. "No! No more! Please, no more!"

Jayme pulled up her left hand, as if snatching it away from her own bottom, and switched her grip on the horse whip to free her right hand. "No more warnings. We're starting over from the beginning."

Pulling up the hem of her shirt into her knotted right fist, Jayme raised the whip high with her left hand. She aimed the whip under her right arm and across her bottom, covering her left buttock with the next stroke, so that the thin welts mirrored the previous set. No longer able to hold back, Jayme shouted, then steadied her breath. "Start your count again, at one."

Feeling stupid, Jayme screwed up her face. It wasn't fair! She was too old to be spanked! "One, sir! Thank you, sir!"

She felt the fresh welts all the more keenly now that she was covering previously unmarked territory. With an effort, she delivered the second stroke, with the same furious energy, and choked. "Two, sir… th-thank you, sir!"

But as she tried to aim the third stroke, it landed lower than she expected, snapping across her upper thigh, barely making contact with her bottom at all. Jayme flinched, then started to count, but the illusion was breaking. "Th-three… No! This is stupid!"

Half-heartedly, Jayme aimed a fourth stroke, but it barely hurt. Wincing slightly, Jayme opened her eyes, and saw the room clearly around her. She hadn't shed a single tear. Usually, Jayme prided herself on being able to take a spanking without being a crybaby… for as long as she could hold out, at least.

As Jayme felt the cool air tickling her exposed backside, she thought about how incredibly foolish she must have looked at this moment. Jayme took a shaky breath. Pride. That was her problem. No matter how much she agreed she deserved a spanking, Jayme always found a way to open her big, fat mouth and make it worse. "What's the matter, is that all you got?"

Raising her arm high, Jayme swung the horsewhip, more carefully this time, and with far better results (though far worse for her bottom).

Standing silently at attention, Jayme savored both the sting and the pretend thrill of defying her father.

Finally, she spoke in her imitation of Poppa's voice. "Jayme, I do not want to spank you. I hate having to spank you. But I *will* spank you for as long as necessary. This spanking will not end until you learn to obey. Start your count again at one."

Jayme pouted, and rolled her eyes, just like she always wanted to. "No. You can't make me."

With a snap, Jayme set down the horsewhip, surprising even herself. Then Jayme grabbed the saddle rack and pulled it roughly towards her, bending forward gracefully, as if she was being forcibly bent across it by an invisible hand. "Let's see if a warm up spanking will fix your attitude. If we don't start your count tonight, we will continue tomorrow morning."

Using both hands, Jayme landed two quick, solid claps across each of her butt cheeks. She savored the feel of the warm welts against her palms, and realized that even a simple hand spanking would be agony in this state.

Jayme pretended to harrumph, and grunted as she carried out a self-administered hand spanking. After delivering ten swats slowly, with full strength, she steadily quickened the pace to a brisk tempo. In horse riding terms, she went from a walk, to a trot, and finally to a canter, just short of a full gallop.

The fantasy was finally starting to feel real again. But something was still missing… escalation.

Jayme paused, and contemplated the uniform, prickling buzz that now covered her entire bottom. As she forced her eyes open, Jayme spotted her rawhide belt and wooden hairbrush. Right where she left them.

Feeling giddy, Jayme scooped them up, stifling a giggle. "Yes… that's exactly what you need, you naughty girl. First, a good dose of Mamma's hairbrush… and then Poppa's belt…. and then…"

Jayme set down the belt, and twisted her arm to rest the back of the wooden hairbrush against her upturned buttocks, gently rubbing it across the stinging welts, feeling them press against the cool, smooth surface. "... We start your horse whipping, all over from the beginning."

Jayme held the hair brush high, and closed her eyes. In her mind's eye, she was a tall, stern, stoic cowgirl, ready to deliver chastisement. At the same time, she was a

timid, frail little girl, lying helpless across the knee. The reality of the coming spanking blocked everything else from her mind.

"Jayme? What the hell!" squealed a shrill, female voice.

With a shriek, Jayme jumped up, and lost her footing as she twisted to find the source of the voice. She nearly caught herself on the saddle rack, before it tipped and flopped down along with her. With a final squeal, Jayme flailed her feet in a desperate final bid to break her fall and to hide her nudity.

Then she landed flat on her rear end, and as her butt pressed flat against the rough wooden floor, Jayme felt the tender welts scream for her attention, more loudly than she could have screamed herself.

Jayme shielded her eyes as a flashlight was pointed at her face. "I was… I was just…"

Then, Joanne stepped into the woodshed, and flicked off the light. As Jayme blinked, she saw Joanne was holding up a pink, plastic, digital camera in one hand. A little red light on the front was glinting, like an evil eye.

As Joanne smiled from ear to ear, her eyes were sparkling. "... I knew it!"

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Ignoring the agony of sitting her full weight down on a collection of several dozen welts, Jayme stared at Joanne for several seconds. Or it might have been several minutes.

However long it was, Jayme finally registered that, no, this wasn't a dream, and yes, this was indeed happening. Automatically, Jayme slowly raised her hands in a gesture of surrender. "All right, Jo. You caught me, you little rat. Now what do you want?"

Joanne paused for a beat, as if she also was not quite sure this was a dream. "Huh? I don't want anything. I just wanted to know what you were doing in the woodshed… and I guessed right!"

Finally, Jayme felt tears springing to her eyes. She felt a strange mix of dread, despair, and deep gratitude. Her sin was exposed. No more carrying this secret. It

was finally over! "C’mon, Jo. I was… spanking myself in the woodshed. You saw it with your own eyes. Just go tell Mamma and Poppa. Or do you wanna wait for breakfast, so everyone else will be there to hear it?"

Jayme felt a strange sense of peace. For the past few years, she had been replaying "the weird conversation" over and over in her head. The final announcement, that she had done wrong, and needed a trip to the woodshed as punishment, was a foregone conclusion. Then she’d be finally forgiven, and restored to grace. Maybe after today, life in her family would never be quite the same ever again. But at least she wouldn’t be the only one who knew anymore.

Then, Joanne held out a hand. Glancing down at her pajama pants, Jayme awkwardly pulled them up with one hand as she accepted Joanne’s outstretched hand, and let herself be pulled up. Feeling her twisted panties giving her a wedgie, Jayme sheepishly reached down her pants to fix her undergarments, then stared down at Joanne’s diminutive form. It occurred to Jayme how easily she could overpower Joanne and make a break for it. It wouldn’t change anything in the end, but it’d delay the inevitable for a few more, precious minutes.

Finally, Jayme narrowed her eyes, frowning. "Well? Let’s go. I want to be there when you tell on me."

But Joanne only shook her head slowly. "Oh no, Jayme… I won’t tell a soul. After all…"

With a wink, Joanne held up the digital camera. "... No one likes a tattle tale!"

End of Chapter VI

To be Continued in Book II

Crimson and Clover and Violet
By Yu May

Once upon a time, there lived a spirited and curious six-year-old girl named Violet. She had black hair, her favorite colors were blue and purple, and she liked to wear overalls and headbands, especially when she played outside. She had an insatiable desire to explore and discover everything around her. One sunny afternoon, as she played in the backyard, pretending to be a princess in a magical garden, she noticed her mother's cherished flower bed. The vibrant colors and delicate petals mesmerized her young eyes.

Fascinated, Violet couldn't resist the temptation. "The Princess of Petals needs these magic flowers to protect the castle from the bad guy," Violet narrated.

With a mischievous smile, she plucked a few flowers, thinking they would look beautiful in her room, which doubled as the Princess of Petals' chamber. Unbeknownst to her, her mother had been watching from the kitchen window.

As Violet skipped into the house, holding the pilfered flowers, her mother intercepted her at the door, wearing a concerned expression. Violet's heart skipped a beat as she realized she had been caught.

"Violet, listen carefully," her mother said, in a no-nonsense tone of voice. "You're not allowed to take flowers without permission, even if they're from my garden. It's important to respect other people's belongings. I'm not angry, but from now on, the rule is: if you pluck any of Mommy's flowers without permission, you will get a spanking. Do you understand, Violet?"

Violet's heart sank. She didn't quite get it, but she could sense the disappointment in her mother's voice. "But Mom, they looked so pretty, and I just wanted to keep them," she pleaded, with deliberate innocence.

Her mother sighed, kneeling down to Violet's eye level. "I know you thought they were beautiful, sweetheart, but taking something without permission is still not acceptable. It's called stealing, and it hurts others. Now, I want you to repeat after me so I know you understand the rule. If you pluck any more flowers without permission, you will get a spanking."

Violet's eyes widened, a flicker of worry crossing her face. Then she thought about how being a Princess means that you get to wear pretty dresses and do anything

you want. Feeling grouchy and wishing she was a real princess, Violet repeated in a monotone voice. "If I pluck any more flowahs without permission, I get a spankin'."

"Good girl, Violet. I forgive you, and you're not in trouble. Tomorrow, I'll take you to the park, and we'll look for wildflowers. You have my permission to pick some of those." Since Violet had already plucked the flowers, her Mom put them in a vase and displayed them in Violet's room.

Violet sat looking at them on her windowsill, but she didn't like them anymore. Why shouldn't she be able to pick all the pretty flowers she wanted? Princesses were the boss of everyone! If Violet were a princess, she would order the guards to spank Mommy every day, and have all the flowers in the world put in her bedroom all at once.

Violet knew what a spanking was because she had seen it in cartoons, and her nursery rhyme books had a couple stories with spankings in them. But Violet had never gotten spanked. "It's because I'm a real princess," thought Violet. Real princesses never got spankings! They were like Kings, only prettier.

Violet spotted the flower garden from her window, and made her decision. The flowers on her window sill were lonely, and she needed to have all the flowers in the world together in the Princess' chambers!

Watching carefully around a corner, Violet noticed that Mommy was busy doing the laundry. Violet snuck away and thought of her plan. If she only took one or two flowers, Mommy would never notice. She would keep doing this every day until she had all the flowers, and then Mommy would be happy that all the flowers were together!

Violet dashed to the garden, and after arguing with herself about which flower was her favorite, she settled on a purple-pink flower, called an orchid. Then she picked a marigold, which was two. But she couldn't resist picking a violet, since they were her namesake, and since the violets were so small, she had to have five of them.

Rushing through the front door, Violet grinned madly as she held the flowers in front of her, not wanting to take her eyes off them for a second.

"What have you got there, Pumpkin?" rang a deep voice. Violet jumped and hid the flowers behind her back. Daddy was home early?

Violet pursed her lips and hung her head. "Nuthin'."

"Looks like a few of Mom's flowers from the garden. Did she give you permission to pick those?"

"Uh-huh. She gave me permission."

"That was very nice of Mom. She treasures those flowers. Make sure you give her a big kiss and say thank you."

Violet rubbed her feet together. Her story was working? "Okay, I will."

Dad opened the cupboard where Mom kept flower jars. "Want me to put them in a vase for you?"

Violet rocked back and forth. "I gots a vase."

Raising an eyebrow, Dad closed the cupboard door. "Oh! Mom got you one, already?"

"Yes. I'm going to put these in my room now!" Violet dashed off. Once the flowers were in her room, everything would be okay!

She put the flowers in the vase with the others, and sat staring at them again. She tried to count them, and decided she would keep collecting one or two until she had them all!

A sharp rapping knock at her bedroom door awoke Violet from her daydreams.

Mom opened the door roughly, her long black hair framing a face that Violet could only describe with one word: "Uh-oh."

"Violet, Dad says you took more flowers from my garden. Is that true?"

"Nu-uh. I diddin'."

"Do not lie to me, Violet. I can see the orchid right there."

Dad emerged from the hall, clearly worried for his wife. "You okay, Clover?"

Mom pressed two fingers against the bridge of her nose, and exhaled sharply. "I'm fine, honey. It's just… A lot."

Dad put a hand against the back of Mom's shoulder. "I know. I've got your back. Why don't you sit down and I'll get to the bottom of this. You've had a long day."

Mom leaned into the embrace. "Thanks, Henry. You're my hero today. I think I will sit down." Mom settled onto Violet's *My Little Pony* themed bed and rubbed her temples.

With that, Dad approached Violet and kneeled onto one knee, looking her directly in the eye.

"Violet. Mom says that, before I got home, you picked some flowers from her garden without her permission. Is that true?"

"I was Princess Petal," explained Violet, hoping this would settle the matter.

"And then, Mom explained a new rule to you. You're not allowed to pick flowers from Mommy's garden without permission. Right? Then, I came home, and you had a bunch more flowers you'd picked. Did mom give you permission to pick those?"

Violet's mind raced for a good story. She remembered thinking how if she only took one or two, no one would ever notice. "S'only one or two."

"No, Vi. It was more than two. So, when you picked those flowers, that was *after* Mom told you not to. And you *did not* get permission to pick that orchid and the other flowers. Is that right?"

Violet's attention turned to the flower arrangement. This was supposed to be the part where they saw how pretty they were in her room and were happy for her. "It's okay. They're prettier here."

"So that's a yes. You took those flowers without your Mom's permission. Then you told me that she gave you permission to pick those flowers. Did you tell me a lie, Violet?"

Violet scrunched up her face, her eyes watering. "Yes. I tol' a lie."

"Mom says that the rule was, if you plucked a flower, you'd get a spanking. Do you remember that?"

Suddenly, all of the spankings Violet had seen in cartoons and books flooded into her memory at once. "Uh-huh. If I pluck any more flowahs without permission, I will get a spanking," she recited from memory.

Mom huffed. "See? She remembers that, all right. Steel-trap memory!"

With a guiding hand, Dad led Violet into the corner of her bedroom. "Well, we've never needed to do this before, but I think it's perfectly fair in this situation. Violet, stand in the corner and face the wall. You're in time-out. Your mother and I need to discuss this."

Violet hung her head. She had spent plenty of time in time out. She could hear everything her parents were discussing, and understood a lot of it.

As Violet studied the texture of the cream colored paint on the wall, Dad's calm voice was the first thing she heard. "I can handle this, Clover. Do you want to—"

"No way, Henry. I want the first crack at her. Gonna' light her up like a Christmas tree."

"Clover, what have we discussed about child discipline?"

"Yeah, 'Never spank a child in anger.' I know the line. Yes, I'm angry, Henry. But I'm in control. I'll feel better when I'm done spanking the daylights out of—"

"I will not let you spank our daughter when you're in this state, Clover. You're not in control."

"So I'm not allowed to feel angry? It was me she disobeyed! I want to spank her, Henry. I want to spank her to within an inch of her life. That's how my dad always did it and I turned out fine."

"That is not fine, Clover. The way your dad did it was wrong. You're allowed to feel angry. I'm angry. She lied to my face. But we're the adults and we have to work together on this."

"... You’re right, Henry, you’re right… I’m sorry. Phew!"

Violet heard her bed creak as her Mom sat on it.

Dad let the moment hang. Violet heard her bed creak again as Dad sat down. "All right. In that case, I think I should take the lead. Is there anything more you want to discuss?"

"Yeah. Yeah. I’m sorry, Henry. But, I’ve got to learn to do it, too, right? I mean, what if I blow my top and you’re not here to rein me in? I’ve got to get this under control. She’s been so good in the past, I never thought this would be a problem."

"Okay. Then maybe you should practice. How about this: I’ll spank Violet first, then I’ll let you take over. You can watch how I do it, and I’ll tell you to stop if I think you’re being too harsh."

"Good! I trust you, Henry. But I think I’m okay, now. I feel in control. Maybe you should let me go first."

"You sure? You were pretty hot under the collar."

"Ha! Yeah, I was, wasn’t I? But, like, if I spank too hard, maybe I should go first so she doesn’t get two spankings? Does that make sense? Plus, I feel calm, now, with you here. I want to try and get past this."

"I agree. In that case, you take point, Clover. I’ll be right here."

"Okay. I love her, and I don’t want to hurt her. If you think I’m going overboard, stop me. And if I do a bad job, you have my permission to spank me if you need to."

Dad chuckled. "I don’t think there will be any need for that, Clover. You’re a great mother."

"The offer’s open. Okay, Violet! Let’s get this party started."

Violet was a little confused by what she overheard, but she gleaned that Mommy was mad, Daddy was calm, and Mommy was calming herself down. Violet had learned to calm herself down when she got a boo-boo that wasn’t serious.

Violet turned to face her parents. Mom sat there awkwardly for a few seconds, but when Dad gestured for her to begin, she cleared her throat and began. "Violet, what you did was wrong, and you need to learn from this experience. Mommy has never spanked you before, so I need to learn how to do this. The spanking is going to hurt, but Daddy is going to make sure you're safe and that I do a good job. Uh, the spanking is going to be on your bottom?"

Mom looked to Dad, as if asking, "Am I doing this right?"

Dad suppressed a laugh, and nodded encouragingly. "I'm sorry! This isn't funny! Carry on."

Relieved, Mom continued resolutely. "From now on, the rule in this house is if you pick any flowers without permission, you will get a spanking. Also, you lied to your daddy, and that also deserves a spanking. We love you and we don't want to spank you, but we need to make sure you understand the consequences for disobeying and lying. I'm going to give you a warm-up spanking first, and then you will go ask your father to finish your punishment. It's important that you learn to respect authority and… obey your parents?"

Fear and trepidation washed over Violet as her mother's words sank in. She had never experienced a spanking before, and the thought of it made her tremble. However, deep down, she knew she had done wrong, and a small part of her was curious if a real-life spanking was like it was in the cartoons.

Dad stood up to allow more space on the bed. Mom seemed to realize how low Violet's bed was in relation to the ground. Straightening the folds in her denim jeans, she kneeled on the floor, directly in front of the bed, and patted her lap. "Come here, Violet, and lay on your tummy across Mommy's knees."

"Yes, Mummy." Violet hesitantly positioned herself across her mother's lap, her small palms resting on the carpeted floor. Her mother's hand gently rubbed her back, as if trying to offer a semblance of comfort.

"Remember, Violet, this spanking is not meant to hurt you, but to help you understand the seriousness of your actions," her mother explained softly, her voice tinged with sorrow. "You are loved, and we want you to grow up to be a responsible and honest person."

With a deep breath, Violet prepared herself. The first swat landed on her clothed bottom with a soft pop, causing a slight stinging sensation. It surprised Violet much more than it hurt her, and she clutched her mother's leg, the reality of her situation sinking in. Her mind raced with a mix of regret and morbid curiosity. *"That's not so bad! So why do they always cry right away in the cartoons?"*

As her mother's hand connected with her bottom repeatedly, Violet's thoughts alternated between discomfort and reflection between each smack. She didn't know what the word "consequence" meant. But if this spanking was a "consequence of her actions" she knew that meant that this was her fault, a reminder to think before she acted. Violet had known picking the flowers was wrong.

Remembering the *Anne of Green Gables* book Mom liked to read to her at bedtime, Violet silently vowed to herself to never let her imagination run away with her again.

Mom paused. "Um, Henry, do you think I'm not doing this right? I was afraid I'd hurt her, but…"

"I see what you mean, Clover. Violet, you're being awful quiet. This is your first spanking. What are you thinking?"

Violet wiggled her bottom and felt only a slight sting. "I'm thinkin' I was bad, an' this is a consa'kent of my actions."

"That's very good, Violet. Does it hurt much?"

"Spankin' doesn't hurt as much as I thought it did."

Dad nodded. "Thank you for telling me the truth, Violet."

Dad turned aside, and spoke to no one in particular, before turning back to his wife. "*Now* she chooses to be brutally honest. Love it. I'll remember that later…Clover, go ahead and take off her overalls. You should make a stronger first impression."

Mom guided Violet to her feet and unbuttoned the straps of her overalls. "You sure? I don't want to overcorrect."

Dad gave a thumbs up. "You're doing great! 'Always spank in layers,' as Grandma used to say!"

This conversation gave Violet pause. As her overalls flopped down, revealing Dora the Explorer underoos, Violet suddenly remembered that although the characters in the cartoons always started bawling right away, the characters in the cartoons were also never wearing overalls. "Uh… wait? Don't spank Dora. She didn't do anything wrong."

"Well, *you* did do something wrong, Violet. Dora will be fine." Mom gently guided Violet back over her lap, and after looking to Dad for approval, started the spanking right where she left off.

With one slap, Violet noticed a distinct difference. The earlier whaps across her overalls had felt like bumping her bum while bouncing on the bed a little too hard. Not fun, but nothing worth crying about. The clap was distinctly louder now. She felt her bottom jiggle from the impact.

… And the sting! That was a good, old, run-crying-to-Mommy-because-it-smarts-like-a-wasp-sting sensation. But she couldn't come crying to Mommy to make it better this time! And just like the characters in the cartoons, Violet started wailing right away. After the second sharp spank, Violet felt her underoos ride up uncomfortably. She wanted it to stop so she could fix the wedgie, but when it didn't stop, she melted into tears.

After what felt like an eternity, but was actually only ten spanks, her mother finally stopped. She stood Violet up and pulled her into a warm embrace, tenderly wiping away her tears. Violet held her bottom, unaware that it was over.

"I love you, Violet," Mom whispered, her voice filled with both compassion. Then, Mom's face grew more determined. "Now, go ask your father to finish your spanking properly."

Trembling, Violet turned to face her Dad, her legs feeling weak. She trundled towards him, her overalls bunched around her ankles. Violet paused to step out of her overalls and fix her wedgie. Timidly, she looked up to him, her voice barely a whisper, "Daddy, Mommy said I need to finish my spanking with you."

Dad's expression was a strange mix of humor and sadness. With a sigh, he ruffled Violet's hair, then picked her up and sat her down next to him on the bed. "Violet, I want you to grow up to be a responsible and respectful person. Mommy spanked you because you deliberately disobeyed her and picked the flowers. Now I'm

going to spank you for lying to me. Bend over my lap, and we'll finish your punishment."

Violet obeyed, her heart pounding as she positioned herself once again. This time, she lay across her dad's left leg, and rested her hands and face on her bed. She got a close up view of the cast of *My Little Pony* before she felt something pin her legs in place, her Dad's right leg.

Violet had just enough time to register that she wasn't going anywhere, when her father's hand landed on her already pink bottom. The waterworks, which had paused, instantly renewed.

Violet had no frame of reference, but Mom had been exceptionally careful not to spank too hard. The slaps sounded loud and scary, but Violet had originally cried more from the surprise of the sting rather than from the sting itself. But as her father delivered firm swats that reverberated through her small behind, that all changed.

Suppressing her tears, Violet gritted her teeth the way she thought a brave princess should, determined to show her parents that she had learned her lesson. But this time, the stinging built to a crescendo. It was Violet's first experience of a truly lingering pain. Sure, she'd had plenty of bumps, bruises, and scrapes over the years. But the tears for that kind of pain were more for attention. "Being a big girl" meant she didn't have to cry over every little boo boo. But now, no matter how much she wanted to be a big girl, Violet had to cry. "BAAW! WAAAAHH!"

If Violet could have seen herself, she would have thought she looked just like the characters in all the cartoons.

The spanking soon came to an end, once again after only ten spanks, and her father embraced her tightly as she buried her head in his chest and dug her fingers into his shoulders. "There, there. The spanking is over. Remember, Violet, we discipline you because we care about you and want you to grow up to be the best version of yourself."

Violet nodded and pulled her head away from Dad's shoulder to look into his eyes. She felt the love in his eyes, in his embrace, and in his voice. "Now, when I was your age, I lied to my mother, your grandma, and do you know what she did?"

Violet shook her head. "Nope."

"Well, she spanked me on my bare bottom. That's the way your grandma always did it. What was it you said earlier? 'Don't spank Dora, she didn't do anything wrong'? Well, you're right. Dora doesn't disobey her mommy, and Dora doesn't lie to her daddy. For what you did today, you deserved a spanking on your bare bottom."

Violet's eyes went wide as Dad patted her over her Dora the Explorer underoos. Wasn't her spanking over? Her lip trembling, her hands moved reflexively to her bottom. "Are you going to spank me again? Please don't pull down my underoos!"

"Not today. I was planning to give you another spanking at bedtime, like grandma used to, but you did a good job telling the truth when I asked you questions earlier. Because of that, I'm not going to spank you on your bare bottom today. You're a very good girl, Violet, and we've never had to spank you before. But from now on, deliberate disobedience and lying equals a spanking on the bare bottom, and another spanking before bed. Repeat the rule so I know you understand."

Violet nodded and repeated her father's words.

"Do you have any questions? Do you understand what it means to be deliberately disobedient?"

Violet shook her head "Yes," but said, "No!" Then she shook her head "No," but said, "Yes! I understand what deliberate disobedience means. It means if I disobey on purpose. And lying isn't telling stories, it's saying anything that isn't the truth. I have a question. Am I going to get lots of spankings now?"

Mom chimed in. "Hopefully not! I don't think I could take it!"

Dad and Mom chuckled, but the joke went over Violet's head. Dad patted Violet on the head reassuringly. "If you remember those two rules, and obey them, then we'll never have to spank you again. Spanking is to help you grow up and become a big girl who doesn't need spankings any more."

Relieved, Violet hugged her dad again, then hugged her mom.

Mom stiffened, then returned the hug and planted a kiss on Violet's forehead. "You're my favorite flower, Violet."

Feeling both physically and emotionally spent, Violet collapsed onto her bed and let her mother tuck her in for a nap. Although she was mercifully spared a bedtime spanking, she was technically sent to bed without supper. (Luckily, Mom made everyone an extra big breakfast the next day to make up for it.)

Violet awoke after an initial nap, and lay beneath her covers. Her mind drifted through a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. She thought about what she had done wrong, her heart heavy with remorse. She reflected on the two first-ever spankings she had received.

Except for a warm, slightly buzzing feeling, her bottom already felt like it was back to normal. Now that it was over, the spankings didn't seem all that bad. Violet recognized them as acts of love and guidance from her parents. She understood that her parents were teaching her important lessons about responsibility and respect. *"They're helping me grow up to be a good Princess!"* she thought to herself.

With a renewed determination, Violet made a silent promise to herself. She would strive to be a better listener, to think before acting, and to always respect the boundaries set by her parents.

And as she thought of the possibility of a bare bottom spanking, she held her hands to her Dora the Explorer underoos and vowed to never, ever lie to Daddy again.

As she closed her eyes, she whispered a heartfelt prayer of apology. "God? I'm sorry I disobeyed Mom. I'm sorry I lied to Dad. Please help me not forget to remember that. Thank you for my mommy and daddy. Thank you for my princess books. And tell Mommy and Daddy thank you for spanking me and help me learn my lessons so I don't get another one."

With that, she fell into a deep slumber, dreaming of a future where she grew up to be a good Princess.

***

Henry and Clover gently closed Violet's bedroom door after checking to make sure she had gone down for the night.

"For such a little devil, she's sure angelic when she's asleep," whispered Henry. He waited for Clover to rib him for his dad jokes, but Clover was looking down, sullenly. "You okay, Clover?"

"Do you think I did a good job? Spanking her, I mean."

"Of course. You were in perfect control. You're a natural."

Clover lowered her eyelids and pretended to pout. "Oh? So… no spanking for me today?"

Henry pretended to be oblivious. "Nope! No spanking for you, Clover."

"Aw! Not even if I want one?"

Henry scooped up his giggling wife. "Well, that's a catch-22, isn't it? If you're bad, you want me to spank you for being bad. If you're good, you want me to spank you for being good. What's a guy to do?"

Clover gasped for air between fits of laughter and pressed a finger into his chest. "Hey, how can I thank you properly if you don't spank me properly?"

But as he carried her toward the master bedroom, Henry saw Clover's laughter die away. "… It was hard. You know, my Dad used to just haul me over the table and wale on me. For anything. Sometimes just 'cuz he felt like it. I was always afraid to spank my own kids because of that. I can't believe how angry I was. I was… like him."

Sensing that Clover wasn't in the mood to play, Henry gently set his wife down and opened the door of the master bedroom for her. "You're not like him, Clover. You kept it together, that's what's important."

Clover sat down on their bed and buried her face in her hands. "I see your perspective better now. You know, the whole time you had Clover over your knee, the only thing I could think about was you."

"What do you mean?"

"That you actually care about being a good dad. That you have… control. I mean, I knew you had self-control, just to put up with me in my high school years."

Henry sat down beside her and tried to lift up her face to look into her eyes. "Don't beat yourself up, Clover. You've grown so much as a person."

Clover turned away, tucking her knees into fetal position. "Hear me out. I'm so lucky to have you, Henry. I… I'm so glad I married you."

Henry placed a kiss on the back of her neck. Clover's memories of her abusive upbringing had led to a long struggle with depression, one Henry had witnessed first hand when they were just high school friends. There were no easy words to cheer her up or snap her out of it. Sometimes, he just had to sit with her and listen. They called it "riding out the storm."

"It was a trigger, wasn't it? All this business with the spanking?"

Clover pulled herself out of the fetal position. She'd made a lot of progress over the years, therapy, cutting off all contact with her unrepentant, abusive dad. But Henry had been her rock through all of it. "Yeah, I guess it was. But, I think I'm okay. Like, I was worried for years about what I would do in this situation, and now I know I can actually do okay. It's… like a let-down but good."

"All that worry for nothing?"

Clover snorted, then leaned her weight onto Henry's shoulder. She brushed her lips softly against his shirt as she quoted from memory, "Do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things...

"... Sufficient for the day is its own trouble," finished Henry.

"Exactly… So, like I said, I'm so glad I married you."

"I love you Clover." They touched their foreheads for a pregnant moment.

Clover never wanted the moment to end, but finally, she pulled back and stared into Henry's eyes. Then she undid the button of her jeans and slinked across his lap. "Come on. I want to thank you properly."

Together, they gracefully slid Clover's jeans down her legs, revealing almost see-through lacy, black Victoria's Secret panties.

Henry shrugged as he positioned his wife's bottom. Clover's deeply felt need to be spanked had never ceased to surprise him over the years, but who was he to complain? "So… I have to spank you properly?"

Clover nodded, and lifted her bottom. "Spank me, Daddy."

Henry raised his hand, and planted the first spank straight on…

The End

Summer, in Autumn

Chapter I: A Spanking in the Woodshed

As she examined the thick switch she had cut with her father's knife, Carina Summers whistled sharply and felt the steam fog her glasses.

Carina just *knew* she was in for it.

The cool air chilled the damp sweat on her brow, and her fingers fumbled as she whittled away the excess twigs and knobs on the branch. She felt its heft press into the soft fabric of her fingerless gloves, and its texture scraped against her bare fingertips.

Yes, Pa would be just as pleased with this birch switch as he was displeased with her behavior.

At the moment, her warm brown skin was flushing red, her full lips were trembling, and her golden-brown eyes watering at the thought of what was to come. A loose strand of black, kinky hair fell from her winter cap as she wiped her eyes against her mahogany autumn coat.

Smoking at school! What had she been thinking?

Even if she had never been caught, her prickling conscience would have been punishment enough. Now, of course, she had the added dread of meeting Pa in the woodshed for a licking to think about.

Carina marched briskly away from the old birch tree at the center of the acreage behind the Summer Family Farm. After Ma and Pa had brought her to her new adopted home when she was three years old, she'd quickly learned every inch of this wood. She knew all the best climbing trees when it was time for playing, but she also knew where to find the best sturdy limbs to cut a birch when it was time for learning. In Ma and Pa's Oklahoma dialect, "a learnin'" of course meant a good, hard spanking.

Sniffling a little, Carina barely caught herself as she stepped awkwardly on the uneven earth. Her cross necklace escaped from beneath her coat and dangled dangerously before she caught it, steadying herself.

"Idjit!" Carina silently cursed herself. You would think that since she had… well… *that* to look forward to, it would take her mind off of self-criticism. But in Carina's case, feeling sorry for herself, feeling sorry she got caught, and feeling genuinely sorry for what she had done were not mutually exclusive sentiments. She both dreaded and wanted the whipping, just as she was both furious and thankful for getting caught red-handed.

Anything so Pa didn't have to try and hide the sadness in his eyes and disappointment in his voice as he stoically placed the knife in her hand, and sent her to cut her own switch.

She wiped her nose furiously on her sleeve before tucking the cross necklace under her shirt so she felt it press against her breast.

"Lord, why'd you have to go an' let me get caught?" she prayed.

She stomped furiously toward the woodshed, feeling the crunch of frosted dew beneath her boots, feeling the friction as her black wool leggings rubbed against each other with each step.

Somehow, she realized she became more conscious of that area of her body in the final moments before a spanking.

Years ago, Ma had once warned Carina that she should learn to appreciate the privilege of having a "not-spanked bottom." At that moment, Carina was convinced there needed to be a special name for what she was feeling now: the tingling sensation of an "about-to-be-spanked bottom."

Carina couldn't help but laugh at herself, the places where her mind wandered along with her feet. The woodshed loomed large ahead of her, sturdy, old, and venerable. *"Repent, ye sinner!"* it seemed to say, in a deep, rumbling voice.

She wanted the whipping to be over with, and wanted it to never come. At the same time, she just wanted her just desserts.

Carina circled a finger nervously against the front of her coat, feeling the impression left by the cross necklace underneath. "Please, let it hurt, Lord. Let it hurt so bad, I finally learn, and never hurt 'em again!"

As Carina placed her hand on the icy door handle, she remembered the heat of the cigarette pressed against her lips, the sickening smell of the smoke. Chloe Kim and Chelsea Del Rey had been convinced that no teacher would ever bother checking on them in the old journalism club room.

"Just try it!" Chelsea had cooed.

"We're not going to get caught!" Chloe had chuckled.

Knowing that it was a sin, and praying for forgiveness even as she did it, Carina had bit down on that damned cigarette and inhaled, gagging as stinging tears filled her eyes. It was as though God was playing a practical joke on her. No sooner had she started hacking, the moment she had time to think, "Pa oughta' tan my hide for this!" when the door opened to reveal the Principal of John Knox Presbyterian himself, leading a tour of parents of prospective students.

From that point on, everything was a sort of haze for Carina. "Pa *will* tan my hide for this!" played on a loop at the back of her mind.

Lectures, sitting in the principal's office, the promise of detention, calls to mother, more lectures, the drive home, "Wait 'til your father hears about this! I hope he wears you out!"

Carina remembered apologizing to Ma, and Ma pausing the lecturing. "Well, let's let your father have his say."

That was one of the nice things about Ma. She'd tell you off, but once you apologized sincerely, she'd curb the lecturing and wait for Pa to lay down the sentence. It wasn't always a spanking. But Ma knew as well as Carina what was in store for her this time.

With a peaceful sigh, Carina turned the door knob and entered the woodshed.

Pa was waiting for her, whittling a switch of his own. Carina gulped. Not a good sign.

A white man in his fifties, Pa was starting to turn gray at the temples, but he still had the same strength Carina remembered when he first carried her home at age three. Coincidentally, Carina shared the same name as Grandma. This "little act of God" had been what first caught their attention at the orphanage. Once Carina met

Ma and Pa, the fact that she was black and they were white almost never occurred to any of them. She became as much a part of the family as her brother and sisters.

As Carina closed the door behind her, she felt the objects hanging on the inside of the door rattle ominously. A thick oak paddle, a razor strap, and an antique, rattan cane hung from hooks on the inside of the woodshed. On two separate occasions, Carina had felt the paddle and the strap before. She had never felt the cane, although it literally had her name on it. It had been handed down to Pa from Grandma Carina. That little detail had never escaped little Carina's attention, but apparently Pa deemed the cane too serious a punishment for ordinary misbehavior.

Pa nodded, and continued whittling the switch. "Hello, Carina."

"Hello, Pa."

Pa made a final examination of his switch, and deposited it into a nearby jar, salt water, Carina knew, to keep the switch supple and strong. With a silent gesture, Pa beckoned Carina to give him the switch she had cut for herself. Looking it over, Pa nodded approval. "Excellent work, Carina. This will serve."

Pa slipped the switch into the jar to join the rest. With six rambunctious siblings, and a house rule that you were never too old for a spanking from Ma and Pa, the Summer family always managed to keep a steady supply of switches at the ready.

"You know, Carina, I'm disappointed in your choices today. Smoking with your friends is not acceptable behavior."

Carina looked down at her feet, feeling a mixture of shame and frustration, her voice trembling. "I know, Dad, but I didn't want to be left out. Chloe and Chelsea said…" She trailed off, knowing her excuses were flimsy.

Her father sighed. "Carina, you know that just because others are doing something doesn't make it right. We've raised you to be better than that."

Carina pouted. "I'm sorry, Pa," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I won't do it again."

Her father put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "I know you're sorry, honey, but there's still a price to be paid. You've got to learn from your mistakes. And this spanking will be a learnin' experience for ya."

Carina nodded, fighting back her tears. She knew that she deserved the punishment, but she couldn't help but feel sorry for herself, and wished that she could somehow talk her way out of it.

She tensed her shoulders, her eyes already stinging. "It was just one puff! An' I felt terrible the second I did it!"

She swallowed, wondering if she had just dug her grave deeper, but Pa looked at her with tender patience. "You say you felt terrible. So, you knew it was wrong when you did it?"

"Crud!" Carina fumed as she studied her boots. Pa was a master at the art of cross-examination.

"Yes… sir!" she added.

Carina noticed she was fidgeting her toes, and imagined what she must look like in Pa's eyes: a helpless, guilty-faced little girl trying to pretend that her hand wasn't actually in the cookie jar.

Deep down, Carina knew that nothing she could say would change the outcome. Furtively, she tried to look back up into Pa's eyes.

He met her gaze sternly, but without a hint of anger. "And you knew you would get a spanking if you got caught, correct?"

"Yes, sir. I don't want to make excuses, I just wanted you to know… I was… hoping I got caught… I'm ready for my spanking, Pa."

Pa nodded, seated himself on his wooden workbench, and patted his left leg. "Then we'll start with a warm-up spanking. Bare your bottom and get across my knee."

Carina felt her bottom cheeks clench. A "warm-up spanking" meant this was only the beginning. Baring her bottom right away meant Pa was dead serious.

With a heavy heart, Carina tucked her thumbs into her black winter leggings. As they glided below her hips, Carina was acutely aware of the cool air against her plump, black buttocks, now free of the tight embrace of the leggings. Pa looked

away politely, a gesture Carina always found comforting despite how ultimately pointless it would be.

Carina tucked an index finger into the elastic band of her simple, yellow panties from Old Navy, decorated with a cheerful image of the sun wearing sunglasses. These were her last meager line of defense. Hesitating, she felt the band snap against her hip, but one cough from Pa was enough to remind her that there was no point delaying the inevitable.

Grateful that her winter coat at least covered her front, Carina yanked down her sunny undergarments, and waddled forward to lay herself across Pa's left thigh, her upper torso supported by the flat, oak bench, her legs dangling helplessly to the floor. Realizing her coat was covering her bottom, Carina helpfully lifted her coat tail with a graceful motion as she settled into position.

She felt Pa adjust his weight underneath her, tucking his right leg across her lower thighs to pin her lower half in place, and wrapping his left arm around her waist to pin her upper half in place.

She felt as safe as could be. She knew there was no escape.

The first resounding clap landed against her unprotected bottom with such strength, Carina experienced time in slow motion as the force rippled through both of her butt cheeks. Carina's "child-bearing hips" were famous amongst the boys at John Knox Presbyterian, despite her best efforts to dress modestly.

But Pa's hands were the massive, rough hands of a farmer from the old country.

If Ma ever wanted to carry out a threat to spank Carina "red and sore," she'd have to work for it with her dainty hands. It was simple math. Carina's bottom had more protective padding, and more surface area to cover than any of her siblings. But Pa never had the same problem.

As the impact of the first spank from that hand impressed itself upon Carina's bottom, a mental image impressed itself with equal force upon her mind. In her imagination, Carina always felt like a toddler under the wrath of Pa's huge, grizzly-bear paws.

As Pa spanked at his slow steady pace, Carina whimpered and resisted the urge to squirm. She could actually *feel* the callouses on Pa's hands, the same callouses she

felt when she held his hands to dance with him, or when she pretended to be a kitty-cat and he cupped her face playfully as she purred. She felt the same love in those hands now.

Thwack!

An especially well aimed spank landed on her right sit-spot. The cold air tingled against her skin, contrasting with the sensation of the warm-up spanking, literally warming her up. Just as she thought about how much worse it would be with the switch, another spank landed on her left sit-spot.

Carina had been near tears before the spanking even began. Now, two tears flowed freely down each of her cheeks, but despite a few yelps and squeaks, Carina avoided whining and bawling. Uselessly, she kicked her feet a little, her upper legs still locked tightly in place in a scissor hold.

There was no extra punishment for trying to tough out a spanking. No reward for crocodile tears and begging.

Nevertheless, a spanking always ended in tears. Carina knew she'd break down bawling like a baby sooner or later, but she wanted to show Pa she could accept her "learnin'" with some dignity.

After another thirty spanks, Carina's entire bottom felt lightly toasted, almost comfortably warm.

Finally, her father patted her backside encouragingly, signaling her to stand up.

"Good job, Carina. That's enough for the warm-up. Up ya get!"

"Yes, sir."

Carina felt her coat slap lightly against her behind as she lifted herself off Pa's lap.

"Go ahead and take off your coat. It'll just get in the way. Then place your hands on the bench and assume the position for your switching."

Carina obeyed, setting her mahogany coat neatly against the wall, leaving her with only a blue-grey v-neck shirt up top, and her yellow panties and black leggings dangling dangerously above her boots below.

As she pressed her hands against the workbench, stretching her knees and elbows to wake up her muscles, she risked sneaking a peek behind her out of the corner of her eye.

Immediately, she regretted it as she saw him deftly retrieve a switch and swish it through the air to warm up his arm. And as she glanced to the exit, the paddle, strap, and grandma's cane all swayed menacingly on the door, like silent guardians. As if to say, *"There's no way out without getting past us!"*

All this for a stupid cigarette! They were probably less than half-way through this ordeal, and already she knew it wasn't worth it.

Carina felt a fresh pang of guilt for what she had done, and sorrow for what was about to happen to her poor, poor bottom.

How long had it been since she'd felt the paddle and the strap?

One of her curls escaped from her winter cap again, and Carina silently tucked it back into place, biting her lip. "*Stay in place, dangit! I want to keep some composure!*"

Carina remembered her first time feeling the paddle. She had just turned ten-years-old, and was making a fuss with Ma about still having to be spanked, on her bare bottom no less.

When Carina willfully ignored her warning to lie still, Ma paused the hairbrush spanking and hauled Carina out to the woodshed to introduce her to the terrible paddle. By the time the paddling was over, Carina had forever learned to obediently bare her bottom without delay or defiance when ordered.

Two important lessons were learned that day: "You are *never* too old for a spanking," and "Disobedience during a spanking equals *another* spanking."

Suddenly, Carina's whole body tensed as she felt the supple switch tap gently against the puppy fat of her behind. All thoughts of the paddle and the strap driven from her mind, Carina fixed her eyes forward on the wood-framed picture hanging in front of her, too frightened of the immediate threat of the birch to chance a look back.

The wooden frame held an elegant watercolor painting of children surrounding Jesus, painted by Grandma Carina.

Thwick!

Carina's whole body rocked forward, not from the impact of the lash itself, but from the knife-like sensation of it cutting across both cheeks, followed by a second reverberating wave of pain washing over her.

She gasped, and with a desperate effort, straightened her arms and legs, remembering the hope to hold position and try to look like a "big girl" in Pa's eyes.

Whenever she found herself in this position, Carina fixed her eyes on the painting of Christ, imagining herself as the bright-eyed black girl seated on his lap. "*Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight!*"

THWACK!

As the second stroke landed, Carina managed to hold herself firmly this time, fixing her eyes and mind on what lay before her.

Beneath Grandma's painting, a series of wide, short wooden panels had been hung, each engraved elegantly with verses from Proverbs. Carina read silently to herself. *"Proverbs 1:7. The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."*

WHIP!

Carina pursed her lips, her eyes wide as the tangle of hair again fell free and smacked against the front of her thick glasses covering her right eye. She blew at it futilely, not daring to lift a hand to brush it back into place.

CRACK!

Thanks to the distraction from the hair, the fourth lash caught her off guard. She thrust her head down towards her chest, feeling her cross necklace tighten against her as she sucked in air. Almost teasingly, the strand of hair succumbed to gravity and slapped against the front of her glasses again, this time obscuring her left eye.

She didn’t trust herself not to collapse if she didn’t keep her weight balanced with both hands firmly in place. She imagined the absurd picture she’d make, stumbling over the bench to smack her face against the wooden floor like a silly Saturday morning cartoon character, complete with comedic sound effects, before having to pick her goofy, bare-bottomed self back up and re-assume the position.

Carina shook her head to dispel the thought, the errant hair waggling in front of her. Her eyes glanced furtively to the side once, wondering if the fifth stroke was coming, before she concentrated her mind on the carved wooden Bible verses again.

"Proverbs 13:24. He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Carina thought about the phrase as she braced herself. "*The rod. I’m about to feel that… now!"*

A moment passed. She felt nothing.

Carina would have laughed if she could have seen the look on her face. "*Odd?*" She blinked twice and looked behind her, wondering if Pa was letting her off after only four strokes?

Carina caught sight of a furious blur, precisely as the fifth stroke landed home, catching her unawares.

WHACK!

With a squeal of surprise, her left hand flew to her bottom, the creamy color of her palm facing outward, her wrist angled delicately as if to wordlessly say, *"Please, Papa, no spank!"*

In answer, Pa tapped the switch firmly against Carina’s exposed palm. "Hands down, young lady. That’s your one warning."

Carina’s hand flew away from her bottom. "Yes, sir!"

"Take a moment to compose yourself. Catch your breath, and concentrate your mind upon repentance. But if you cover your bottom again, I’m starting over from the beginning, with *another* warm-up spanking!"

Knowing this was no idle threat, she nodded, and drew a trembling breath. "Yes, Pa… Thank you, sir!"

A second tangle of hair fell free from her cap again, and rather than tuck it back in place, Carina gave up and took off her cap with a huff, letting her thick curls tumble freely.

She flexed her knees and elbows, remembering to keep them loose. "Don't keep your legs so stiff, or the blood won't flow and you'll keel over," Ma had once informed her while Carina was in this exact predicament.

The tell-tale *"Tap, tap, tap!"* of the switch alerted her that her respite was coming to an end.

As Carina glanced back, she saw Pa nod. "Are you ready to hold still, Carina?"

Behind him, the paddle, the strap, and the cane still loomed, hanging like condemned men. Carina felt her cheeks clench, and unclench at the thought that she was probably not even halfway through her ordeal.

"Yes, sir, I'm ready… Thanks, again."

Pa smiled as he raised the switch. "You're welcome."

When the sixth stinging stroke landed, Carina found she was prepared. Not relaxed, but at least she was ready. Pa fell into a steady rhythm, giving her time to read the Proverbs and focus between each lash, gradually increasing the tempo.

In fact, Carina found she was *too* prepared. As she found her rhythm, the pain of the individual strokes began to blend together, and her wild imaginings began to play out. In the past, she'd gotten either the paddle or the strap as an additional punishment when a switching alone wasn't deemed sufficient. What if this time she got both? Or the cane? Or all three?

After her first experience with the paddle, Carina managed to avoid a trip to the woodshed until she was twelve, that time with Pa. Carina recollected with shame how she had been sent home from John Knox Presbyterian with a red note. She and Chloe had been caught bullying Chelsea to tears, on account of her acne.

That evening, Pa had a long talk with Carina about how he wouldn't have a bully for a daughter, followed by an equally long switching, and an even longer thrashing with the razor strap.

Although the fact that she was adopted had never been a mystery, that strapping was the first time Carina truly felt what it meant to be adopted: to not be his true daughter. She felt Pa's disappointment in her with every stroke, until she was welcoming them.

She hoped that if Pa just spanked her enough, he would feel sorry for her and let her be his daughter again.

After it was finally over, she'd confessed all these fears and worries with heaving sobs as she cried into his shoulder. She would never forget what he said that day. "You will always be my true daughter. Even when you sin, you're still my precious pearl."

Ironically, when a well-spanked and thoroughly-chastened Chloe and Carina were brought to Chelsea's house to apologize, they all became best friends forever. In fact, the smoking incident had all been Chelsea's idea!

That had been four years ago. Apart from the occasional trip over Ma or Pa's knee for minor misbehavior, sixteen-year-old Carina had started to hope her last trip to the woodshed was behind her. Now she felt that crushing sense of guilt return: that she was nothing but trouble for these good people who had taken her in.

SWISH-SNAP!

The switch snapped across Carina's pear-shaped hips. By now, eleven neat welts decorated her round bottom, and the twelfth slowly rose at the precise point of the final impact.

As the punishment paused, Carina became suddenly aware of her new collection of marks, a smarting sensation dancing across each.

As she considered the welts, the long hours of stinging ahead of her, how the paddle, or the strap, or the cane, or all three would press against them with each impact, how familiar they would become to her each time she sat down for the next day, she found she welcomed them.

Finally, she was getting her just desserts. *"I am a bad girl,"* she thought. As the tears flowed freely down her cheeks, she wondered what she must look like in Pa's eyes. She was sure he felt ashamed of her, shame to match her own shame. She wanted to cry out her sorrow and repentance, and choked on her tears.

Then, she heard Pa's voice crack behind her. "You will always be my true daughter."

Wondering if her memory was playing tricks on her, Carina twisted to look behind her, her tear-stained face a picture of befuddlement, her bare bottom still poking out in perfect spanking position.

Pa looked her in the eye, sympathetically. "Even when you sin, you're still my precious pearl."

Carina felt her heart jump. She wanted to rush to him and bury her face in Pa's chest, to be his sweet little girl forever. But she decided to stay in position. She didn't think Pa would punish her for defiance, but that part of her that wanted to be brave *needed* to stay in position. She knew she would always be his little girl, but at the moment she wanted to show him she was not *just* a little girl.

"I love you, Pa!" she answered, feeling the fresh tears tingle against her cheeks in the cold air. Blushing madly at the thought of her tears, and her exposed backside, she adjusted her glasses on her nose and turned to face the wall with a sniffle.

As she felt Pa tap the second switch experimentally against her behind, Carina felt her tongue move on its own accord. "Are you going to use Grandma's cane?" she blurted out.

Perfectly perplexed, Pa paused. "Well, Carina, your Ma and I are seriously concerned about this business with you smoking at school. I've used the cane on your older sisters before for similar misbehavior."

Carina nodded. A trip to the woodshed was considered a private affair between parent and child. But Carina was pretty sure that years ago, her oldest sister Casilda had once earned the cane for playing Peeping Tom on one of Carina's spankings. And rebellious, nineteen-year-old Columba hadn't been sitting comfortably for a week after Ma had found a shot of alcohol hidden in Columba's purse.

With the switch resting in place against Carina's trembling derriere, she uttered the words that she knew would seal her fate. "I think I deserve it for this, Pa… In addition to the switching."

"You might not think that way *after* your switching. You should know your mother asked me to spank you herself after I was finished with you, and I'm inclined to let her."

"You mean… a bedtime spanking?" Ma tended to provide reinforcement after any Summer child earned a trip to the woodshed. Getting spanked at bedtime meant that all her siblings, Casilda, Columba, Chris, Connie, and Callie, would know full well what was happening to Carina next door. Just because a spanking was conducted in private, that didn't mean it was secret.

"Yes, Carina. Every night for a week was her suggestion. What do you have to say to that?"

Carina's fear that she was biting off more than she could chew was finally starting to overcome her bravado. "That's… that's a lot of spanking!"

"I agree, Carina. But Connie and Callie look up to you. They should know what to expect if they ever follow your example of smoking cigarettes."

Carina quailed, not at the thought of the spanking, but at the thought of leading Connie and Callie into temptation. *Better to have a millstone tied around your neck…*

Still standing resolutely in spanking position, Carina steeled her nerves and opened her mouth. "I… I'll accept whatever punishment you and Ma decide to give me."

Pa nodded, and finally cracked a smile. "Very good, Carina. In that case, you should know that I had originally planned to finish your switching with six strokes with the birch, followed by six strokes with the paddle, followed by six strokes with the strap, followed by *nine* strokes with the cane."

Carina's hairs stood on end as she mentally added the strokes. At the back of her mind, a nerdy voice thought, *"Oh, that's thirty-nine lashes!"*

She'd learned in Bible class that in Deuteronomy, forty stripes with a lash of leather tongs was the maximum number permitted for the punishment of a

criminal. Almost cheerfully, Carina considered the implications in her nerdy inner-monologue. *"Man, Pa must have thought this all out! I'm in deep trouble!"*

A twinge of pain from her bottom brought her suddenly back to the reality of her situation. Shaking her head to clear her absurd thoughts, she looked up at Pa urgently, wondering what condition her bottom would be in once she had fully paid her debt to society.

"Uh… all that, *in addition* to the warm-up spanking… *and* a bedtime spanking every night for a week?" Carina found herself cracking up as she said it. It would be hilarious if it wasn't her ass on the line.

Pa pretended to look sternly at her, then slapped her bottom almost encouragingly with his hand. With a little "Yip!" Carina hopped in place once like a bunny, and at the sound of Pa's chuckle, actually started to giggle herself.

At the sound of Carina's little titter of laughter, Pa cracked up, which in turn caused Carina to guffaw until she snorted. Father and daughter each laughed harder at the other's laughter, until both were in stitches.

As Carina looked back at her Pa, she suddenly found herself unafraid of whatever doom was about to be pronounced on her. She knew he would be fair with her.

Pa rolled the switch deftly between his fingers, resting his chin against his hand contemplatively. "Yes, now that I hear it said out loud, that does sound a bit too harsh. I said I was *considering* giving you a bedtime spanking every night for a week. I hadn't decided. I was also considering sparing you the cane if you didn't struggle or talk back during your spanking. And I must say, you've been a model of obedience, apart from briefly putting your hands out of place."

Carina kept a respectful silence, thinking about that little slip as she waited for the final judgment.

Meeting her father's eye, she saw him nod. As he made his decision, Pa gripped the switch tightly. "However, at the very least, you deserve a bedtime spanking tonight for upsetting your mother. You know how she feels about alcohol and tobacco in the house. After we finish your trip to the woodshed, I expect you to march straight home and apologize to her. *And* politely ask her to give you a spanking, if she thinks you deserve it."

Carina nodded. "Yes sir, I will!"

With a flourish, Pa tapped the switch against Carina's buttocks again, indicating that their little daddy-daughter bonding time was coming to an end. It was time for the "learnin'" to resume. Carina smartened herself up.

"Carina, today I'm going to give you six more strokes with the switch, and nine strokes with your Grandma's cane. If you take it well, and don't struggle, I will spare you the paddle and the strap… this time."

"Thank you, Pa."

"Don't thank me yet. Consider this trip to the woodshed a warning. If I ever catch so much as a whiff of smoke on you, you will get the full Biblical forty lashes, minus one. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you worry. I won't let you down."

"I believe you. Well, let's finish this lil' learnin' experience."

Carina took a deep breath and tried her best to stay in place, her body trembling with the effort. The final six strokes from the birch landed slowly without Carina so much as twitching a finger out of place.

That didn't mean they hurt any less. On the contrary, each one landed perfectly across both cheeks, Pa switching sides to cover her horizontal welts with crisscrossing diagonal lines. Carina imagined herself pressing the full weight of her soft, doughy butt cheeks against a hot waffle iron, and was sure it wouldn't feel so different from the neat pattern of burning, smarting welts.

Finally, after the last stroke of the switch, her father set it down and told her to sit on the wooden bench.

Carina hesitated, her bottom throbbing and her legs weak from the ordeal. But she knew she had to obey. And so, pulling her shirt down modestly over her front, she gingerly lowered herself onto the bench, wincing as her tender skin made contact with the hard surface.

"Go ahead and take off your boots and leggings. You won't want to have them catching your legs for this."

Wondering what this could mean, Carina adjusted her cowboy boots. One sock pulled off her right foot along with the boot, leaving one foot bare and one in its sock, but she ignored it. To her dismay, she saw her leggings had dropped all the way to her ankles, and she worried she had stretched out the elastic of her panties.

As they came off, she stretched them in her hands experimentally and was reassured to find the elastic was still good. The image of Mr. Sunshine imprinted on the underpants looked back at her cooly, his sunglasses still jauntily held in place.

As she neatly folded her effects and lay them aside, the coolness of the room freshly impressed itself on her bottom, now completely unprotected by the warmth of the sunny yellow underpants.

At the sound of a clatter, she looked up to see Pa fetch the cane from the hook on the door, and hold it up for her to examine.

"You remember the paddle, don't you? How the weight of it rocks you forward, so you have to catch yourself to stay in position? Well, a caning is something like a cross between a paddling and a switching. You'll have to concentrate on relaxing your body. 'Roll with the punches.' However, it also leaves welts like a switch, but thicker, and deeper. If you clench your buttocks, it's more likely to bruise."

Carina felt a thrill travel through her bare behind, pressed firmly against the scratchy wood. Ma and Pa were strict about spankings, but she'd never had cuts or bruises from one before. Pa seemed to sense her tension.

"Don't worry, I've had practice on two of your older sisters, and your older brother. The point of this is to teach you, not torture you. But it'll go easier for you if you relax. Learning how to take a caning properly makes for excellent life experience!"

At the sight of the rattan, which she guessed was nearly a half an inch thick in diameter, Carina wasn't feeling reassured.

"You've had a chance to sit and rest your legs. Take a moment to stretch, and get back into position… You'll want a lower center of gravity. Spread your legs and rest your weight on your elbows and forearms. Good!"

As she felt Pa tap the inside of her thighs gently with the cane, Carina blushed furiously and spread her feet apart. She knew Pa made a point to politely look away during the preparatory ritual. She knew that both Pa and Ma had wiped her bottom as a toddler, and bared it countless times before when it was time for a learnin' experience. But in the moment, it was never easy to be so… bare.

For art class, she'd once read an essay on nudity vs. nakedness. She recalled vaguely that to be nude was to be posed as an object of desire, like a fleshy nymph in a Flemish painting. On the other hand, to be naked was to be exposed, vulnerable, like Eve being chased from the Garden of Eden clutching her breasts in despair.

Carina wondered which she was at the moment. Nude, or naked? With her wide, perky bottom poking in the air, she was certainly *posed* like a chubby girl in a painting by Rubens, but she rejected the thought. Chloe and Chelsea had once asked her teasingly if she ever wanted to be spanked by one of the cute boys at school, like Paul Diangelo from Chess Club for instance, and Carina personally couldn't see why anyone would find the prospect of a spanking fun or enjoyable. She was scared to even mention the idea in the presence of Ma or Pa.

No, this was more like being naked. Like Eve, she was under judgment for her sin. But if that was the case, why did she feel so calm? Carina remembered how, in the Bible, God had not simply cast Adam and Eve from the Garden naked and afraid, like in some of the paintings she'd seen. He'd provided them with animal furs for clothing. Justice, but seasoned with mercy.

That, Carina realized, was how she felt. Neither nude, nor naked, but "uncovered." Laid bare before her father's love and authority. Yet also "covered" by his love and reassurance. She would have to face his justice. She would have to trust to his mercy.

Pa glided the cane across her behind to "wake her up," lifting her cheeks up slightly. She felt the peach fuzz on her bottom stand on end, and her shaved legs were in a cold sweat. The chill spread down her calves, all the way to her toes. She suddenly wished she'd remembered to put her missing sock back on her bare right foot.

She heard the genuine concern in Pa's voice. "Are you ready, Carina?"

"Ready, Pa," she lied.

Carina sensed the movement in the air behind her before the cane landed. Pa wasn't just boasting about his years of practice: the swing of his arm applied controlled force, and a flick of his wrist added extra sting.

Carina gasped, as the welts from the switching screamed in protest. Her eyes closed, her world reduced to dancing, starry lights. She had just enough time to reflect that the sting wasn't quite as bad as the switch, before the sensation of a dull ache pushed to the front of her mind. It was twice the width of any mark left by a switch, and it was deep in her glutes.

Instinctively, she clenched her cheeks tightly. Unfortunately, Pa couldn't check the swing in time, and Carina discovered what he had meant earlier.

She actually *felt* the cane sink into the tight muscles of her gluteus maximus with a thud, so that when the second wave of pain followed, it didn't quite register. Her sharp yelp was followed by a trailing moan of slow surprise. "Yow! … Oooh-oowww!!"

Pa paused, concerned, but was glad to see he hadn't broken skin. He didn't bother to scold nor say, "I told you so." He had lectured Carina enough, and he knew she wanted to get her punishment over with, almost as much as he did.

"*This hurts me more than it hurts you,*" might be a lie that many a parent has told their child, but Pa had never said it once, because in his case, it was all too true. It didn't need to be said.

He watched as Carina clenched, then unclenched her bottom reflexively, remembering all the times he'd seen this same sight when she was bent over his knee for a hand spanking. He suddenly wished he'd warned her long ago that clenching was a double-edged sword. As it was, he mercifully timed his stroke, waiting until the precise moment she unclenched her cheeks to land the third cane stroke.

From Carina's perspective, the blow landed just as she remembered not to clench, just as she began to mentally prepare for it. She caught herself as she rocked forward. Half the torment was not knowing when the next stroke would land!

She stood her ground admirably, and after the fourth stroke, dared to hope she could endure her caning without being reduced to mewling and bawling.

However, at the fifth stroke, that hope died. It landed just below her bottom, leaving a fresh, shiny new stripe across her upper thighs.

Carina rocked gracefully forward as the force of the cane traveled through her, and as she settled her weight back down on her feet, the cumulative pain of the spanking finally caught up with her. She lowered her head to the bench and felt the tears return with greater force. She coughed and sobbed, and, only wanting to get her poor bottom as far away from the cane as possible, she sank to the floor.

Pa paused, disappointed, but understanding. "Carina, we're almost done. Get back into position."

Shaking her head madly, Carina wailed into the bench, cupping her bottom cheeks with both hands.

She felt two supportive hands at each side of her waist, gently guiding her up. "You can do it, Buttercup. Take a deep breath and…"

"No!" Carina spat as she sat her bottom back down with force, digging her fingers into the tender flesh to distract herself from the dull ache.

Pa's hands lifted her on either side of her waist again, but this time with firm insistence. As easily as when she was three-years-old, Pa lifted her up and onto his left knee.

She scrambled stupidly as her hands were easily guided away from her butt, her legs dangling uselessly on either side of Pa's knee, which supported her lower weight. She felt her breasts pressing into the firm wood of the bench, and Pa's left hand wrapping her waist tightly under his left forearm, before he began to spank her in earnest with his free right hand.

At this sudden return to basics, Carina howled with fresh defiance, mentally returning to her terrible twos. "Wah? What are you doing? Ow! Owwie!"

Pa continued to spank his protesting daughter to the steady beat of a drum, before slowing down the pace to make sure she heard him loud and clear. "I'm giving you your warm-up spanking, of course!"

"Wuh? Warm-up spankin'? Buh-but… Ouch! No, Pa! Please! YEEOW!!!"

"No ‘buts.’ I warned you, twice, to obey. You know the rules of this house. Dishonesty, disrespect, and deliberate disobedience all equal a spanking!"

After landing three brisk spanks in a row, Pa paused, his massive right hand hanging menacingly in the air above its target. Carina froze under the sight of it.

"What is the punishment for showing defiance during a spanking, Carina?"

Carina’s mind raced with snappy one-liners, excuses, arguments, curse words, and pleas. She knew the answer, but now that the devil had been spanked out of her, the reality of her situation came crashing down on her.

Surely… Surely! Pa wouldn’t start her spanking all the way over from the beginning, would he?

Her lip trembling, Carina realized that she had failed. All her efforts to hold fast and be strong had broken down. She was the same naughty little girl as always. She thought, but didn’t say, *"I didn’t mean to! It was an accident! I was just so scared!"*

Instead, she looked her Pa in the eye, and told the truth. "Ah… Another spanking, Pa."

"That’s right, *another* spanking." Pa clapped each of Carina’s cheeks warningly, before beginning to spank at a slow, steady pace, just enough so that Carina was focused on every word he said as he punctuated his words with spanks for emphasis.

"After *this*!"

Spank!

"You still have four strokes of the cane to go."

Spank! Spank!

"I will *not* start over from the beginning."

Pa landed a quick smack on the word "not," and punctuated the sentence with three more in quick staccato: *Spank, spank, spank!*

"I don't like having to spank you, Carina."

SPANKY! Spankity, spank, SPANK!

"But I *will* spank you, Carina, until you learn self-control."

With that, he landed a resounding final clap square on the center of his target, covering a sizable area of both cheeks, with a hearty, resounding:

SPANKO!

Carina was weeping quietly, but resisted the urge to melt down. She found herself mumbling a pathetic plea of, "I'm sowwy!" followed by a pitiful promise of, "Aw' be a good girl!"

She rested on her father's thigh, fully resigned to her fate. Had he declared that her warm-up spanking would go on for another hour, before starting her switching over again from the beginning, she knew there was nothing she could do but accept her doom.

Pa examined his work. Carina's normally chocolate-colored buttocks had flushed to an even shade of rich, rusty red, contrasting sharply with the light, glistening marks from the switching and caning.

Now that she was done with her temper tantrum, Pa wanted this over as quickly as possible, but he knew he had to follow through on his promise. "You still have five strokes from the cane to go, and then we're done. Are you ready?"

"… Yes, Pa. I'll obey!"

"Good." Pa's mind raced. He knew it would be impossible for Carina to stay in position like before, so he decided he'd have to grant her a little mercy. "Rest your head and arms on the bench, and your knees on the ground. It should be easier for you to stay in position this time… Good! Now, lift your bottom."

It was almost a mirror image of her earlier defiance, but in reverse. After burying her face in her arms on the bench, she seated her aching bottom against the ground,

only to have to lift it with a jolt, hovering over the frigid wooden floor of the wood shed. Finally, at Pa's order, Carina gracefully lifted her hips to the heavens, presenting the target with perfect obedience. "… M'ready…" she mumbled meekly.

Pa didn't waste time with warning taps and lectures. He landed the final four strokes slowly and precisely. Carina hissed, wailed, caterwauled, and finally moaned at each in turn, before settling back down to unrelenting sobs, with her hands clasped together as if in prayer.

Seeing that she was inconsolable, Pa gently placed her coat, leggings, and panties on the bench beside her head, before turning to hang Grandma's cane back into place.

At the sound of the implement clacking against the door, Carina climbed back up onto the bench. "How do you want me positioned, Pa?"

"Hmm?" Confused, the old farmer turned to find his adopted daughter lifting herself onto the bench to present her bottom again.

She sniffled, but didn't turn to look at him. "Fuh… for my paddling? You said if I didn't take my caning well… I'd get the paddle… and then the razor strap!"

"Carina, you are cooked. You've learned your lesson. Spanking is over."

"But… but you said?"

Pa looked back to examine the paddle and razor strap, finally recalling his earlier threat. He reached out for the paddle, considering it. "I believe I said I would spare you the paddle and the strap if you took your caning well. You left your position once, but I already spanked you for that. Overall, I'd say you endured it bravely. And reminding me about the paddle and the strap, when you could have let me just forget about all that, took strength of character. I'm very proud of you."

"Buh—"

Pa held up a warning hand as he let the paddle fall back into place. "No! No more 'buts,' Carina, or I might change my mind!"

As he turned back, he found his adopted daughter practically springing into his arms, still bottomless, clothed only in a t-shirt. As she wrapped her arms and legs around him in a tight embrace, he had to grab both of her butt cheeks tightly in his hands in surprise, just to stop her from tumbling to the ground.

He felt her flinch at the touch before burying her face in his chest, her glasses pushing up off her nose to her forehead, and settling back down akimbo.

"I love you forever, Pa!"

"I love you forever, Buttercup!"

***

The rest is history. As soon as she noticed she forgot to dress herself, Carina tapped Pa's shoulder sheepishly to let her down. Back home, she apologized to Ma, and politely asked Ma to give her a bedtime spanking tonight. Carina didn't add, "If you think I deserve one." In fact, after hearing the details about Carina's trip to the woodshed, Ma was inclined to let Carina off without a bedtime spanking, but Carina insisted.

"I need it, Ma. Not just for my sake. Connie and Callie gotta' learn what happens to girls who smoke cigarettes… Every night for a week, Pa said."

Ma exchanged a glance with Pa, and nodded proudly to Carina.

The family discussed the whole affair at dinner that evening. Connie was pestered with questions from her younger sisters.

Freckled, red-headed Connie looked at her with awe. "Smoking at school? You've got some guts!" Connie craned her neck to examine Carina's backside as if expecting to see it glowing scarlet through her leggings. Connie always seemed to look at spankings as an immense personal challenge, no different than baseball.

"Not guts, Connie. It was stupid, and I paid for it in spades today."

"Did you get the paddle… or the strap?" piped in Callie. She held her sweet, strawberry blond head demurely. Callie was terrified of the very word "spanking." But Carina guessed that behind her shyness, Callie secretly hid a morbid curiosity for the details of her *sibling's* spankings.

Carina pretended to look bored. "Nope! Neither!" Carina waited to savor the disappointed look on Callie's face before adding, "I got *two* hand spankings, the switch, and the cane!"

As she saw Callie's look of terror mixed with admiration, Carina stuck out her chest.

Carina endured the knowing looks from her older brother and sisters. Connie felt the engagement ring on Casilda's left ring finger as she patted her back encouragingly.

At twenty-one years old, strawberry-blond Casilda always gave the impression of being a secret fairy tale princess who was only disguised as a simple farm girl. She was the most mature of the Summer siblings, and had spanked Connie a few times herself over the years. She never took delight in any of her younger siblings' pains.

With a sense of bitter-sweetness, Connie considered how Casilda would be leaving the house after her wedding this summer. "You're never too old for a spanking," applied as much to Casilda as it did to any of the Summer children, but it was unlikely that Casilda would ever be spanked by Ma or Pa again after the little "Peeping Tom" incident. The thought gave Connie hope.

On the other hand, Columba, still feeling the lingering effects of last week's "serious discussion" about underage drinking, stayed sullen and silent. Carina suspected that under Columba's raven-black hair, she was contemplating Carina's punishment in vivid detail.

Carina loved Columba, and usually they got along well, but it was no secret that whenever Columba got spanked, she acted "butt-hurt" for at least a week. Columba took great solace knowing that she wasn't the only one still getting spanked in the Summer household.

Chris interrupted the moment by voicing the question all his sisters were thinking. "So… you're off the hook?"

Pa nodded to Ma, who somberly announced the expected news of Carina's bedtime spanking tonight. At the shocked looks from Connie and Callie, Carina couldn't help adding with a touch of bravado, "And another bedtime spanking, every night, for a week!"

The first bedtime spanking was a brief affair. Her door was left open, and Ma delivered a long, slow hand spanking. No hairbrush, no wooden spoon. Carina sensed Ma was taking it easy on her, cupping her hand to produce clapping sounds that echoed loudly, more for Connie and Callie's benefit than to really punish Carina. Nevertheless, after her trip to the woodshed, even the most gentle of love taps against her tender backside would have felt like a fresh spanking.

Ma tucked Carina into bed, just like when she did after a spanking when Carina was little. "I went easy on you tonight. Rest up, it'll be proper spankings from now on, starting tomorrow." Carina nodded, and returned Ma's kiss goodnight, before going to sleep, careful to rest on her side.

End of Chapter I

Summer, In Autumn

Chapter II: A Spanking Before Bedtime

Carina's bottom had mostly recovered by the morning. She found faint visible marks left from the switching, which only stung slightly when pressed. The marks of the cane, however, continued to twinge for the entire day.

Carina was on her best behavior all week, whistling as she did her morning chores around the farmstead. On Saturday, and Sunday, she endured "for real" bedtime spankings. Ma brought the old, reliable hairbrush with her on Saturday night, and a wooden spoon on Sunday night. Carina guessed that she could expect a different punishment every night, and that the last bedtime spanking on Friday night would likely rival the earlier trip to the woodshed.

At school on Monday, Carina learned with only a hint of schadenfreude that Chloe Kim's parents tanned her hide, as expected. Not only that, even Chelsea Del Rey's mom had decided to permanently reinstate corporal punishment in response to the smoking incident. The fact that all three friends were sitting uncomfortably at their desks somehow made it easier for them to forgive and forget.

In the girls' locker room, they compared war wounds, and Carina delighted in the look of terror in Chelsea's face at the sight of her cane marks. "Oh, great! My Mother's asking your parents for advice on spanking me! What if they suggest the cane?"

"Guess we'll have to 'Just Say No!' to cigarettes from now on!" teased Chloe, gesturing to her petite derriere, covered in mottled patches of red-violet. Growing up in a strict Asian household, Chloe was no stranger to the wrath of a mother's slipper.

The consensus was that Chloe narrowly came in second-place behind Carina. Chelsea was in third place, her tan bubble butt covered only in handprints.

Carina would have felt like a guru sitting on a mountain handing down sage advice, if only she could manage to sit down. "Don't worry, Chelsea. If your parents are talking to my Ma and Pa about spanking you, they'll get good advice. It's just part of life! Once you learn to accept it, it gets easier!"

"I wish I'd never seen that friggin' cig!" pouted Chelsea.

That night, Pa delivered Carina's bedtime spanking for Monday, as Ma was busy administering a bedtime spanking to Callie for hiding her report card. As Carina heard the sound of Callie's sobs change from pitched to plaintive, she knew her little sister's ordeal was over.

Undeterred by the sounds next door, Pa carried on delivering a steady hand spanking to Carina. Ma arrived in her room to check on Pa's progress. "Need any help, Pa?"

With a click, Pa unbuckled his belt. "No, Ma. You've had a long day. You head to bed. I'll be with you shortly."

As Carina heard Pa pull his belt through the loops with a series of soft "snicks," she gripped the pillow of her bed tightly.

"All right, love. I'm back on duty for Carina tomorrow. Can you handle Callie tomorrow night?"

"Did she misbehave during her spanking?" asked Pa, as he folded the belt and snapped it together.

Ma nodded sadly, gesturing to Carina's unprotected bottom. "I'm afraid so. Callie could learn a thing or two from Carina about how to take her licks."

"Yes, Carina is certainly learning her lesson well. I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you, Pa," muttered Carina, barely containing her joy, and her nerves. Ma left the door open so the sound of Carina's belt spanking could carry throughout the house.

The following night, Carina heard Pa administering Callie's second and hopefully final bedtime spanking of the week, while Ma resumed her duties delivering Carina's nightly maintenance spankings, using first a leather slipper on Tuesday night, followed by a carpet beater on Wednesday night.

On Thursday, Columba got in trouble for missing her curfew, and talking back with a tone when asked about it nonetheless. This put Carina's bedtime spanking on hold.

As Pa began Columba's punishment in the next room, Ma surprised Carina by sending her to take a bath instead of starting her spanking right away, with instructions to wrap herself in a towel and bring the bath brush to her room when she was finished.

With the sounds of Columba's cries echoing through the walls, it didn't take Carina long to work out what her mother intended, and she had plenty of time to reflect on the long-handled bath brush as she sat in the hot water.

After a long soak, Carina realized that Columba's spanking wasn't ending anytime soon, and made her way to her room, her hair and torso wrapped in two neat towels.

Pa was still spanking Columba when Ma emerged from Columba's room, just in time to meet Carina fresh from her bath, and requested the bath brush. Carina obediently offered it, and in the privacy of her bedroom stripped off her towels to present her behind to Ma, still soaked and steaming from the hot bath.

The brush stung furiously as it struck Carina's damp flesh, and she had plenty of time to feel sorry for herself.

Carina felt less sorry for herself when her punishment was over, and she could still make out the sounds of Pa taking his belt to Columba next door. After Ma kissed Carina good night, the sounds of Columba's spanking continued for several more minutes, joined by fresh cries from Columba and what sounded unmistakably like a bath brush spanking.

Carina had a sneaking suspicion that after her bedtime spankings were over, the Summer siblings would be sent off to sleep with the sound of Columba's bedtime spankings ringing in their ears for at least another week.

After Columba's extra-long bedtime spanking was finally over, the last sound of her sobs gradually subsided.

Just as Carina hoped she could finally get some sleep, the handle of her bedroom door turned slowly. Carina popped her head up. Did mom forget she had already spanked Carina tonight?

To Carina’s relief, Casilda, her oldest sister, popped her head in to give Carina the thumbs up. "You’re almost through it, smoker!" she teased, in that way that never made Carina mad.

"Thanks for your support, Casilda."

"Say, how’s your rear end holding up?"

"It’s pretty hot!"

"Is it… smoking hot?"

Carina tossed a pillow and it landed with a soft "Pluff!" against Casilda’s face. They giggled, but at the sound of a plaintive cry from Columba, Casilda rushed to her own bed. No sense inviting any more bedtime spankings tonight, when Ma and Pa were clearly on a roll!

Finally, Friday came. "Thank God, it’s Friday!" prayed Carina throughout the day, and she meant it.

Chelsea was adjusting to her new life in a world where "You’re never too old for a spanking!" and Chloe rattled off a list of suggestions for enduring the discomfort at lunch.

They started at the sound of a male voice behind them. "You all got spanked, huh? Well, serves you three right for turning the Journalism Club Room into a smoking lounge!" Paul DiAngelo, Carina’s friend from Chess Club, had dropped by their table.

Chloe clapped her hands to her mouth, Chelsea covered her ears to hide them from blushing, and Carina covered her eyes with her hands, before lowering them sheepishly to make eye-contact with Paul’s baby blues.

Together, the three girls formed a perfect picture: Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil.

Paul was no typical member of the Chess Club. Originally a track and field jock, Carina had a sneaking suspicion he’d joined Chess Club mostly for an excuse to talk to her, and she liked talking to him. "Hey, Paul! I guess the whole school knows about the smoking incident, huh?"

"Yup! But I think I'm the only one who knows about the spankings. You might want to keep that on the down-low out here!"

"Thanks, Paul. I trust you'll keep that part to yourself?"

"Of course! Though, if I'm going to be your confidant, it's only fair you tell me all about it, don't you think?"

Chelsea and Chloe looked to Carina, still embarrassed to have their own spankings discovered, but barely containing girlish giggles at the sight of Carina's blushing face. Everyone at school knew Paul and Carina were an item, except apparently Paul and Carina.

Carina lowered her hands, placing them neatly in her lap and straightening herself up. "Grab some churros with me after school? I'll tell you everything!"

"Deal! My treat. See you at Calculus. Well, that's the warning bell! I think I'll leave you ladies to *share your pains*."

As she watched Paul's lithe figure walking away, Carina was suddenly struck by a strange mental image. First, she imagined what Paul's taut backside might look like bent over her own knee for a spanking. She wondered if she was just annoyed at being discovered.

But when she then imagined herself bent over Paul's knee, fully nude, she found that she couldn't choose between either mental picture. Both seemed equally interesting. "So this is what Chloe was talking about? I think I see the appeal!" Carina mused, out loud.

Paul paid for their churros, and turned out to be a sympathetic listener. Remembering that Pa would want to give his blessing before anything "official" happened, Carina demurely suggested dinner.

"Tonight? I can cook, you know! Well, mostly just stir-fry, but I stir a mean fry!"

"Not tonight… I have… uh…"

Paul nodded. "Still in trouble at home?" Carina appreciated how he avoided mentioning the word "spanking."

"Yeah, but I'm out of hot water after tonight. Uh… here! Text my Ma. Let her know I invited you…It's…my number too. All texts to me go to her phone, so… be on your best behavior!"

"Believe me, I will. Your Ma sounds like someone I don't want to mess with!"

Paul escorted her on the short walk home. On the way, Carina kept thinking about his hands. She wanted to feel his hand in hers, but she knew the forbidden thoughts about being spanked by those hands would have to wait. To her pleasant surprise, Paul took hold of her hand unbidden as they rounded the corner. She gave him what she hoped was her cutest wave as he dropped her off outside the Summer homestead.

Paul's presence did not go unnoticed by Ma, and the Saturday dinner invitation to Paul was made official.

Carina found her mind wandering between thoughts of Paul and her own fate later tonight. That evening, the topic of conversation for the Summer family was Columba's spanking the previous night. Columba hung her head shame-faced as her misdeeds were discussed, and started when Pa promised her a trip to the woodshed tomorrow.

"Tomorrow?" asked Columba with a heaping helping of self-pity. "Can't we just get it over with?"

"Your Ma and I are dealing with Carina tonight. It's the last night of her bedtime spankings, and we don't want to keep her on pins and needles all night. You'll get a bedtime spanking tonight after we're finished with Carina, and have 'til tomorrow to reflect on your coming trip to the woodshed. If you behave, we'll have it over with before Paul arrives."

Columba pouted and played with her food, but didn't argue. She knew what the words, "If you behave" could imply. If Columba *didn't* behave, Paul might well arrive to hear the sounds of her visit to the woodshed loud and clear.

Carina had some idea what was in store for her final bedtime spanking from past experience. Pa sent her to get dressed in her pajamas immediately after dinner. Bedtime spankings were a common enough affair, but the final bedtime spanking

was always a climax, the equal of any trip to the woodshed. A reminder meant to last you for a good while, hopefully a few years at least!

Unlike her previous bedtime spankings, where she was allowed to wait and occupy herself until the fateful moment arrived, Carina was instructed to have her pajama bottoms pulled down, and tuck a pillow under her hips to present her bare bottom, *before* her parents arrived.

This effectively meant Carina had to wait in this position for as long as was necessary, reflecting on her current situation and her past experiences.

The first thing she noticed as she entered her bedroom was that three objects were resting on her dresser: the paddle, and the razor strap, and Grandma Carina's cane, all waiting to greet her.

Carina had suspected that she might see at least one of them again after her narrow escape from them in the woodshed. As she lowered her pajama bottoms, and lay across her pillow, the grim reminder of all three implements hung over her. Out of sight, but most certainly *not* out of mind!

After playing all the previous spankings she had experienced over and over in her mind a few times, Carina found she wasn't afraid, although this would surely be the strictest punishment session she would face since her last trip to the dreaded woodshed. Finally, she decided to pray, starting with the Lord's prayer, then thanking God for sending her parents who loved her, and finally pleading for courage.

Ma and Pa arrived to witness Carina finishing her final prayers. With a bare, black booty still propped noticeably in the air between them, the three of them discussed everything from the beginning, starting from what had gone on in her mind when she accepted the lit cigarette, to her harrowing experience in the woodshed, to the humiliation of her bedtime spankings, up to the present moment.

"I've learned, Pa. I'll be glad when the last spanking is over, but I know I need this. I'm never going to forget to stand up for myself again."

Pa beamed. "I'm proud of you. Let's finish your punishment."

Pa and Ma seated themselves on either side of Carina, her bottom framed silently between them, each placing one hand comfortingly on the small of her back.

Together, they spanked until their handprints covered her entire backside and thighs.

Then Pa rose to fetch the paddle, which he offered to Ma before attending to his errant, thoroughly repentant daughter.

Carina was made to stand on tiptoes for the paddle, head down, bottoms up. After six spanks with the paddle, first from Ma, then another six from Pa, Carina wondered if her butt would be permanently flattened.

By then, her pajama pants had flopped around her ankles. As Carina reached down to pull them up, Pa interrupted her. "No need for that. They'll just get in the way. Take 'em off."

With a touch of defiance in her heart, Carina freed her foot from one leg of the pajama bottoms, but kept them dangling from her other foot. Even with a bare bottom, she felt less naked if her pajama bottoms were at least accessible.

If Pa noticed that she hadn't fully removed her pajama bottoms, he said nothing. But Ma fixed Carina with a knowing look as she held her hands and guided her across her bed, pinning her hands in place.

Carina instantly repented of her secret defiance. She held her bare legs tightly together, deciding that she would pay for it now. Pa rested the razor strap against her plump bottom, already covered with an even red glow.

As he landed the first three lashes with the strap, each raising a welt over three inches wide, Carina rocked and squirmed in place, her hands held tight by Ma.

After the fourth stroke, Carina forgot about keeping her legs together, writhing and sobbing freely. She didn't notice as Ma released her hands and traded places with Pa, until she felt Pa take her hands in hers and Ma delivered a second round of strapping.

Ma wasn't nearly as strong as Pa, but Carina felt the fresh impact against the marks from Pa's strapping, she was positive her lower bottom was covered in watery blisters.

Sobbing, Carina was guided up off the bed and discovered her pajama bottoms had gone flying across the room long ago.

"Ma is going to give you a caning. Now that we've introduced you to Grandma's cane, you can expect to feel it every time I have to take you to the woodshed from now on. Assuming you ever need another trip to the woodshed."

Carina nodded, blubbering, unable to form so much as a "Yes, Pa!"

"I want you to bend over as far as you can. Try to touch your toes."

Carina stretched forward, and found to her embarrassment that she could only reach as far as her calves. "I can't quite reach, Pa." She felt her pajama shirt flop freely around her head, exposing the underside of her breasts.

Ma paused after tapping the cane experimentally against Carina's buttocks, noticing her daughter's dilemma. "That's going to be a constant nuisance, dear."

Pa politely looked away from his daughter's disheveled state. "Well, maybe if she… holds it up?"

As she felt the shirt flop around her head, Carina knew it was no use. "I've got it, Pa!" She tugged the shirt off with a clean gesture, and tossed it onto her bed. Fully naked, Carina resumed her position, folding her hands behind her calves to present a perfect, heart-shaped target.

Ma tapped the cane with experimental force, seeing the impact ripple delicately across her daughter's proffered rump.

"Stay in position, and count each stroke. If you struggle, leave position, or miscount, the stroke won't count. I never, *ever* want you to smoke again, Carina. If you think your Pa is the only one who can blister your behind, I intend to disabuse you of that notion tonight."

Carina nodded, catching a glimpse of Ma's serious expression from upside-down. "Yes, ma'am!"

The first blow of the cane seared against her already-blistered bottom with such trembling precision, Carina wondered how the blisters didn't burst. Whistling, and rocking on the balls of her feet, she remembered to count, "One, Ma'am!" in the nick of time.

Then, she counted, "Two, Ma'am!" and "Three, Ma'am!" without leaving position, though she felt her foot kick up involuntarily after the third stroke. She heard the fourth stroke whistle, catching her off guard across both sit-spots, and hopped forward like a rabbit, straightening her back and performing a furious war dance as she rubbed the sensitive area. "Fffuh—Four, Ma!"

Ma raised an eyebrow at the sound of what sounded dangerously close to an f-bomb, but chose to ignore it. "No, Carina. That one doesn't count. Back in position. Start your count at four."

"Yes'm! … Sorry, Ma!" Carina cursed herself, but as she bent back over she found she had limbered up. Pa glanced over to see if he was needed to hold Carina in place, but she returned his glance bravely, determined not to be accused of taking her caning poorly. Carina found she could reach all the way to her ankles now, and gripped them firmly.

The fifth stroke, which was technically only the fourth stroke for her count, landed across her upper thighs. Carina's head bucked up in surprise, her kinky hair bobbing wildly, but she held position and remembered not to miscount. "Fie…Uh! Four, Ma'am!"

Secretly pleased with Carina's resolve, Ma landed stroke number five across her upper cheeks, angling it to trace a diagonal line across the previous four. It was just as if she was adding a neat tally mark to indicate the number five! Carina's arms and legs shook, and she rasped for breath. "Five, Ma'am!"

Prying her eyes open, feeling gravity draw her freely flowing tears upside-down along her forehead and temples, Carina glanced behind her to her left to find Ma had disappeared. Something moved in her peripheral vision, and she glanced right just in time to witness the cane lancing across her buttocks.

Ma had adjusted her position, aiming a backhand stroke to match the previous one, forming a neat "X" stamped across Carina's poor bum.

Carina practically shouted "Six, Ma'am!" and started to straighten up, her hands moving reflexively up her legs and toward her bottom, before she caught herself, resting her hands back on her knees. "Sorry, Ma!"

"Sorry for what?"

"I… almost left my position!"

"Oh? Well, thank you for telling me. I don't think you need an extra stroke just for that. Key word, 'Almost!' I'm satisfied!"

Carina felt her knees knocking with relief. "Thank you, Ma!" She turned to look at Pa, still politely studying the ceiling. "Pa? Is it your turn to cane me?"

"Hm? Oh! I already caned you during your trip to the woodshed, Carina. I'd say you've been spanked more than enough for one week, wouldn't you?"

Carina was so overjoyed, she forgot to stand up.

Ma noticed, and elbowed Pa, who was still avoiding looking at Carina.

At the gesture, Pa returned to earth, and officially announced the end of Carina's ordeal. "Carina, you may leave your position now. At ease!"

Slowly, Carina raised her back, feeling the marks of the cane stretch and fold, and the watery blisters pulsate. Ma helped her reassemble her lost pajamas, and as Carina lay on her stomach, unable to so much as pull her pajama bottoms back up, Ma produced a small jar of salve and applied it soothingly to the two hills of the scorched, war-torn landscape that represented Carina's fundament.

As she finished applying the lotion, Ma kissed her forgiven daughter on the forehead. "We love you, Carina!"

"I love you, Ma!" she answered, dreamily. Her eyelids felt suddenly heavy, but she struggled up onto her elbows to return Ma's goodnight smooch.

She felt Pa place a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "You were very brave. I'm proud of you, Carina!"

Carina sank her head into Pa's chest and felt his kiss on the top of her forehead. "Will I always be your precious pearl?" she mumbled, sleepily.

"Always!"

Carina surprised Pa with a quick kiss, right on the lips, before collapsing in a heap on her bed.

She barely registered the sounds of Columba's good night spanking next-door, before waking up from a state of half-sleep. Rubbing her bottom in a futile effort to relieve the deep and continual ache, Carina offered up a prayer for her sister to be brave.

"This too, shall pass…" thought Carina, and drifted off to sleep.

***

The next day, Carina was congratulated by all her siblings, except Columba who was too busy grumbling and feeling sorry for herself. They finished their chores early, and Columba was told to meet Pa in the woodshed immediately after lunch.

Carina gave her what she hoped was an encouraging, "Good luck!"

Columba hung her head, before finally answering, "Thanks! I'll need it! Sorry about being a butt to you earlier."

Pa handed Columba a switch he had cut, skipping the routine of sending her to cut her own switch so they could finish the punishment quickly, before Paul's arrival. Columba followed him meekly, no longer wanting to heap additional wrath upon herself. Carina offered a silent prayer to guide her rebellious sister through her present trials.

Fortunately, Pa and Columba finished their daddy-daughter trip to the woodshed in record time, leaving plenty of time to prepare for Paul's arrival for dinner.

Throughout the unofficial date, Paul was perfectly charming, and seemed unfazed by Pa's "So, what are your intentions toward my daughter?" routine.

As was the family tradition, Carina was offered a pillow to sit on to celebrate enduring her final bedtime spanking.

She blushed furiously as Paul eyed the pillow, but he graciously avoided asking the obvious question.

Columba did not sit on a pillow, but whether she wasn't offered one due to how she behaved in the woodshed, or did so by choice to make it less obvious that she was sitting on a spanked bottom, Carina never knew.

Although Ma had helped Columba wash her face to mask the stained mascara and telltale tears from their guest, Carina thought it was still kind of obvious.

When Paul cracked a joke about some book series Columba liked, she giggled and her mood seemed to improve. Carina felt Columba pinch her arm as Paul stood to do the dishes. "I really like him!"

"Yeah, you're not planning on having a double wedding with me, are you? Cuz' I'm totally down for it!" added Casilda, delicately waving her engagement ring.

Carina almost choked on her dessert. "Quit it, you guys!"

As they settled down and formed teams for a family board game, Carina scooched so close to Paul she accidentally felt his leg brush against hers with a thrill.

Pa's voice interrupted Carina's flurry of warm, fuzzy butterflies in her stomach. "So, Paul, what are you writing about for your senior thesis?"

"Oh? I was thinking about issues in Biblical parenting. You know, since I'm going to be a Christian family counselor. Seems relevant."

"Really? What kind of issues in Biblical parenting?"

"You know… Biblical upbringing, rules, structure. Uh… discipline."

Chris chimed in, suspiciously. "Discipline? Like spanking?"

Carina and Columba's heads both snapped up.

Paul looked Carina right in the eye. Carina felt a flash of what Ma called women's intuition: *"He's thinking about spanking me, right now!"*

Paul cleared his throat and addressed Pa. "Yes, actually. The ethics of spanking is actually the main topic of concern to me."

Ma folded her hands delicately, her index fingers pressed together. "And what's your perspective on the matter? For spanking, or against?"

Paul answered Ma, but Carina felt his knee nudge into her thigh so that only she could feel it. "Oh, I'm strongly in favor of spanking, definitely. So long as it's just, that is. 'Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath!' It has to be deserved, you know. "

Pa nodded. "Very good. Couldn't agree more!"

As they settled down to play the game, Carina could never entirely dispel the vision in her mind of her lying nude over Paul's lap, getting precisely the spanking that she deserved. Glancing down at Paul's lap, she rolled her tongue in her mouth, pensively.

Maybe, just maybe, that dream might come true one day soon!

The End

Benni Backcook: Up Willow Creek, Without a Paddle

Chapter I: A Desert Flower

In the small town of Willow Creek, Arizona, where the sun always seemed to shine brighter and the air smelled sweeter, lived a spunky 18-year-old named Benita Backcook, though she only went by Benni. She was the kind of girl who wore her heart on her sleeve and mud-stained sneakers on her feet. Her parents, Betty and Bartholomew Backcook, were always on their toes, trying to keep up with their daughter's never-ending antics.

One sunny afternoon, Benni decided to take her mischief to a whole new level. She had heard about a new construction site just outside of town and couldn't resist the temptation to explore. With a mischievous grin, she threw a backpack over her shoulder, and pulled a baseball cap over her brazen-haired head and set off on her adventure.

As she passed by her neighbors she caught sight of one of her classmates, sitting on his front porch with a Game Boy. "Hey, Blake! I'm checking out the new construction site. You're coming with me!"

Blake looked up from his game. "Oh, I am, am I?"

Benni distinctly heard a crunchy, screaming sound effect that indicated a Game Over. "Yes, you are. You're dead, anyway!"

As they approached the construction site, Benni's eyes widened in excitement. There were cranes and bulldozers everywhere, and what looked like a new shopping mall was slowly taking shape. Without a second thought, Benni climbed over the chainlink fence.

Behind her, she heard Blake shake the fence and whisper ferociously, "Hey, I thought you said we were just checking it out. You didn't mention trespassing!"

Benni cocked her head, delighting in Blake's reaction. "Trespassing? I don't see a sign that says anything about trespassing."

"What do you think the fence is here for? What are you going to say if you get caught?"

Benni affected the look of a terrified damsel in distress. "Oh, sir! Thank goodness! I got lost! A boy from school asked me to take a walk with him, but then he ran off and left me! I wandered around, looking for him, and ended up here! Now, I don't know how to get home! Oh, whatever shall I do? I have no man to protect me!"

Blake rolled his eyes, then hopped over the fence, looking over his shoulder for signs of security guards. "You're impossible, Benni Backcook… There! Now I'm here, so that excuse won't work. Now what's your plan?"

Benni threw her arms around Blake's neck, still doing a sarcastic imitation of a hapless maiden. "Oh, officer! I tried to get away from him, but he chased me into this abandoned construction site! Who knows what he'd have done if you hadn't shown up! Surely, he planned to have his way with me!"

Blake lifted her arms and twisted away from her grasp, dancing lightly around her. "Hey, cut that out. Don't joke that way."

Chuckling, Benni broke out of character, switching back to her usual, assertive self. Used to playing point on girls' basketball, Benni darted after Blake to try and pull him into a chokehold. "Or what? If you fight me, you'll just look more guilty!"

As she darted at Blake, Benni felt him twist away from her grasp, and turned just in time to see him swat her sharply, right across her bottom. She thrilled as she hopped forward, but her annoyance instantly faded. Benni had caught a glimpse of the confused look on Blake's face the moment before he smacked her ass, and found it adorable. "Oh! You brute! Attacking my poor, defenseless behind… from behind!"

Blake blushed and stuffed his hands in his pockets, as though afraid they might slap more rear ends of their own accord. "It was a reflex! Now, cut it out, and… behave."

Benni folded her hands in front of her, like a nun in prayer. "Yes, Papa. I'm sowwy I was a bad girl. Now, are you gonna' check this place out with me, or not?"

Benni didn't wait for an answer, and immediately strolled into the empty construction site. Blake hemmed and hawed, before power-walking to catch up with Benni and walk alongside her,

They wandered around the site, taking in all the sights and sounds. Benni even managed to sneak into one of the concrete skeletons of a future building and led them up to the top floor, where they could see the entire town spread out below.

Benni rested her elbows on the drab concrete railing, rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet as she took in the Arizona scenery. "This is nice, isn't it? Like we have the world to ourselves."

Blake came alongside her, his hand resting a few inches from hers. "Yeah…I'm glad I came along. I forgot how much I used to love construction sites as a little kid…"

As the sun began to set, Benni realized she had been gone for hours. "Shoot, I lost track of time. Mom and Dad will be worried sick."

"I'll walk you home."

"No, that'll just make them fret more. Race ya' to the fence!"

Ignoring Blake's protests, Benni won the race out of the construction site. She finally allowed Blake to escort her back as far as their neighborhood. It would have been very romantic, if they weren't sprinting most of the way.

After splitting up at Blake's house, Benni left him gasping for air behind her. She waved and called out over her shoulder, "Thanks, I had a great time! Let's do it again sometime!"

When she arrived at her house, she found her parents waiting for her on the porch. They had worried expressions on their faces, and Benni knew she was in trouble.

"Where have you been, young lady?" her father asked sternly.

Benni looked down at her feet, trying to come up with an excuse. "I... um... I was just checking out the new construction site," she mumbled.

Her mother sighed. "Benni, you're not a little girl anymore, but you still need to call when you're out late. We were worried sick!"

Benni nodded, feeling guilty for worrying her parents. "...Sorry," she said softly.

Her father put a hand on her shoulder. "We just want you to be safe, Benni. But from now on, you have to be home by eight o'clock. That's your curfew. Promise us you'll be more careful from now on."

Benni looked up at her parents, a determined look in her eyes. "I promise."

But even as she made the promise, Benni knew that her adventurous spirit couldn't be tamed so easily. She was a tomboy through and through, and she knew that there would be many more adventures in her future—hopefully with Blake as her sidekick!

Mom and Dad shared a look, then Dad nodded and led Benni to the stairs that led to her room. "I believe you, Benni. But, next time you break curfew…"

Dad gestured with a thumb to a decorative rack on the living room wall. "... I'm taking the paddle to you."

Hanging next to a few photos and memorabilia from Mom and Dad's university days was a novelty wooden paddle: the Attitude Adjuster.

Benni guffawed. "Oh noes! Not the paddle!"

When Benni was two years old, she'd once overheard her Mom getting heated in an argument with Dad, and offered to help Daddy spank Mommy with the Attitude Adjuster for "being difficult." It had become the oldest joke in the house that anytime Mom, or Dad, or Benni were being snippy, one would threaten the other with the Attitude Adjuster. Although Benni's parents had been believers in corporal punishment, they had never once actually used the paddle.

Dad stopped Benni at the foot of the stairs and looked her in the eyes. "I mean it this time, Benni. Now, march straight to bed!"

With that, he planted a solid swat on the seat of her jeans, firm enough to send Benni skipping up the stairs with a yelp of surprise. Some hidden instinct told her not to tease her father any further. "Yes, Poppy!"

But as Benni entered her room, she caught a glimpse of the construction site through her window. *"I promised to be home before 8 o'clock. I didn't make any promises about what I'd do after 8 o'clock!"* she thought.

And so, as the night fell and the stars began to twinkle in the sky, Benni went to bed with a smile on her face, already planning her next adventure. After all, her Dad was only kidding about that paddle!

End of Chapter I

Benni Backcook: Up Willow Creek, Without a Paddle
Chapter II: Caught Red-Handed

A whole week passed without incident. But Benni couldn't help herself. The construction site was like a magnet, drawing her back time and time again. She'd passed by it on the way home from school, only to catch haunting glimpses of the installation. The new mall was going to have carnival rides and attractions.

On a fateful Friday night, Benni peeked out her bedroom window towards the forbidden construction site. Even though the sun had set, the Arizona summer air was still scorching, so Benni changed out of her Arizona Wildcats pajamas and threw on a baggy tank top and cut-off denim jeans.

She pulled out her flip phone and texted Blake, using an app to add plenty of emotes:
"Hey, B.
They added some weird new stuff at the construction site.
I'm checking it out! Meet me there.
(„ • ̀ ᴗ - „)
–B"

When Benni heard her notification alert, she grinned with delight as she flipped open her phone to find Blake's response:

"No. I'm crunching tonight."

"It's Friday! Homework can wait. I'm coming to pick u up! ᕙ(⇀)ᕗ"

"I'm not going to the construction site. Why don't you come hit the books with me? I'll make you hot chocolate."

"(¬､¬) …You're no fun! Last time you said you had a good time!"

"Yeah, it was fun to do once. But if you keep going back there, you're asking for trouble. I hear they had some problems with kids tagging the site."

"Then you should come with me to help me keep an eye out!"

"No. I'm not going, and neither should you."

Fuming, Benni brought up her emote app to send Blake her favorite middle finger emoticon:
"Don’t tell me what to do! 凸(•̀_•́)凸"

But before hitting send, Benni deleted the draft text, instead typing:
"Fine, it’s after my curfew anyway. See you whenever."

"So, you’re not going to the site?"

"(˘ ^˘)
I don’t feel like it."

"Good. I’ll be done by tomorrow morning. Want to see a movie? I hear *Megamind* is good."

But Benni ignored the last text notification. Now that Blake was off her case, she’d made her decision. She *didn’t* feel like going to the construction site without Blake, but she hadn’t promised not to go. She knew full well that the 8:00 p.m. curfew was a firm rule, and she’d probably get grounded, but so what. What was there to do in Arizona, anyway?

Benni fumed about all this as she snuck out her bedroom window and strolled to the site, flashlight in hand.

The night was still and quiet, and Benni felt a rush of excitement as she climbed over the fence. She wandered around the site, taking in the sights and sounds. Plastic displays of strange cartoon characters gave it a haunting, playful quality, and she wandered through a hall of mirrors.

But her moment of triumph was short-lived. As she turned to leave, she came face to face with a security guard.

"Hey, you! What are you doing here?" the guard shouted.

Benni froze, her heart pounding in her chest. She knew she was in trouble.

The guard escorted her off the site and called the police. Benni was terrified as she waited for the police to arrive. She knew her parents would be furious when they found out what had happened.

The security guard pointed at an obscene spray painted image on the concrete walls. "Bet that graffiti's your handiwork, isn't it?"

Benni's lip trembled. "Nuh-no sir!"

"Well, then it was one of your little friends! Here are the cops now!"

Thankfully, when the police arrived, one of the officers recognized her from church, and vouched for her. With a huff, the security guard decided to shrug off the matter of her trespassing.

The cops gave Benni a ride home, but their jokes stung at her heart like barbs.

"We'll have to have a little chat with your parents, Benni," said Officer O'Hane, who had rescued her from the Security Guard.

"I imagine her parents will be wanting to have a 'little chat' with little Miss Demeanor as well," chuckled O'Hane's partner, a female cop with tight black hair.

At home, Benni's dad shook both of the cops' hands, as her mom sobbed at the kitchen table. "Thank you, Officer O'Hane. I promise you, Benni will not be giving you any more trouble…"

Officer O'Hane glanced knowingly at something hanging on the wall. "Well, don't be too hard on her. She's not the graffiti artist we were after."

Benni followed his gaze. Officer O'Hane was looking at a thick wooden paddle, decorated with a cartoon image of a crying boy and girl holding their bottoms. Engraved on the surface were the words, "Attitude Adjuster," and twelve small holes had been drilled through the center in two neat lines. Benni felt a thrill travel up her spine. The paddle was an old novelty item from her parents' days at University together. They'd never once used it on her…though they had bent her over the knee for an old-fashioned spanking quite a few times during her younger years. But she hadn't been spanked since she was twelve years old!

"Don't worry, Officer. I won't be too hard on her, but Benni still needs to learn a hard lesson about trespassing!"

Dad turned to Benni, his brow knit. "Benni, go to your room. We need to have a talk."

Benni nodded, feeling guilty and ashamed. She knew she had let her parents down, and she was scared of what they would say. She was going to be grounded for sure!

But, as she climbed the stairs to her room, Benni couldn't help but wonder what the future held for her. Would her parents ever trust her again?

"I don't deserve their trust," thought Benni. And with one final, furtive glance at the wooden paddle, Benni gulped, and said to herself, "... That's what I deserve! Still, I hope they just yell at me, and ground me!"

Only time would tell, but for now, Benni knew she had some serious apologizing to do. As she sat on her bed, Benni rehearsed her apologies, trying to ignore the mental image of the paddle impacting her bottom again and again, as she made all those same apologies.

End of Chapter II

Benni Backcook: Up Willow Creek, Without a Paddle
Chapter III: The Attitude Adjuster

Benni sat on her bed, taking deep breaths. But the second she heard the knock at her door, she felt her heart pounding in her chest. "Come in."

As soon as Mom and Dad opened the door, Benni knew her fate. Dad was holding the wooden paddle: the Attitude Adjuster.

She couldn't believe what was happening. Her parents were actually going to paddle her. The novelty item had always been a joke in their family, something they'd laugh about but never actually use.

As she took in the cartoon image of the crying little girl on the paddle, Benni saw her future. All Benni's delusions about being "all grown up" were about to be shattered, by that same paddle.

"Benni, we've tried talking to you, we've tried grounding you, but nothing seems to work. You keep getting into trouble, and it's time we took a different approach," her dad said, his voice firm but not unkind.

Benni looked at her mom, hoping for some support, some sign that this was all just a bad dream. But her mom's face was set in a determined expression. "You've brought this on yourself, Benni. You need to learn responsibility, and you will start learning it tonight."

Benni gripped her knees, and felt the shiver of tension ripple through her legs. She knew she had messed up, but she never thought it would come to this.

"Please, Mom, don't let Dad do this," Benni pleaded.

Her mom shook her head. "We're *both* going to take a turn paddling you, Benni. And you only have yourself to blame."

Dad approached, and Benni flinched, afraid he would start whaling on her right away. But Dad looked at her reassuringly. "Take a good look at this paddle, Benni."

Benni gulped, her eyes fixed on the wooden paddle in her dad's hand. She could see the small holes drilled in the middle, and she knew their purpose: to cut down on wind resistance and add extra impact to each swat.

Dad sighed. "Benni, your mom and I stopped spanking you years ago, because we thought you were too old for a spanking at twelve. That was a mistake. There are going to be some changes around here. From now on, every act of deliberate disobedience will earn you an instant spanking."

Benni's mind raced as she processed the implications. The prospect of just one spanking was bad enough! "But…but I'm almost in college!"

Mom nodded, unmoved. "And unless you fix your attitude, you will be sitting on a sore, spanked bottom all through college."

Benni held her hands together, half-suspecting it was futile to resist, and half-yearning for the paddling she knew she had earned. "Please, Daddy! I know I was bad! I'm sorry! I promise to do better! I won't let you down!"

Benni saw a flash of pity in her dad's eyes, before he hardened his face. "I want to believe you, Benni, but there's only one way to make sure. Because I love you, I am going to spank you. If you're really sorry, then be a brave girl and take your licks. I'll go easier on you if you submit willingly. Are you ready to obey?"

Benni wanted to cry, to bury her face in her daddy's arms and plead for mercy, to flee from the terrible paddle and hide behind her mommy's skirts. She wondered if she could run away and join the circus as a clown!

But Benni also wanted to be forgiven, whatever the cost. And for that, she knew she *needed* to be spanked. Her heart heavy, Benni made her decision. "...Yes, sir. I'll accept my spanking…at least, I'll try my best."

She heard her mom sigh with relief, but if Dad had been worried, he hid it perfectly. "Very good, Benni. In that case, stand up, turn around, and climb onto your bed…Now rest your weight on your elbows and knees. That's it. Bottoms up!"

Benni followed her instructions slowly, her legs trembling. She suddenly remembered she was wearing her old, cut-off denim jeans, and regretted her wardrobe choice. Why, oh why had she cut them to just below her cheeks? How many times had she ignored her dad's comments that she looked ridiculous as he glanced at her from behind his newspaper? Each time, she'd played off his concern with a joke. *"I'm eighteen now, Dad!"*

As Benni crawled onto her bed like a toddler, she suddenly didn't feel eighteen-years-old anymore.

She remembered other wise cracks she had used when her outfits had invited parental inspection. *"How am I ever supposed to find a husband if I don't advertise?"*

As Benni raised her hips into the air, she felt the denim fabric ride up. Now, she imagined how ridiculous she must look. Who had she been kidding but herself? She'd been letting her ass hang out, but only now did she feel the absurdity of it. If only she had listened! The first paddle stroke hadn't even landed, and already Benni felt punished enough by the crippling sense of her own stupidity.

"You don't want me to live here forever, do you?" she'd once joked when Mom had made a fuss about her immodest short-shorts. Now, as Benni considered the prospect of living under her parents' roof forever, those words took on new meaning. She imagined herself as a bitter old maid with gray hair, still going over Mommy or Daddy's lap for a spanking. *"Forever and ever…"* thought Benni.

From now on, Benni knew her bottom was in danger of a spanking, if she misbehaved. It was as though the last six years of growing up hadn't happened. She remembered clearly the thrill of being told it was time for a spanking when she was twelve-years-old, as if it had happened mere minutes ago. At that moment, Benni knew that she would never be too old for a spanking.

This entire emotional storm played out in Benni's heart in the few seconds it took her to climb onto her bed and assume the position. As her dad patted her bottom a few times experimentally, he encouraged her. "Good girl. Now, concentrate on staying in that position."

At the sound of her father's words Benni suddenly "woke up," strangely soothed by being called a "good girl" by her father again. It reminded her of the days when she was small enough to ask for piggyback rides and play pony-girl with him.

Benni missed those days, but now she felt the same love in her father's words. She was still his little girl.

"Benni, your mother and I are each going to take a turn paddling you. First, I want you to count each stroke of the paddle out loud. Can you do that?"

Benni nodded. "Yes, sir. How many do I have to count?"

Benni felt the surface of the paddle press lightly against her cheeks, flattening them like dough. Dad's voice answered with a hint of pity, but without a hint of remorse. "You let me worry about that. Just focus on keeping count."

Benni rocked forward slightly, realizing she'd have to concentrate on keeping her balance in this position. "Yes, sir."

She felt her dad reposition her waist so that she had plenty of room ahead of her. Even if a stroke of the paddle sent her flying forward, she'd only land on some soft pillows. Benni felt oddly comforted by the gesture. Even now, Dad was making sure she was safe. Her childhood stuffed toy, a chibi-faced Darth Vader plushie, stared up at her encouragingly.

Benni braced herself for what was coming next. She knew it was going to hurt, but more than that, she knew it was going to be a lesson she would never forget.

"Then, let's begin, Benni. Grit your teeth!" As dad tapped her behind with the paddle a final time, she took a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves.

THWAP!

At first, the sound surprised her more than the pain. It was a thick, dense wallop, nothing like the crisp sounds she remembered coming from behind her when she was on the receiving end of a hand-spanking. As the wooden surface landed directly on the unprotected lower cheeks that poked cheekily out of her immodest shorts, Benni felt the rough paddle send the force rippling through her bottom, then the lift as it glided upwards across her shorts. She felt herself getting a wedgie, and as she caught herself on her elbows, she realized with horror that she was now acutely aware of *two* distinct pains.

"Oh, crap!" thought Benni.

Until the age of 4, most of Benni's bottom-warmings had been delivered over her skirt-clad behind. Then at the age of 5, she'd decided she never wanted to wear dresses again, so afterwards, she was usually spanked over her jean-clad behind, until the age of 12. But on a few occasions, Benni's antics and stubbornness had earned herself a bare-bottom spanking, even with an implement.

Once, when 5-year-old Benni had deliberately aimed a rubber paddle-ball at Mom's eye, twice, Mom had cut the ball from its string and used the plastic paddle as a weapon of opportunity to tan Benni's hide. The thin plastic produced a sharp sting, but not the same wumph of a heavier implement, even a hand. Nevertheless, Mom had managed to build the stinging sensation to a fiery burn after several minutes of steady application of the plastic paddle.

Years ago, when 12-year-old Benni was still under the mistaken impression that she was too old for a spanking, she had overheard her mother and father debating the merits of different implements Benni's grandparents had used to punish them back in the day. She recalled the debate had been rather technical, even touching on the distinction between "stingy" and "thuddy" implements. Mom's plastic paddle had been the quintessential stingy implement, in contrast to Grandma's "thuddy" wooden clothes brush which Dad favored.

Shortly after Benni had overheard that argument, Dad had introduced Benni to Grandma's very own, reliable clothes brush. On that occasion, 12-year-old Benni had decided that if she was old enough to watch a PG-13 movie, she was old enough to watch an R-rated movie, and successfully acquired one from Blockbuster for her sleepover party. After getting caught traumatizing a room full of her girl friends, Benni had discovered the meaning of "thuddiness" first-hand.

The long-handled brush didn't have the same agonizing slow-burn as the plastic paddle, but after only 24 whacks, 12-year-old Benni was convinced to be on her best behavior for a good, long while. The fact that all of Benni's sleepover friends easily guessed how she was punished only added extra humiliation to the experience. She'd wanted to prove how grown up she was at twelve, only to get spanked and sent to bed sobbing.

After that traumatizing experience, Benni had carefully avoided breaking any rule that merited a spanking for six years. Finally, she'd let herself believe that she'd outgrown the threat of spanking.

The silly paddle on the wall had held no sense of doom for her. She'd laughed at it.

With one well-placed stroke, the "silly" paddle transformed Benni's universe. Finally, at the tender age of 18, Benni had learned that it was no joke. "The Attitude Adjuster" lived up to its name.

After one stroke of the paddle, Benni felt all the sting of Mom's plastic paddle, *combined* with all the thud of Grandma's clothes brush. Dad had mastered the use of his arm and wrist, arcing the paddle stroke to make the perfect first impression.

Again, all of this emotional turmoil took place in less than a second, before the ripple of the first paddle stroke finished reverberating through Benni's behind.

Benni gasped as she felt the aftershock, her mouth held agape. Strangest of all, Benni wasn't that scared at the moment. She was too impressed by the new sensation. So *this* was being spanked. Every spanking that had come before was a picnic compared to this! Benni almost felt honored. "This is a big-girl spanking! Now, I'm really going to get it!" Benni thought, digging her fingernails into her comforter.

Dad raised an eyebrow, wondering if Benni had forgotten her count already, or if she was being deliberately stubborn. "Count one, Benni."

Benni blushed, still processing the conflicting sensations, and lifted her bottom back into the air. She clenched her buttocks and was very aware of the line where the denim shorts stretched taut across her cheeks. "One, sir!"

Dad didn't bring down the paddle right away. Benni had just enough time to think, "Wait, did that even hurt? There's no way it hurt that much!" before she felt the second stroke. It landed with a sharp pop aimed directly across the center of her bottom, this time without the upward angle Dad had used previously. Benni clenched her jaw and hummed, the pain of the two incredible strokes now making it harder for her to think. "Two," she managed to say.

In the precious seconds before the third strike of the paddle, Benni had time to consider her situation. The more direct blow had been all "thud," and Benni realized it had taken an effort to keep herself from barreling forward into the pillows and onto Chibi Darth Vader. She had a sudden, stupid vision of herself in a scene straight out of *The Empire Strikes Back.*

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Chibi Darth Vader holding up a lightsaber paddle. "Benni! I am your father! And you deserve a good spanking!"

Benni Skywalker is bawling as she holds on for dear life above the abyss. "Noooo! That’s not true! That’s impossible!"

"Search your feelings. You know it to be true."

Benni Skywalker throws herself to the abyss below, only for Chibi Vader to lift her back up with the force and deposit her across his knee, bottoms up. "Naughty, naughty, Papa spank!"

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As if to add a touch of realism to the absurd skit playing in Benni’s imagination, the third stroke of the paddle landed directly on top of where Dad had landed the second stroke.

Benni tried to contain her roar of pain again, only to let out a low, guttural grunt. All thoughts of being spanked by Darth Vader were driven out of her mind, along with her instructions to count each stroke.

Dad raised the paddle slowly, then halted, waiting to hear Benni count the third swat. "Benni? Your count! Count three!"

Benni swallowed, feeling stupid. The wedgie relaxed slightly. "Three, sir!"

She dared a look back, and wished she hadn’t.

Dad’s face meant business. "Do you want extras?"

Benni shook her head. "No, sir."

Dad patted her bottom, indicating he was about to start again. "Then concentrate on keeping count. No more warnings."

Benni felt the cool wood of the paddle against her exposed lower cheeks and thighs, in contrast to the rising head trapped tight below her denim shorts. "Yes, sir."

As Dad raised the paddle, Benni turned her face away, not wanting to watch it fall. As she looked forward, she caught a glimpse of Mom looking at her with a mix of pity and annoyance.

Benni loved her Dad, but Darth Vader couldn’t hold a candle to Bartholomew Backcook in the spanking department.

From the moment her parents had entered the room, Benni had already known that she was in for a bad time. But now, she felt it, deep in her stomach...and deep in her cheeks.

Her bottom had been flattened by the paddle thrice, in two distinct spots. Already, both spots were starting to ache, but she could sense a deeper burn where the paddle had landed twice in a row. It was as though the pain of each impact was a little gremlin taunting her.

***

"Yup, that was me! Does it hurt?" squeaked one goblin, sitting on the center of her left cheek.

"Hey, I was here first!" snapped the second imp, sitting opposite on her right cheek.

"And don’t forget about me!" snickered the third, patting her tender sit-spots where the first swat had landed.

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Benni knew she had to make an effort to stay in position and count, but she suspected that her courage would fail her sooner or later. Benni welcomed the fear of her father, hoping it would act against her fear of the paddle, helping keep her in place and endure.

Perhaps because he was still a little annoyed, Mr. Backcook put more of his arm into the fourth stroke of the paddle, landing it low, so that half of the paddle covered her sit-spots, and half covered her upper thighs. Benni rocked forward with a whoop, her face flopping onto a pillow, before she quickly lifted herself back into position and counted "Four, sir," desperate to display perfect obedience.

As the ache flared up across her thighs and sit-spots, Benni’s consciousness returned to the peculiar quality of the pain itself. The rising ache in her gluteus maximus, the building sting on the surface of her skin. Now, she was aware of something else, for the first time. The ache was different beneath her tight shorts,

as compared to her bare skin. She realized that the shorts "protecting" her bottom were effectively holding her cheeks tightly in place for the paddle, and trapping the rising heat against her flesh like a snug blanket.

The gremlins were now toasting marshmallows over two little campfires, the rising heat trapped beneath each of the back pockets of her shorts.

The first four strokes had nearly covered the entire surface area of her posterior and upper thighs already. Her whole bottom hurt, but each part of her bottom hurt in different ways.

Benni's breath started to flutter. To her own surprise, her eyes were completely dry. She was too awake to start crying.

Knowing they'd raised a tough cookie in Benni, Mom and Dad were not surprised in the least.
Dad looked to Mom and they both nodded to each other, reassuringly. Dad had been tempted to make Benni start over from the beginning for leaving her spanking position, but decided that wouldn't be fair. *"Poor girl is doing her best,"* both Mom and Dad thought, remembering their own days in this position.

Dad decided to gradually pick up the pace. He could tell that the first four strokes had produced precisely the effect he desired. Benni's wilful spirit was now good and tamed. She wanted to be a good girl and take her licks, so now it was his job to provide. After feeling the fifth smack land across the center of her bottom, the sorest spot, Benni howled, pressing her face into the comforter and bucking up her legs at the knees. She just barely managed to stay in position, quivering from the effort.

Dad gave Benni just enough time to count "Five, sir," before landing the sixth paddle stroke in quick succession, aiming upward and tugging at the denim shorts now digging into Benni's butt crack.

"Yeow! …Oooo, oh!" Benni's wail became a moan as she collapsed forward into her pillow. The count slipped her mind as she tugged at the rough-cut shorts to relieve what was now a proper wedgie.

"Hands off your backside, young lady! That one doesn't count," Dad barked.

"Nooooo!" whined Benni, feeling the denim fabric snap back into place as it slipped between her fingers.

"Oh, Gosh! My ass must be eating these shorts," she thought stupidly, before she felt something snatch her hand away from her behind by her wrist.

"Last warning, Benni. Back in position, and keep your hands on the mattress. You'll start your count at six."

It was here that Benni made her critical mistake. So far she had resisted the urge to break down crying, but the heat from her seat was just enough to make her feel hot under the collar. The humiliation and discomfort of the wedgie was the straw that broke the camel's back. "No! I'm fixing my pants!"

Benni made a heroic tug to liberate her wrist from Dad's grip, and to alleviate her wedgie with her free hand. Then she felt herself lifted into the air and saw her room spinning around her.

Dad had lifted Benni up by her torso and legs, as easily as he ever had when she was little, spun her around, and gently flopped her across his lap as he seated himself on her bed. "No more arguing. You just earned an extra spanking, little missy!"

Benni squirmed and looked over both her shoulders, trying to get her bearings. In front of her, Benni saw Mom catch her eye, shaking her head at Benni with disappointment, and behind her…

CLAP!

Dad's open palm slapped across the lower-center of both her cheeks. As her shorts rode higher up her crack, Benni felt the fabric of her shorts pull away from her grip. She had just lost the game tug-of-war over her shorts, and Dad hadn't even been trying.

Her hand scrambled to regain her grip on her shorts. "But! The wedgie! Please!"

WHACK!

The second spank landed on exactly the same spot, though this time, the wedgie left her lower cheeks unprotected. The old ache of the paddle flared up, and Benni could feel the fresh imprint of Dad's mighty palm on top of it.

"I don't care that your shorts are uncomfortable. Serves you right for wearing such a silly outfit."

Benni felt her hand pull free of her shorts as Dad twisted her arm carefully, but irresistibly, pinning her arm against the small of her back. The strength of her father's gesture, combined with the gentleness, was enough to take the fight out of her, before a third and fourth smack landed in quick succession across her left and right cheek in turn. Benni's wedgie was getting worse with each smack.

"Bu-but–"

"No more *'buts'!"* Dad spanked across the center of Benni's butt to add emphasis to the final word, then settled into a steady rhythm of spanks, Benni keeping tempo with little "Oofs!" and "Eeps!" of discomfort.

"When you're ready to obey, we will continue your paddling."

Now that he had Benni's full attention, Dad deliberately controlled the strength of the spanks so that she could hear him over the brisk sound of "Clap, clap, clap!" from behind.

"Ouch! Yow! Oh-okay! Ow! Yuh-yes! Eeee-YIKES! *YES, SIR!!!"* Thanks to her years in track and basketball, Benni prided herself on her mental toughness. The earlier paddling had been intimidating, certainly, but she hadn't even felt close to tears. Now, the combination of the building pain and the humiliation of being draped across Daddy's knee was taking its toll. She felt two tears welling up, and took a sharp breath through her nose, hoping to hold them back.

Dad nodded as he heard Benni answer affirmatively. He landed a playful swat and paused the over-the-knee spanking. "Good. If you're ready for your paddling, we can try again. You will start your count at one."

Benni's eyes shot open. Hunching her shoulders, she craned her neck to look behind her, hoping she misheard. "Wuh? One? Buh…but we were at six?"

Dad's hand hovered in mid-air. "Too late, Benni. If you're ready to obey, we will start your paddling over from the beginning!"

"No! But–"

Dad landed a quick spank before Benni could protest. "No!…More!....Buts!"

Dad punctuated each of his words in turn, first with a resounding spank across her left thigh, then another across her right thigh. The final spank landed across both her sit-spots, and acted as an effective closing argument. Benni was no longer interested in debating Dad on the point!

"Oh! Ah-ho!!! Yeeowch! Yee-OW!!!"

"Now, are we ready to obey?"

"Yes! Yessir! …Aaah! …Huh, hooo!" As Benni caught her breath, the two tears returned, and she couldn't fight them. They felt like two weights at the ends of her eyelashes, and as she gave up, they welled over. It was strangely relieving. Now, all she had to worry about was her aching behind!

She felt dad put a hand on her shoulder, then lift her up off his lap so he could stand up. "Good girl, then let's try again. Mother? Help me out."

Distracted by her tears, Benni didn't pay attention to her Mom and Dads exchanged comments about her punishment. As she caught sight of the paddle, the grim realization that she was about to experience her paddling all over again from the beginning came crashing down on her head. At the sight of the bawling cartoon children, Benni clenched her cheeks and felt the wedgie tighten. Her punishment hadn't even started, and already she was bawling wet, sloppy tears, just like the cartoon boy and girl painted onto the Attitude Adjuster.

Benni snapped to attention as she felt something unsnap the button of her denim shorts. Reflexively, Benni grasped at the waistband as she noticed Mom about to tug her shorts down. "Muh-Mom? What are you doing?"

Mom shook her head, hiding a smile as she slid the pants down past Benni's hips. "Getting rid of these old jeans."

As Benni felt her wedgie disappear, she sighed with relief and released her weak hold on her pants. With a grimace, Benni noticed her panties were still riding her crotch, and made a gesture to fix them. Then she noticed her Mom inspecting her underwear.

Mother and daughter both read the words printed on the back of her girl boxers, "It Ain't Gonna' Spank Itself!"

Slowly, mother and daughter looked up and made eye contact. Mom raised an eyebrow. "What are those, Benni? I didn't buy you those cheeky things!"

Overhearing this, Dad turned away from straightening Benni's bed, and saw the cheeky slogan in question. "Benni, why are you wearing those around?"

Pointlessly, Benni covered the slogan with her hands. "It's just a joke! I saw them at the store and picked them up on a whim! I just thought they were…funny?"

Mom pulled Benni's hand away and held her hand. Benni felt nervous about having her backside be the center of attention, wondering if she had just placed that same backside in additional peril. But as Mom squeezed her hand, Benni relaxed slightly.

Dad continued the interrogation. "If it's a joke, then who is the joke for? Not that boy from school, I hope? The Tanners' son?"

Mom smiled softly. "Blake Tanner? I know his parents. He's a good boy."

"Not good enough to be reading anything written on my daughter's underpants, he isn't!"

Benni blushed. "No! It's not like that! He's not my boyfriend or anything! He's just…a friend who's a boy! We're not showing each other anything! These aren't for him, they're for me! "

Benni quailed under her father's steely gaze, but finally he relented. "I trust you, Benni. I've never known you to break any of our rules about boys in the house. You can keep the underpants…for now. Given that you bought them, as a joke, I'd say they turned out to be a pretty ironic fashion choice."

Benni exhaled with relief, before mulling over the foreboding words, "for now."

Dad fixed his grip on the paddle and pointed to the bed. "Now, let's finish what we started, Benni. Remember, you still have a paddling from Mom to look forward to after I'm through with you."

Benni swallowed a lump in her throat. "Yes, sir. I'm sorry! …Please, Daddy, couldn't we pick up where we left off? My butt's already so sore!"

Consciously, Benni avoided using the forbidden word "but." She knew it would be a risk to argue, but if basketball had taught her anything, it was to shoot your shot!

But as Dad narrowed his eyes again, she wilted. "Benni, I promised you a paddling, and I am keeping that promise. You earned it in the first place through deliberate disobedience, and you've earned the extras through sheer stubbornness. That's your comeuppance."

Dad held the paddle up for Benni to inspect, then placed it in her hands. "I don't get any pleasure out of paddling you, but I want you to learn from this experience. You are practicing obedience. Disobedience got you into this fix. Obedience is what will get you out. Are you ready to face what's coming to you?"

There was no anger in Dad's voice. Benni felt the weight of the paddle in her hands, thinking about the words: "Attitude Adjuster." With fresh resolution, Benni handed the paddle back to her dad. "Yes, Daddy. I'm still scared…but I want to be brave…Please, paddle me."

Dad's disapproving gaze melted into a smile. "That's my little firebrand!"

He put a reassuring hand on the back of her shoulder and led Benni back to the bed, where she meekly reassumed the position. As she was trying to mentally prepare herself for her ordeal, she heard a metallic clank. Twisting her head to look behind her, Benni caught a glimpse of mom tossing her cut-off shorts into the trash. "Aw! But I love those shorts!"

At the mention of the word "but" Dad playfully patted her posterior with the paddle. Benni froze as she felt the cool wood press against her hot cheeks.

Mom smiled cutely at the sight of her daughter's predicament. "Oh? Do you want them back? You can put them on right now!"

Glancing at her behind, Benni remembered the recent discomfort of the wedgie. "...That's okay! They were getting too small for me, anyway!"

"A wise choice, Benni. Remember to count each stroke," answered Dad, patting Benni's bum to prepare her for what was coming next.

Too nervous to answer, Benni nodded and settled her weight on her knees and elbows, thinking about the tingling sensation as she lifted her already-sore bottom high into the air. Benni had a revelation. During her first paddling, she had let her mind wander to all sorts of absurd places. But after being reassured by her parents, she felt a new sense of focus: like she was about to take a 3-point-shot before the clock ran out on the Basketball court. Benni knew she had to do two simple things: stay in place, and count.

End of Chapter III

Benni Backcook: Up Willow Creek, Without a Paddle
Chapter IV: Tag-Team Parenting

As she lifted her panty-clad rump into the air, Benni felt the angry welts from her earlier paddling flare up in protest. Without her constraining shorts, she felt the cool air of her room brush against the fiery, flaming flesh of her fanny.

THWACK!

"Mmph! …One, sir!"

Benni took a calming breath. Her butt still hurt like mad, but at least it didn't feel like she was slowly roasting over a fire. That one small comfort helped her endure the vulnerability she felt.

SMACK!

"Ooch! Two! …Thank you, sir!"

Benni added the "Thank you," without thinking, speaking from the bottom of her heart. She felt the sting of the paddle stroke flare up, before fading against the lingering soreness.

CLACK!

"Ah-ho! Three! Thank you, sir!"

Benni felt both her mind and her bottom begin to numb. She still felt the fresh sting, but it was hazy and far away.

SWAT!

"Owwie! F-four! Thank you, sir!"
This time, Benni barely registered the sting of the paddle, more conscious of the rolling motion of her body as she accepted the blow and stayed in position.

THWAP!

"Hiss! Five! Thank you, sir!"

Benni became aware of herself, outside of herself. It was as though she was floating on the ceiling like a guardian angel, looking down with approval at the scene below. Below her, she saw a bad little girl, getting precisely what she needed: justice.

WHAP!

"Ow-ow-OW!" As Benni caught her rattling breath, the need to obediently keep count drove pain from her mind. "Phew! Six! Thank you, sir!"

Dad felt pity as he raised the paddle over Benni's trembling flanks. He'd only planned to give Benni 12 strokes at first, and she'd already taken 12 total. But he knew that Benni needed at least six strokes as the penalty for her earlier defiance.

CRACK!

Benni felt snot stuffing her nose as she sucked down a breath. "Guh! Seven! Thank you, sir!"

WHACK!

"Aaargh! Eight! Eight, sir!" Her resolve fading, Benni's face drooped to her bed, and she kicked and rubbed her feet together in a vain attempt to distract herself. "Oh, ouch! Oh, Daddy! No! …Please, Daddy!"

WHOP!

Benni bucked once, then put her hands on her head, trying to physically hold herself in position. "Eeeyieee!! …Nine! Thank you, sir! I'm so sorry! I'm sah-ha-reeee!!"

POW!

Her legs aching from the strain, Benni sank into her bed, her tears now spilling freely, and her nose running. But she resisted the urge to shield her bottom and struggled shakily back into position. "Wahah! Tuh-ten! Thank you, sir! BAW!!!"

Dad raised the paddle high, then relented. With a nod to mom, Dad set the paddle down on Benni's bed. Of the twelve paddle strokes he'd intended to deliver, he

decided that ten would suffice. After all, Benni still had a paddling from Mom to endure. "That's enough. Good job, Benni. You stayed in position."

Not sure if Benni heard him over the sound of her own sobs, Dad sat by her side and stroked the back of her shoulder. "Good girl… brave girl!"

Catching her breath, Benni's attention snapped up to catch her Dad's eye. Then she lifted up from the bed to rest her weight on her knees and hugged him, pressing her head down onto his shoulder and spilling fresh tears. "Sob! Thank you for spanking me, Daddy! …Oh, man! That hurt! I didn't think I was gonna' make it!"

Dad smiled, surprised by how tall his little girl was getting, and patted the top of her head, mussing her brass-colored hair. "Well, you've almost made it. Mom still has to spank you, remember? Take a minute to have a good cry and catch your breath."

At the mention of her tears, Benni pulled back from the embrace, and wiped at her face stupidly, before giving up and hugging her dad again, ignoring the second wave of tears. "Yes, I 'member. Sniff! …Mama, are you really gonna' spank me again?"

Mom smiled, touched by the sight of seeing her husband comfort her daughter. "Of course I'm going to spank you, Benni. I do feel sorry for you, but I also don't want you getting the idea that Dad's the only one who can paddle your rump, right and proper!"

Benni's lip trembled as she glanced furtively at the Attitude Adjuster resting next to her. Then she shook her head, put on a resolute "game face," and turned back to face Mom, nodding furiously. "Yes, ma'am! Um, can we start right now? …I can't stand the tension."

Mom pointed to the paddle resting next to Benni. "Very well! Benita Bonnie Backcook, hand me the Attitude Adjuster."

Benni tensed at the sound of hearing Mom utter her full, legal name. She felt the welts from her paddling scream in anger as she bent over to scoop up the paddle, then held it in both hands to offer it to Mom. *"This is gonna' suck!"* thought Benni.

But to Benni's surprise, Mom scooped up the Attitude Adjuster, and hung it from a jacket hook on the wall. "I won't need this to paddle you, tonight. Your father has

already introduced you to the Attitude Adjuster. But if you give me trouble, I reserve the right to give you the full treatment! Is that clear, Benita?"

Benni nodded silently with undisguised relief, before remembering to add, "Yes'm!"

Mom pulled a white jar of Arnica Cream from her back pocket. "Lie across my lap. I want to check the damage from Papa's paddling."

Recognizing the ointment from the times Mom had nursed her aches and pains over the years, Benni eagerly settled herself across Mom's lap without protest. When she felt something pinch and tug at her panties, Benni instinctively reached back to pull them up, her face burning.

Mom landed a playful pat across the words "It Ain't Gonna' Spank Itself" on Benni's underwear. "Really, Benni! How am I supposed to apply the lotion with these in the way? Hands away, and quit stalling."

Feeling babyish, Benni's eyes darted desperately from her own bottom, to Mom, to Dad, and back to her bottom. "But…"

Mom landed a firm swat, at precisely the same spot. "Now!"

Benni's hands flew in front of her, and she instinctively lifted her hips to allow Mom to denude her derriere. Mom whistled at the sight. "Woo, Nelly! You've done a thorough job, Bart! I almost feel bad that I have to spank your daughter again!"

Benni's face burned hot with shame. Her whole body felt chilly in contrast to the heat radiating off her red cheeks, both before and below. But as Mom applied the cooling, soothing lotion, Benni breathed a sigh of relief.

SLAP!

Benni bucked up in surprise as Mom landed her palm across her left butt cheek, still smooth and glistening from the freshly applied lotion. Before, the ache of the paddling had left Benni's sense of pain numbed, her sensation of each spank becoming almost muddled. But now, Benni could feel the fresh sting of the first slap just as clearly as the first swat Dad had given her earlier. The sensation of Mom's palm contrasted with the deeper ache left in her muscles by the paddle, which the ointment was relieving even as the spanking began.

PAP!

As the second slap landed across her right cheek, Benni felt a prickling heat flare up on the surface of her bottom as expected, but there was something off. It was as though the cooling sensation was evaporating, like she had just sat her behind down on some burning concrete that had been cooking in the Arizona sun. "Oh, and by the way, Benni, I made this cream especially for you today. It has some special ingredients. Care to guess what's in it?" said Mom in a sing-song voice as she placed the tub down in front of Benni's eyes for easy examination.

As the prickling heat spread across Benni's backside, Benni noticed that Mom wasn't landing any more spanks. It was the cream! "Ah-arnica?" Benni asked, stupidly, her mind starting to fog as she examined the bottle before her.

Mom unscrewed the lid and applied another dollop of the cream to her dominant hand. "That's the main ingredient. I knew that paddling would leave you with a blistered bum-bum, so the arnica will help soothe your poor glutes… But I also mixed in a little ginger and capsicum. Notice anything unusual?"

POP!

Mom landed the third spank across Benni's crack, using the same gesture to apply another generous layer of lotion, then paused the spanking to knead Benni's cheeks like dough, helping the ointment soak deeper into the already deep-red flesh.

Benni curled and uncurled her toes as the sting began to build on its own, now clearly separate from the spanking itself. "It's hot!" hollered Benni, more surprised than hurt. It wasn't even altogether unpleasant. The lotion was soothing, but with every passing second, the hot prickle on the surface of her skin was building to a consistent buzz.

"Ooo! You're right, Benni! I can feel it on my palm already. Well, now I know I used enough. I'm not happy with your deliberate disobedience, Benni, but I also feel sorry for you. So I decided to use a little burning cream to give you your second spanking, without giving you a second spanking! No risk of bruising!"

Benni hummed as she felt the cream start to do its magic. It wasn't blinding pain, but it was like having the moment a spank landed frozen in time, all across her

bottom. "So…are you still going to spank me? Is this–eep! This is what I get instead of a paddling?"

Mom shook her head. "I promised you a paddling, and I intend to deliver! But don't worry, I won't be using the Attitude Adjuster. I think you'll remember this?" Mom waved her hand to Dad, and accepted a toy plastic paddle from him, the same one Benni remembered from all those years ago. "From now on, Benni, the rule in this house is, whenever you are home late, for every ten minutes past your curfew, you can expect one full minute of paddling with the plastic paddle. Of course, you were home several hours past your curfew tonight."

Benni's lip trembled as she tried to perform the necessary math in her head. If that was the case, Benni had easily earned at least 20 solid minutes of paddling tonight.

Mom smiled supportively as she tapped Benni's booty with the plastic paddle. "But I'm only giving you ten minutes of paddling tonight, just to give you an idea of what to expect in future. This is a completely separate punishment from the paddling you can also expect for any act of deliberate disobedience, which will always merit the Attitude Adjuster. Do you understand?"

Benni winced as she felt the light love taps flare up the prickle across her cheeks. She imagined the very first time she had earned a trip across Mommy's knee and a date with the plastic paddle, all those years ago. All the fight had been spanked out of her long ago. Benni's only hope was to be a good little girl, and pray for mercy. "Yes… Mommy…"

Mom's smile was full of love. How could she stay mad at her little angel? "Then, let's begin!"

Mom landed firm swats of the plastic paddle, slowly at first, before building to a brisk rhythm. Unlike the Attitude Adjuster, where each and every stroke left a searing mark like a grill against meat, the plastic paddle was more like a slow cooker. Benni didn't have time to really think about the individual slaps, but she had all the time in the world to think about their cumulative effect. Watching the 10-minute timer on Mom's phone out of the corner of her eye, Benni felt every second of every minute drag on. A watched pot never boils, indeed!

The initial soothing effect of the arnica had helped Benni temporarily control her tears. After only one minute of the slow but steady spanking, the soothing coolness of the cream had left, and her tears had returned! Benni buried her face, trying to

wipe them away against her comforter. Was she really going to cry like a baby again? Just from getting spanked by this goofy toy paddle that she hadn't worried about in years?

At the five minute mark, Mom gradually increased the tempo of the spanking again. Benni kept lifting her head to check the clock, expecting to see that her ten minutes were up, only to realize it had only been a few, agonizing seconds!

At the six minute mark, Benni's resolve crumbled and she started to weep softly, mewing the occasional "I'm so sowwy!" or "Puh-leeze, Mommee!" By the seven minute mark, Benni was sobbing freely, unable to articulate a single sentence.

After eight minutes, Benni took deep heaving breaths between her wails.

Unable to see the clock behind the mist of her tears, Benni was unaware when the countdown began for the final minute of her ordeal, but she did become aware that she had the hiccups. The angry stinging across her bottom had built to the point that Benni was actually feeling nostalgic for the numbing blows of the Attitude Adjuster. As her consciousness began to return, Benni's first concrete thought was, *"Is it ever going to end? Am I going to be spanked forever, and ever?"*

The timer rang, and Mom landed one final slap of the plastic paddle for good measure. "Time's up! I'd say your rump's medium rare, just the way I like mine cooked!"

Benni felt Mom guide her up off her lap, and just as Benni began to perform a furious war dance and rub her bottom thoroughly, she was ordered at attention before both her parents. Still bare-bottomed, Benni folded her hands neatly in front of her to preserve her last shred of modesty, and to help resist the urge to massage the sting away.

Sniffling, Benni watched as Mom hung the plastic paddle on a hook to the left of the Attitude Adjuster. Then, Dad hung Grandma's long-handled clothes brush on a hook to the right. Benni felt a thrill travel up her spine as she spotted the brush, remembering it with the nearly same fear that she now attached to the Attitude Adjuster.

Benni hung her head as Dad looked her in the eye, but he lifted her chin delicately, so that she could see he was no longer angry with her. "Very good, Benni. You've been punished enough. Your mother and I are satisfied, but remember that we can

do this again any time you step out of line. We didn't use Grandma's brush today, but if you ever trespass on that construction site again, I'll use that to give you another ten minutes of spanking, and not the toy paddle. Is that understood?"

Benni's hiccups interrupted her words. "Yes, sir… **hic** I'll never **hic** do it again… **hic**... You… **HIC!**... You won't have to do that, I **hic** promise!"

"I hope not."

Mom handed Benni her the infamous "It Ain't Gonna' Spank Itself" panties. Benni looked at them in disbelief, before pulling them on in relief (despite the scream of protest from her buttocks as the cloth snapped against them). "You're not **hic** gonna' throw these **hic** away?"

"They're a bit cheeky, but I'm not opposed to them. If you shape up your act, you may keep them. If not, you'll lose them, in more sense than one!"

Benni hugged her Mom and Dad, and they all exchanged tearful kisses, loving promises, and tender words. The second she was alone, Benni clutched her buttocks in both hands, unable to soothe away the sting entirely, but she found it helped. As she dive bombed onto her bed, laying on her stomach, her phone caught her eye, and she remembered someone else she had to apologize to.

End of Chapter IV

Chapter V: Confession and Absolution

Benni texted Blake: "... Hey B. Sorry about what I wrote earlier (。•́ ‸ •̀。)"

"Hey B. Did you go to the construction site?"

"I did. How did you know?"

"Your Mom and Dad called me asking if you were here, and I guessed."

"Did you tell them where I went?"

"I did. Sorry for telling on you, but it was kind of obvious."

"Don't be sorry. I got caught anyway. You did the right thing.
… I'm the one who should be sorry (≥ ∩ ≤)"

"Well, are you sorry?"

"I am! Don't you believe me?"

"You told me you weren't going to the construction site, remember? I felt like an idiot when your parents called."

Cringing, Benni looked back at her older texts, and sure enough Blake was right. She was tempted to make excuses, whine about how she only said she "didn't feel like it," not that she wasn't going. As if any of that mattered. "I'm sorry for that too. Man, I sucked today! (´• ∩ •`)"

Benni watched her phone for a full minute. Just as she was about to give up and go to sleep, Blake replied: "I forgive you."

"(◎ 。 ◎) Just like that?"

"Tell you what, tell me you're sorry in person tomorrow, then I'll tell you I forgive you in person. I have a feeling you're really sorry. Consider this text your pre-forgiveness I.O.U."

Benni snickered, then copied one of her favorite emotes from her app:
"९(ფ ̂ ფ)९

K.
Consider this text your pre-apology I.O.U."

As Benni waited, hoping for one more word from Blake, a devious thought occurred to her. "I got spanked tonight."

"You deserve one FR."

"I got one FR 🍑👋"

"No way."

"(ノノノ^ノノノ)
My butt is bright red right now!
Mom and Dad both took turns."

"Pics or it didn't happen ʚʕ(¬ᴗ¬")"

Benni leapt out of bed, and examined her rump in the mirror. She was tempted to send Blake a full moon shot with her flipping the bird, just to shut him up. But at the last moment, she pulled her panties back up.

"(,,¬‸¬,,)
No photos, you perv.
Some of the red marks will still be there by tomorrow.
(づ ᴗ _ᴗ)づ♡
I'll show you then when I apologize."

"Wait, no joke? They really spanked you?"

"No joke.
… Talk tomorrow!
-B
("• ˗ •")ʔ"

"Don't go! You can't just drop a bomb like that on me and say good night."

"(๑>ᴗ•̀๑)
Well, what do you want to know?"

"… Are you okay? I'm sorry, I thought you were teasing me."

" (ノノノ>﹏<ノノノ)
My butt hurts!
… but I'm okay (ノノ˘ᴗ˘ノノ)"

"But you told me they stopped spanking you?
… when you turned 12!
You're too old for a spanking!"

"。°(°.◜□◝°)°。 Not anymore I'm not!

… Anyway, you were right.
(っ- ̫ - ς)
I deserved it. "

"I'm sorry you got in trouble.
Hope it doesn't happen again."

"Me too. I promise not to go to the construction site again."

"I believe you.
It sounds like you learned your lesson already."

"I think so, but I still feel bad.
(。•́‿•̀。)(╥﹏╥)
I got spanked for breaking my promise to mom and dad, but I also lied to you."

Benni licked her lips as she typed the words she knew would seal her fate, one way or the other: "Do you think I deserve a spanking for that too?"

There was a pregnant pause. Benni pursed her lips, and found her throat and eyes were dry and chafed from crying so much earlier. "Ugh! What kind of question was that? He must think I'm a weirdo!"

As she lay on her stomach in bed, Benni looked back at her glowing red bottom. Who was she kidding? Blake would just think she was a bratty baby for still getting spanked at her age, and she was! All she'd accomplished today was to convince her parents to spank her until her late 40s, and to lose Blake's trust and

respect, along with any sense of self-respect, forever. The ding of the text alert snapped Benni out of feeling sorry for herself.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow, when I accept your apology. Love you, Benni.
—B"

"ヽ(。>ᵕ<)ノ♡
Tomorrow it is!
—B"

Benni picked herself out of bed, and stumbled through the darkness to find the 3 spanking implements now hanging on her bedroom wall. Grasping the Attitude Adjuster, she carried it to bed with her, tracing her finger over the engraved letters and images to find the cartoon image of the suffering little girl.

"... A good, bare-bottomed spanking," whispered Benni to herself, as she planted a soft kiss on the surface of the implement that had been used to chastise her.

She had a feeling that it would come in handy… starting tomorrow.

The End

Becca the Brat: The Lord of the Spankings
Prologue: There, and Back Over the Knee Again

A cool New Hampshire midsummer breeze was blowing across College Park. Most of the students had gone home for summer break, but a young couple was strolling across the grounds.

Rebecca "Becca" O'Callaghan was a bright-eyed red head, with an elfin smile. But, her boyfriend Jack, an unconventionally handsome blond, was not smiling. It didn't help that Becca kept flicking the back of his head to knock his duckbill hat askew.

As he fixed his hat, Jack smiled ruefully. "Becca, you are such a brat sometimes. You're lucky I love you anyway."

Rebecca grinned and stuck her tongue out at him. "I know you do, and that's why I can get away with it!"

Jack glanced left and right around the park. "Then let's rectify that. I think you could benefit from a little attitude adjustment!"

Suddenly, Jack grabbed Rebecca by the arm, and led her to a park bench. As he pulled her over his lap, he started spanking her bottom, but only playfully.

Rebecca squealed in surprise, her laughter filling the air as she struggled to break free.

She cried in delight, gasping for air. "Jack, stop it!"

Jack smiled teasingly, as he continued to gently spank her. "Miss Becca O'Callaghan, you've been a brat for long enough. You know you have this coming!"

Rebecca giggled and squirmed, her face flushed with excitement and embarrassment. "Okay, okay, I surrender!"

With an effort, Becca finally managing to break free from Jack's grip, and scramble to her feet.

Before she could escape. Jack pulled her into a tight embrace, his eyes twinkling. "I love you, Becca, even when you're a brat."

Then he planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

Rebecca smiled, feeling a warm glow in her chest as she realized how much she loved him too. But as she felt the warm tingle in her bottom, "Becca the Brat" couldn’t help but wonder:

What if…she tried being a brat again?

As Becca returned Jack’s kiss, she made her decision. One day soon, she was determined to find out!

End of Prologue

Becca the Brat: The Lord of the Spankings
Chapter I: The Fellowship of the Spanking

Becca felt a soft buzzing beneath her shorts as Jack walked her home to her apartment, matching the warm glow of the sunny afternoon. As they walked hand in hand, Becca couldn't get the memory of the light-hearted spanking out of her mind.

As they arrived outside her apartment, Becca played with her keys. "You know, you're in hot water for spanking me at the park. I think we need to have a serious talk about how you treat a lady in public!"

She pretended to harrumph and look cross. But when Jack didn't break his customary poker face, Becca finally winked coyly, and Jack returned her smile. "A serious talk, huh? Maybe we need to have a *serious talk* about what happens to bratty girls who don't behave like a lady in public."

As he mentioned the "*serious talk*" he patted her bottom for emphasis.

Her heart fluttering, Becca stuck her nose up in the air, dramatically, as she let Jack follow her into her apartment. "How dare you accuse me of brattiness! I don't deserve spankings!"

"Don't sell yourself short. I think good girls deserve spankings too. Especially when you seem to enjoy them so much."

As Becca's resolve to look furious cracked, she snorted. "I do *not!"*

Grabbing Jack's shoulders, Becca attempted to shove him toward her couch. She tried to stand tall over him, like a stern mother, but Jack quickly pulled her down onto his lap. "Oh, I think you did. You were laughing and squirming and having a grand old time," he said, tickling her sides.

Becca giggled, struggling to break free from his grasp. "Okay, okay, maybe I *did* enjoy it a little bit."

Jack smiled, planting a pat on her bottom. "Well, if you ever need another spanking, just let me know."

Becca pretended to roll her eyes, but as she nuzzled against Jack, she abandoned her show of resistance. "...You know, I don't think I'd mind a good spanking…But only if I'm really being a brat. So don't abuse the privilege!"

With a single contented sigh, Jack seemed to finally relax his stiff, military kid posture. "Deal."

As she snuggled close to Jack on the couch, Becca couldn't help but think that perhaps being a "brat" wasn't such a bad thing after all.

After a few minutes of kissing, Jack's hands clutched her back, then drifted slowly down toward her bottom. Becca thrilled, wondering just what Jack was up to. From their very first date, they'd both agreed they wanted to save sex for marriage, but lately, Becca had been daydreaming about doing a lot more than cuddling with Jack.

The first time Jack had accidentally caressed her buttocks while kissing, he'd been so ashamed of himself, he'd written her a letter of apology via text, only for her to reply, "You know, I really didn't mind."

The spanking had been the most daring thing Jack had ever attempted since they'd agreed to go steady. Becca sensed Jack's hands hovering a centimeter away from her ass, and at that moment, she imagined offering herself up to him, body and soul. Breaking away from the kiss, Becca strutted to the TV and popped open the DVD tray. "To make up for the brutish attack you launched on my poor, defenseless posterior, how about a movie night? I'd say you owe me a rom-com!"

Looking slightly churlish, Jack raised an eyebrow. "Earlier you said you wanted to watch *The Fellowship of the Ring* today. You promised me a break from Matthew McConaughey."

Becca held up her DVD jewel case for *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*. "Did I?"

"You most certainly did."

Becca grinned devilishly. "I dunno, isn't it like six hours of philosophy about the horrors and futility of war? I'm really not in the mood for something dreary."

"It's nothing like that. It's full of hope, adventure, purpose…Wait, you told me you watched it. I distinctly remember you saying it was a cherished memory."

"Like, when I was a kid, with my dad. I haven't seen it since I was ten or whatever. I remember…going to the theater with Dad. The popcorn, and everything. I remember getting scared at one part, and he let me sit in his lap. But I don't remember the actual plot or anything."

"That's perfect. It will be like new! Let's watch it together. I'll make the popcorn."

Becca pressed the DVD case against her lips, as if kissing Matthew McConaughey's face on the cover. Truth be told, she'd been dying to revisit *The Lord of the Rings*. She had indeed forgotten the plot, but she had never forgotten the experience of watching it in the theater.

But there was one crucial detail she had left out of the story she had told Jack…

Becca spotted her Dad's collector's edition copy of *The Lord of the Rings: Extended Edition* right where she'd left it, for tonight's movie night. This would be her first time revisiting it since her 11th birthday. At that moment there was nothing she wanted more than to watch it with Jack. "I'm in the mood for something silly. *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days* is my comfort movie."

"I know. You've made me watch it four times."

Becca pretended to look hurt. "I didn't *force* you to watch it with me. I just watched it while multitasking. Didn't you want to watch it with me?"

"Sure, I want to watch a movie *with you*. But I also want to *watch* a movie with you, without multitasking. You already have that one memorized."

To Becca's surprise, Jack pulled *The Fellowship of the Ring* out of the case and opened the DVD tray himself. "C'mon, let's watch *Lord of the Rings*. It'll give us a week's worth of movie nights."

Becca scooped up the remote and closed the DVD tray, just as Jack was getting ready to load it. She waved the controller teasingly, before hiding it behind her back. "And what if I say, 'No'? You gonna spank me? Make me watch a bunch of 80s action flicks with nothing but explosions, car chases, and busty women? Maybe some exploding busty women, in the middle of a car chase?"

Jack stood, his face inscrutable. "Becca, of course, I'm not going to spank you over a movie. But *you* told me you've been *dying* to watch *L.O.T.R.* again. Do you want to watch it, or not?"

Becca fidgeted with the controller behind her back, wondering whether or not Jack would buckle if she insisted on re-watching *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days.* Part of her was dying to call his bluff, but Jack was right. She *had* promised to watch *LOTR* with him, and that helped her better self win the tiebreaker round in her inner conflict. "All right, hobbits it is."

She pressed the DVD tray button, and was delighted to see Jack break his poker face with a smile.

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Eleven-year-old Rebecca O'Callaghan had finally convinced Dad she was old enough for her first PG-13 movie. The old cartoon version of *The Hobbit* had been her favorite movie since infancy, despite the scary goblins, or perhaps because of them. After she'd successfully read the entire book, *The Fellowship of the Ring,* Dad had agreed to bring her to the movie as a birthday present. As she whispered questions incessantly through the teaser trailers, her dad had finally bent over and whispered in her ear. "Becca, there's other families here. You can't talk during the movie."

Becca had nodded, eager to please. "Yes, Daddy."

At first, it had been easy to obey. A hush went over the movie theater, and the haunting opening scene immediately captured her attention. The strange man in spiky armor (what was his name, again?) terrified her, and yet she couldn't look away. When Bilbo Baggins appeared, she immediately recognized him as an old friend, despite how different he looked in the cartoon.

"That's Bilbo?" she blurted out, in a failed attempt at a whisper.

Dad made a shushing motion. "Yes. That's Bilbo. Now, hush."

Becca had remembered to keep quiet, until Gandalf and Frodo appeared. This time, she forgot to whisper. "Is that Gandalf? He looks different."

Behind her, she heard a man clearing his throat, and caught a glimpse of annoyed adult faces.

This time, Dad had pressed his finger gently against her lips. "Shush!"

Becca had felt a thrill of embarrassment. She saw the adults looking approvingly at her dad, and realized they were happy she'd been shushed like a baby. Blushing, Becca quieted down, and tried to enjoy the movie. But as Merry and Pippen argued over the firework, she felt lost. "Why are they doing that? This didn't happen in the book."

"Becca, cut it out, or I'm taking you out of the theater."

Tensing, Becca glowered at her dad. She couldn't put into words why she was mad, but she knew she felt hopping mad. "But it doesn't make sense? Are they stupid? You can't play with fireworks. They're gonna get in–"

Suddenly, Becca was on her feet, and felt Dad tugging her by the hand toward the exit. As the firework exploded and the hobbits of The Shire panicked, Becca's shrill voice joined their cries in the theater. "Hey! What're you doing?"

She squirmed as she felt Dad pick her up and physically carry her out of the theater, holding her in his arms as easily as he ever could when she was a baby.

On the screen, Gandalf was pinching Merry and Pippen by the ear, as if they were two misbehaving children. "Meridoc Brandybuck and Peregrin Took...I might have known!"

Dad set Becca on her feet outside the theater doors, and looked her in the eye. "Becca, we are not at home. Other people are trying to listen to the movie, and they don't want to hear you asking questions the entire time."

Becca felt her face flush. "I'm missing the movie! It's my birthday present! I earned this!"

Dad crouched and looked Becca right in the eyes. "Young lady, going to this movie is a privilege, not a right. Now, are you going to keep quiet and listen to the movie without interrupting, or do I have to take you home?"

Tears filling her eyes, Becca stomped her foot and screeched, as shrill as any Nazgul. "It's not fair! It's…*my*..movie!"

Suddenly, she felt herself being lifted into the air, and saw popcorn on the red carpet beneath her. Realizing she was being carried over her daddy's shoulder, Becca kicked and beat her fists uselessly against his back. "You can't do this to me! I *want* my movie!"

She saw a door open, heard splashing water, and smelled cleaning solution. By the time Becca realized her dad had carried her to the family restroom, she was set back on her feet, before her Dad as he seated himself on the toilet. Becca stiffened, and just as she realized what was about to happen, it began to happen: Dad reached for the button of her pink shorts and undid them, easily tugging them down in one clean motion. Panicking, Becca covered her front and back to hide her Hello Kitty patterned underoos from view, before she found herself bent over her father's knee, and stiffened her hand behind her back to block the spank she knew was coming. "You can't! It's my birthday! I'm too big for a spanking! No, no, no, no, n-"

The first clap landed low beneath her flailing hand, interrupting her futile protests, and her last "No-hooooh!" trailed off into a long, shuddering howl.

She heard Dad's voice, as if from miles away.

"One."

Becca felt her hand pulled away from her bottom, immediately followed by the second spank, which easily covered both her bottom cheeks.

"Two."

"Aaah-haargh!" She kicked furiously, and felt her tennis shoe soles smacking against the tile wall of the bathroom behind her. The third spank was aimed at her lower left cheek, right at the exposed sit-spot below the line of her panties.

"Three."

"Rrraaaawr!" Snarling, Becca stabbed at the toilet paper and ripped it loose, wanting to break and destroy anything she could get her hands on. The fourth spank, aimed at her lower right sit-spot, was so sound it actually snapped Becca out of her tantrum.

"Four."

"Guh!" Her eyes flying wide open, Becca felt the fight get spanked right out of her, along with her fit of temper.

The fifth spank landed on her already stinging lower left butt-cheek, and Becca felt the new, stinging pain washing over the old, throbbing pain like a wave.

"Five."

"Puhleeeeeaaaze!"

The sixth spank landed on her lower right butt-cheek, with the same results.

"Six."

"Agh!" Fighting for a breath, Becca was sure she could still feel Dad's fingers and palm on her bottom, only for the seventh spank to land. And when it did, Becca suddenly became aware that her bottom felt strangely…bumpy? She didn't know it, but for the first time in her life, Becca was experiencing the sensation of a rising welt, in the shape of a handprint.

"Seven."

Becca screamed so loud, she felt her lungs burning inside her chest. "Aaaaah! It *hurts!*"

When the eighth spank landed, Becca formed a perfect mental picture of a handprint in her subconscious. It was like Zeus was smiting her poor, defenseless bum with divine lightning from on high.

"Eight."

"Doooon't!"

The ninth spank was aimed at her upper left thigh. The sound was sharper than before, more high-pitched, the fresh sting contrasting horribly with the throbbing sensation covering her entire lower buttocks.

"Nine."

The strangeness of the sensation gave Becca just enough time to rationally process her situation. Desperately, she turned to glance over her shoulder, praying to win pity with her tearful eyes. "Please, Daddy!"

She saw the tenth spank come crashing down like a blur, and felt the rising sting on her upper right thigh. "Aaaaaaaaaw-haaaaaw! Puh-leeeze!"

"Ten."

Feeling her shoes slip off of the slick tiles of the bathroom wall, Becca tried to regain her footing, willing herself to stand. If she could only get off Daddy's lap, the spanking would be over! But all she managed to do was thrust her hips up, offering up a perfect target for another all-encompassing spank aimed at the center of her buttocks.

"Eleven!"

Tears spilling down her eyes, Becca felt all her pleas and arguments die in her throat with a single, stupid, "Ow!"

As she collapsed her weight back down across her daddy's knee, Becca felt a strange chill travel up her back, sensing the movement of air as Dad raised his hand behind her. As her Hello Kitty panties rode up her crack, Becca clenched, unclenched, and clenched her bottom reflexively, anticipating more spanking. But just as she let out a breath of relief and relaxed her glutes…

"...And one to grow on."

WHOP!

"Aaaaagh!"

"And that's twelve. That will do for a birthday spanking, for the birthday girl."

But Becca had already melted into sobs, oblivious of her Dad's sardonic commentary on her plight. "I'm *sorry!* Ah'm saaaaw-herrreeee! Baaaw!"

As Becca felt herself being set back on her shaky feet, she clutched her bottom and buried her face in her Dad's chest, feeling snot and drool dribble freely down her chin. She looked up at her Dad, expecting rage and disappointment, but he looked back at her with love and sympathy. "Spanking is over."

Clutching his shirt, Becca climbed up onto his lap, winced as she felt her sit-spots press against the rough denim of his pant leg, and let herself melt into him, rocking back and forth in his embrace.

After a minute or two, Becca blinked, and started repeating "Sorry…sorry…sorry…" softly under her breath.

"Do you wanna go home?"

Becca felt fresh, dazzling tears cling to her eyelashes. "I wanna see the movie…I wanna see the movie…"

"There, there, dear. Let's dry your eyes." Dad fumbled to find a fresh toilet paper roll, and pulled off two squares to dab away Becca's tears.

After washing her face at the sink, Becca suddenly became aware of the lingering ache deep in her buttocks, as if she'd suddenly awoken from a dream. As she realized she'd just thrown a temper tantrum, and that people in the movie theater had probably heard both her screams, and her spanking, Eleven-year-old Becca O'Callaghan wished the earth would swallow her up. But she also felt genuine remorse. "I'm so, so, sorry, Dad."

"I forgive you. I take it you've had enough spanking for one day?"

Becca's lip trembled. "Are you gonna' take me home now?"

"Do you still want to see the movie? Will you be able to sit?"

Becca glanced back at her bottom, and noticed her shorts were now dangling around her ankles. Blushing, she pulled them up and fixed the button. "Uh…We can still watch it? I'm not gonna' lose the movie too?"

"Well, you've missed a few minutes of it, but we still have the tickets. If you promise me to keep quiet in the theater, I trust you to keep your word."

Becca clung to her Dad’s waist, pressing her cheek against his stomach. "Can…Can I sit in your lap again?"

Dad seemed to consider the idea, then scooped Becca up into his arms. "Only if you behave."

Becca flinched as she felt her sit-spot press against the sleeve of her Dad’s iron arm, then rested her head on his shoulder. She felt a bit babyish, but she also had been wondering if she was getting too big for her Dad to pick up and carry anymore, ever since she’d turned ten and officially become a tweenager. "I’ll behave…I promise."

By the time they had returned to the theater, Frodo, Samwise and friends were hiding from the black rider. Immediately, Becca remembered the same tense scene from the book, and felt herself drawn back in. As she felt fresh terror at the sight of the monstrous creature, Becca felt her Dad’s heart beating against her ear, and knew she was safe.

End of Chapter I

Becca the Brat: The Lord of the Spankings
Chapter II: The Two Spankings

Becca sat on the couch, snuggled in a knitted blanket, resting her legs on top of Jack's lap. As the haunting melody played over the opening narration, it was as if she was still watching it on the Silver Screen for the first time with her Dad. As Sauron began to toss around the soldiers of the Last Alliance of Elves and Men like ragdolls, Becca thought out loud. "Isn't Sauron supposed to be a spiritual evil force, though? You'd think he'd consider it beneath him to waltz around on the battlefield kicking ass in person."

Jack sighed. "I thought you forgot most of this movie."

"Well, yeah, I did, but YouTube keeps recommending me lore videos. One guy had this list of every single change Jackson made to the books. It was so fastidious, like, twelve hours, it was hilarious–"

Beneath the blanket, Jack delicately pinched the fold of puppy fat that connected Becca's lower buttock and upper thigh, reminding her of the warm buzz that still lingered from her playful spanking at the park. "Becca, I know Peter Jackson made changes for the movies. If I wanted to watch the YouTube video, I'd watch the YouTube video. Just watch the movie with me."

"I don't remember everything. You'll just have to fill me in."

"Or you could pay attention, and enjoy the movie for what it is. If you feel like you missed something, we can talk about it afterwards."

Becca crossed her arms, her annoyance palpable. "I'll understand it better if I ask questions."

As orc archers assassinated Isildur, Becca's attention snapped back to the screen. "Wait, he can't be dead. That's Viggo Mortensen."

Jack groaned, and bent over to retrieve the controller to rewind. "No, that's not Viggo Mortensen, and he's not Aragorn either. That was Isildur, which you'd know if you were paying attention. There, let's try this again. Now… *behave!"*

With a huff, Becca turned her attention back to the screen. At the mention of the word, "Behave," the memory of her last spanking from Dad washed over her like a

tidal wave. She was annoyed at being told what to do, but she also couldn't help but wonder…would Jack really dare to spank her, maybe if she pressed his buttons? The thought of being spanked, for real, sent a shiver of excitement down her spine. "I'll behave… I promise."

Becca tried. She really did. She kept quiet for the entire opening act set in the Shire, but when Farmer Maggot chased Frodo and friends off his farm, Becca snickered. "You know, in the book, Farmer Maggot actually *spanked* Frodo as a kid, for trespassing on his farm? Like, there's a scene where Frodo is clearly traumatized about it, and Samwise gets all defensive, because he doesn't like the idea of anyone laying a hand on his Frodo…"

"Becca."

"... but then Frodo and Farmer Maggot sort of bond over their memory of it. Like, they find out Farmer Maggot's actually a pretty stand up guy, so even though he's only a minor character, he's like their last glimpse of the people of the Shire. I wish Jackson hadn't cut him out."

As the movie paused, Becca glanced back to discover him holding the remote. "Hey, what gives?"

"Becca, you're doing it again. Do you want to take a break from the movie and just chat? Because we can do that."

Becca pouted, petulantly. "I wanna finish the movie."

"Okay, in that case, let's watch the movie, *without* the YouTube factoids."

"Hold on, that was just something I remembered from the books. Don't you care what I have to say?"

"I absolutely *love* listening to you info-dump on your cute, nerdy interests, including these movies, but not while I'm trying to actually *watch* the movie *with* you. How would you feel if I stopped *How to Lose a Guy* every ten minutes to talk your ear off about historical military strategy?"

"That's different. I'm not talking about some random interest, I was talking about the book."

"I know, and I know that Peter Jackson left things out from the book. He left out Fatty Bolger, he left out Tom Bombadil. I don't like all the changes he made, but they had to cut some things somewhere, or it would have been a sixty hour movie series. I want to finish the movie with you, but only if you make an effort not to interrupt constantly."

Tensing like a doe, Becca pressed her bottom against Jack's upper thigh. "Is that an ultimatum? Gonna' storm out and leave me cold and alone?"

Jack set the controller on Becca's lap. "I want you to decide if we're going to watch this movie, or not, and then stick with that choice. It's your call."

Pretending to look bored, Becca balanced the controller precariously on her finger. "And if I don't do as you like, do I get a spanking?"

Becca saw the blanket flying toward her face and Jack lightly tossed it aside. As Becca squirmed to brush away the tassels of the blanket that were tickling her nose, she felt her feet being lifted up. Easily pinning both of Becca's ankles with one hand, Jack put an astonished Becca into a diaper position, upturning her bottom.

As her shorts rode at the crack, Becca felt a chill on her exposed sit-spots, Before Jack landed three playful love taps on each of her butt cheeks. "Do you *want* another spanking? Because I can give you one."

Becca covered her mouth with the controller. In her heart, she wanted a spanking, so bad, but she couldn't make herself say it out loud. "Put me down!"

Grinning mischievously, Jack lifted her up a few inches further. Becca could see the sparkle in his eyes as he examined her upside-down behind. "Are you ready to be a good girl, and watch the movie? Or do you need a spanking first, for being a bad girl?"

Becca's heart fluttered. This was it! She could finally have a spanking. A real spanking. All she had to do was ask. "No. No spanking. I want to finish the movie!"

Instantly, Jack set her legs down. "Do you promise to actually watch it, this time? No more color commentary?"

Becca felt a mix of relief, and disappointment. "... I promise."

Jack patted the cushion to motion her to sit next to him. As Becca settled back into her seat, she couldn't get the phantom image of her spanking out of her head. Jack pressed rewind to return to the point Becca had interrupted, but it went too fast. "Hey, you're going too far."

Jack pressed the play button three times. "Button froze."

The movie began playing in the middle of an argument between Gandalf and Saruman. Becca groaned and reached for the controller. "We already saw this! Just fast forward a bit."

Jack set the controller on the opposite side of the couch, far from reach. "I only went a minute or two past the Farmer Maggot scene. It'll take longer to find the exact spot than to just watch from this point."

Glowering, Becca crawled over Jack's lap to reach for the controller, only for him to switch it to his other hand, and pin her gently in place across his lap with one hand. Becca thrilled as she realized she was lying bottoms up over his knee.

Becca glanced at the television, to find Saruman the White casually tossing around Gandalf the Grey. "I gave you the chance of aiding me willingly, but you have elected the way of pain!"

At the precise moment Gandalf crashed into the ceiling, Becca craned her neck to look coyly over her shoulder, "... Okay, so the white guy was Sauron, right?"

Jack paused the movie again. "Becca, you know perfectly well who Saruman is. If you want a spanking, you shouldn't act like a brat on purpose, just to get one."

"I... I'm not acting like a brat on purpose!" Becca's cheeks burned with embarrassment, but just as she was about to argue, she noticed she was already in the perfect spanking position. She hadn't meant to make it *quite* that obvious, and the realization Jack had seen right through her made her feel that much sillier.

Becca wriggled a bit on top of Jack's lap, but his arm held her securely in place, at his mercy. Jack looked down at her, his expression neutral. "I know you better than that. You're a smart girl, and you know exactly what you're doing."

Becca wriggled her bottom. "Well, what are you gonna' do about it? Hit me?"

"I'm not going to let you goad me. You're an adult, Becca. If you want a spanking, ask for one."

Becca swallowed. You might be wondering why Becca didn't just say, "Spank me, Jack!" and end her little charade. But you have to understand that admitting you want to be spanked is probably the single most embarrassing thing you can expose about yourself, especially to someone you like.

You might also be wondering why Jack hadn't just started spanking Becca right off the bat, but the idea that "Men do not hit women," had been a staple of his upbringing. He had suspected for months that Becca had been secretly pining for a spanking, before building up the courage to risk the playful spanking in the park.

As Jack awaited her answer, Becca knew the fate of her bottom hung in the balance. "I'm… sorry, Jack. I was just… I was curious if you'd actually go through with it."

Becca thrilled as Jack patted her bottom. "Oh, I *am* going to spank you, Becca. The only question is whether you're getting a playful spanking, or a real punishment. What will it be?"

Becca's breath was shaky. "I want… I want a spanking for real."

Jack landed a firm clap, without holding back. The sound of it surprised Becca more than the pain. She let out a little gasp, sure her denim shorts absorbed most of the sting. But the fact that she could still feel Jack's palm through a layer of protection was… ominous.

Jack patted her bottom again. "What's the magic word?"

Becca's stomach churned as she understood the meaning of the question, making her feel all the more childish. "... Please."

Jack caressed Becca's bottom with soft, circular motions, his palm brushing gently against the denim. "I think you deserve a proper spanking. This is going to be a lot harder than the play spanking I gave you at the park, so you need a safe word. Do you have one?"

Not sure if she'd heard him right, Becca twisted to look at Jack. "A safe word? What's that?"

"It's like an emergency word to end the spanking, if you need a break or can't take any more."

"Huh? So I can just stop the spanking any time I feel like it? How is it supposed to be a punishment, if I'm the one who decides when it ends?"

"Because you're an adult, and you've asked for this. The safe word is to protect you, Becca. What if you're having trouble breathing, or change your mind mid-way?"

"This is supposed to be a real spanking. I don't *want* a safe word."

Jack folded his arms, releasing his grip on Becca's back. "Then I'm not going to spank you."

Becca growled, digging her fingers into her hair. "I don't *get* it! I consent, okay? This makes it feel like it's not a real punishment."

"If you want to be punished, for real, don't worry. You will be. I'll let you pause the spanking with the safe word, but I'm not letting you abuse it, just to get your naughty little bottom out of hot water. The safe word is non-negotiable. I don't want to hurt you, Becca."

Inwardly, Becca thrilled at the mention of her "naughty little bottom," not sure if Jack was picking up on what she liked, or if he was just saying what came natural to him. Outwardly, Becca rested her pouty face on her crossed arms. "Fine. Whatever. I'll do the safeword thing. I'll probably just forget it."

"No, you won't. The safe word should be short and easy to remember. How about: 'Red'? If you think you're in trouble and can't go on, just say the word, 'Red' to call for a timeout."

Becca replied with deliberate snark. "Oooh, three whole letters? Are you sure that isn't too much for me to remember, with my dumb, girly head?"

"Repeat your safeword back to me."

Becca puffed a stray hair out of her face. "Red!"

Immediately, Jack adjusted his grip to secure Becca firmly in place across his lap. "Excellent. I'm sure your dumb, girly head won't forget the word 'Red.' Just remember, that's the color your bottom is going to be before I'm through with you."

Becca groaned, but before she could goad him with more sarcasm to just get on with it, Jack surprised her with a second spank. The lingering effects of the first slap had just started to raise a soft burn under her shorts, only for the second stroke to rekindle the fire.

Becca gulped down a scream, not wanting to give Jack an inch after losing the contest of wills over the safe word. If *that* was what a spanking felt like over her shorts, what kind of damage could Jack do if she was bare-bottomed?

With no further lecturing, Jack fell into a slow, steady rhythm, delivering another spank every few seconds. The silence hung over Becca. She wished Jack would say something, but the stern silence only heightened her awareness of the sharp claps.

Suddenly, Becca wondered if the sound would carry to her neighbors' apartments? She squirmed a little, only to find she was helplessly pinned under Jack's sturdy arm.

Jack landed a glancing blow at the center of Becca's lower bottom, aiming his palm up with a bit more flick to his wrist. It didn't have the same thunderous impact of the first spanks, but it still had plenty of strength behind it as it brushed across the unprotected skin below her shorts. The fact that Jack's "playful" swats stung that much added to Becca's growing dread. "Grrrrrr!"

Instinctively, she growled, thinking of the word, *"Red."*

Jack didn't stop, but she sensed a slight pause in his rhythm. Stopping herself from uttering the safe word, Becca let her growl build to a lioness roar. "Rrraaah!"

It would have been a perfect moment to play Helen Reddy's feminist anthem *I am Woman, Hear me Roar*. Except Jack answered Becca's strong, womanly roar with another full-strengthened spank.

Becca felt her inner feminist weep… but it just felt so damn good!

Jack squeezed Becca's buttock, twisting his fingers into her flesh like uncooked dough. "Stand up, Becca. Hands behind your head."

On autopilot, Becca obeyed. She was surprised to find herself standing at attention, her fingers interlaced behind her head like a criminal. As Jack stood to face her, Becca willed herself to keep her knees from knocking.

Jack crossed his arms. "What did you do wrong, Becca?"

Becca felt a tingling in her groin, and prayed it was only a wedgie. "I… I interrupted the movie."

Without breaking eye contact, Jack unbuttoned her shorts, and undid the zipper for her. "Go on."

Becca swallowed, and caught a glimpse of her rose pink panties before she looked back up to face Jack. "I was being… stupid?"

Jack pressed his thumbs into the waistband of her shorts. As she felt his fingers brush against the sides of her hips, she yearned for him to strip her. The fact that he did *not* do so made it all the more tantalizing. Instead, Jack looked at her with a searching gaze. "You are *not* stupid Becca. Try again."

"I was… *acting* stupid. Pretending to be deliberately dense, just to annoy you."

As he sat back down, Jack glided the shorts down to her knees. She felt his eyes on her crotch, and with horror, she noticed the panties she just so happened to be wearing today. A novelty set of pink Spanxs, custom stitched with a design of the Gates of Moria, and the words "Speak Friend, and Enter" in Elvish. She had picked them up at a comic convention earlier this year, hoping to show Jack for a laugh, and thrown them on this morning without thinking.

Jack snorted. "When you said you forgot the plot of *Lord of the Rings*, was that a lie?"

Stung by the accusation, Becca felt tears in her eyes. "No! I wasn't lying! I really haven't rewatched it, ever since Dad took me to see it for my birthday."

"Why not?"

Becca clenched her buttocks, the cool air now tickling the rosy, pink flesh of her lower bottom below the panty line. "That's… a bit of a sore spot for me."

Jack pressed his hands against either side of her trembling hips. "And why is that?"

"Because… because Dad had to *spank* me, at the movie theater."

"He *had to* spank you? What'd you do?"

Becca felt her cheeks burning so hot, she felt feverish. "I kept asking questions and interrupting the movie."

"I see… I'm sorry that happened to you."

Becca shook her head. "N-no. I deserved it! I *asked* for it! And looking back… I think it helped me grow. I never got another spanking after that, ever again."

"Until today, at the park?"

Becca nodded silently, and Jack stood back up, pulling her tight against him. "And do you deserve another spanking, for how you've acted today?"

As their waists touched, Becca felt a tell-tale bulge beneath Jack's jeans, pressing softly against her. She pressed her weight into him. "Yes, Jack. I deserve this spanking… for teasing you… for acting like a brat, on purpose."

Jack glided her panties down gracefully, so that they rested just below her bottom in a perfect, inverted triangle. Unable to use her hands, Becca pressed her thighs together, as if trying to desperately cling to the undergarments for a moment longer.

Jack took a step back, and gestured to the open space between the couch and television. "In that case, I want you to stand with your legs apart at the center of the room, and bend over."

Becca turned to face the television, taking slow baby steps to keep her panties from falling away, her shorts now dangling from one ankle. As she assumed the position, sticking out her butt for Jack to inspect, Becca realized this was the first time she'd

ever let Jack see her in any state of nudity. She'd teasingly "modeled" in risque outfits or swimsuits for him a few times at the mall. She'd even once jokingly stepped out in her underwear, only to performatively pretend she'd forgotten her clothes: "Silly me!"

But never in the nude. As she felt Jack's eyes on her bare ass, Becca wanted to scream. She had a pregnant sense that her backside, her fundament, was no longer entirely hers. Her ass belonged to Jack, now. And to her surprise, she wanted this.

In college, she had written essay after essay on "the male gaze" in women's studies, but now that she felt the male gaze upon her, she was hungry for more. But at the same time, the thought of losing her panties terrified her.

A square inch of fabric still covered her anus and crotch, acting as the final defense for her dignity, and she wasn't ready to surrender it.

To keep her panties from falling the rest of the way down, Becca was forced to wobble awkwardly as she spread her legs, trying to use her outer thighs to keep the panties held up by the elastic waistband. As she felt her panties defying gravity, Becca let out a sigh of relief.

Then Jack stroked her hips and thighs, tugging the panties down to her knees with the same gesture. For a moment, Becca's mind raced with horrible possibilities. When was the last time she'd used the toilet? What if she had forgotten to wipe her ass thoroughly? What if she started her period, at this precise moment? She felt naked: cold and vulnerable.

Jack whistled, then wrapped his hand around her waist to support her weight under his arm. "Whew! I can see the warm up spanking has already made some impression. You'll have to be brave, and stand firm for this next part. No kicking. No struggling. The real spanking is about to begin. Are you ready?"

As she heard the admiration in his voice, Becca's nerves calmed. For the first time in her life, she knew what it was to be, not naked, but truly nude. Unclothed, she realized that she was an object of admiration, not derision. She was warm and safe. "... Yes, sir."

As Jack landed the first spank against her bare flesh, Becca shot her head up, and noticed the TV for the first time. It had been paused on a shot of Frodo and Samwise leaving the Shire.

She remembered her Dad reading aloud to her when she was home sick with the flu.

She remembered when Dad had gotten the cancer diagnosis, and she'd read chapters of the same book out loud for him, while he was stuck in the hospital for chemo.

She remembered the fury she'd felt when Dad had spanked her at the movie theater, when he took her to see the first movie in the trilogy.

She remembered when Dad had finally come home, with a clean bill of health, and promised to take her to see the second film.

She remembered writing her stupid fanfics in high school, like the one where she imagined herself getting spanked by Samwise Gamgee on their wedding night, casting herself as Rosie Gamgee.

And as Jack's hand sank deep into her flesh, Becca cried with pain, and pleasure, shedding tears of sorrow, and joy.

End of Chapter II

Becca the Brat: The Lord of the Spankings
Chapter III: The Return of the Spank-King

Standing to take her second spanking was a test of Becca's endurance. She wasn't sure how long it lasted, her sense of time dulled by the flaming heat that now covered her seat. But she was positive her bottom was bright red.

From behind her, she heard Jack's soft voice. "Good girl. Brave girl! You took your spanking very well… But I think we need one more session, to make the lesson really stick. Think your bottom can handle it?"

As she saw a tear drip down her nose and fall to the carpet, Becca remembered her safe word, and rolled it on her tongue. "Ruh… ready… I'm ready to finish my spanking!"

"That's the spirit! In that case, go ahead and strip below the waist."

Becca glanced down to find her panties had drifted down to her ankles, and her shorts had disappeared completely. Despite her best effort not to kick, she must have sent them flying reflexively during the lengthy under-the-arm spanking session. Becca denuded, then stood back in attention, instinctively covering her front.

Jack shook his head. "Hands behind your head, Becca."

Glancing down furtively, Becca complied. She hadn't shaved her triangular bush, but at least she'd groomed it recently. The curtains did indeed match the drapes: her curly pubic hair was a glowing, strawberry blond.

Jack was looking stern again. "Becca, tell me the truth. Do you think this spanking is suitable, as a punishment?"

Becca swallowed. "It was a *lot* harder than the spanking you gave me in the park."

"That was intentional. But are you still having fun?"

Becca smiled like the Mona Lisa. "Maybe."

"I’m glad you’ve been enjoying yourself so far. But we agreed that this would be a real punishment. Let’s get something straight: I never want you to try and trick me into giving you a real spanking ever again. Is that understood?"

Becca rolled her tongue in her mouth, looking at Jack with bedroom eyes. "You’re no fun. I like teasing you!"

Jack reached around with both hands to clap both her butt cheeks, sharply enough to awaken the nerves anew, with a fresh sting. "This is different. If you want a light spanking, just for fun, I’ll give you that. If you want a harder spanking, or to roleplay a pretend punishment, I’ll give you that. If you want spankings, I’ll give you as many spankings as you can take. I don’t care about teasing. I *like* that you’re a bit of a tease…

“But I’m also trusting you not to do something you know is wrong, or stupid, or dangerous, just to get spanked. No pulling fire alarms when there’s no fire. No being insufferable in public, just to goad me into punishing you. Capiche?"

Becca nodded. "Capiche."

"Very good. Now, I’m still cross with you for interrupting the movie. For that, I’m going to give you what I’d consider to be a *proper* spanking. I don’t care if you’re having fun or not. I’m not through with you yet. Follow me."

Dropping her hands, Becca pulled down the front of her shirt to cover herself as she tiptoed after Jack. He opened the door to her bedroom, and she couldn’t help but wonder what he had in mind. Seeming to read her mind, Jack shook his head. "Don’t worry, I just need a better spot to spank you than the couch. You have a hairbrush, don’t you? Or if not, maybe a slipper?"

"Both! I have one of each… Well, more than one of each, obviously. Not much point in owning only one slipper."

"Then bring me a hairbrush, and a pair of slippers."

As Jack seated himself on her bed, Becca shuffled around her room, rifling through her bureau drawers and closet to complete her quest. As she found a cheap plastic hairbrush in the top drawer of her dresser, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and twisted her hips to examine her bare bottom. "It’s bright red all over!"

Jack set his jaw. "That's hardly what I'd call bright red. Maybe 'Indian red.' But I think we can achieve a true crimson."

As she held the flimsy plastic hairbrush, Becca heard her mouth moving of its own accord. "I think I've got a better hairbrush than this in the bathroom. Real wood. Want me to grab it?"

"Yes, go and fetch it. You are excused."

Suddenly realizing the classified information she had just leaked, Becca fumed as she marched to collect the wooden hairbrush, clutching her smarting buttocks. Her situation was getting worse and worse!

She remembered the word, "Red," and felt the deviousness of it. She really wasn't looking forward to this third round of spanking. The pleasure of the experience had long ago been swallowed up by the contrasting pain. But using her safeword now, when she wasn't even being spanked, felt like cheating.

A battle of wills had gotten her into this fix. Even now, she didn't want to admit defeat to Jack. Becca tossed the wooden brush on the bed next to Jack, a little harder than she meant to. "Welp, let's get this over with!"

She regretted the sarcasm the moment she saw Jack standing up from the bed, and knew that her show of bravado wasn't fooling anyone. Jack let the moment hang. "Raise your hands above your head. Reach for the ceiling."

As Becca obeyed, lifting her arms in a caricature of surrender, she felt the hem of her t-shirt gliding up, tickling her smarting buttocks. Jack looked her right in the eyes as he pinched the sides of her shirt and started to lift her shirt up and over her head.

Becca's eyes went wide. "... But, why? My bottom's already bare!"

She heard an unintentional, whiny crack in her own voice, before Jack lifted her shirt up and over her head, and tossed it aside. Then he reached behind Becca's back and unclipped her bra, with surprising ease. "Because you're learning a lesson in humility. You were a bad girl, and now you've earned a real punishment. Because you didn't control yourself, you are no longer in control of what happens to you."

Becca folded her arms in front of her bra to keep it from falling away. "Nuh-uh! I could use my safe word, if I wanted to!"

"Of course you can, if the spanking is too much for you. But I don't think you're the type to chicken out."

Becca sniffed. Standard reverse psychology. She hated the fact that even though she knew exactly what it was, it was still working. Tossing aside her own bra, Becca rolled her eyes. "Want me to spin a little pirouette for you, while I'm at it?"

But despite her sarcasm, she instinctively spun on her heel, wanting Jack to see her twirl for him, even as she made fun of him for it. Just as she finished the pirouette, Jack clapped her bottom and pulled her into his chest in a single motion. "Excellent, now you're all ready for your spanking. Be a brave girl, and don't struggle, and I won't have to use my belt."

Casually, Jack seated himself, easily pinning Becca's legs between his and pulling her gracefully over his lap. She caught herself on the mattress with a soft bump, and as Jack pinned her hips securely in place between his legs, her spine tingled.

She was helpless, and hopelessly outmatched by Jack in any contest of strength. As she spotted the two hairbrushes and the two slippers resting on the bed, and thought of Jack's comments about the belt, Becca was suddenly grateful that Jack had insisted on giving her a safeword.

As she saw Jack scoop up the plastic hairbrush, Becca whimpered. "Oh man, oh man, oh man!"

As Jack playfully tapped the smooth back of the hairbrush against her aching buttocks, Becca heard the word *"Red"* like a silent scream from the back of her mind. This was going to suck! For the first time, she was reliving how it felt to be trapped helplessly across her father's knee.

"Red! Red! Red! Red! Red!" she thought.

Jack rubbed the hairbrush in circles across each of her butt cheeks, awakening the numb flesh. "Ready?"

Becca gripped the comforter. "Re-ready!"

As the first stroke landed, Becca arched her back and howled, her strawberry hair flying.

After the second swat, her tears had returned. She had managed to keep herself from crying freely, throughout the entirety of the last spanking.

After the third smack, Becca broke down, wailing, and as she let go of her tears, she became conscious of only one thing: that she had been a brat, and was getting the spanking she had coming.

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Fully nude, Becca snuggled up against Jack, feeling her own body heat escape from under the blanket with the slightest motion. The cool air was strangely soothing against her crimson buttocks, which seemed to glow in the dark in the dim room, which was lit only by the soft glow of the television.

On the screen, Frodo was calling over his shoulder as he drifted down the river. "Go back, Sam. I'm going to Mordor alone."

Samwise Gamgee roared in answer as he splashed through the water. "Of course you are… and I'm coming with you!"

As she felt her backside twinge, Becca teared up, but not from the lingering pain. Far from pulling her attention away from the movie, being forced to sit on a well-spanked bottom had made it strangely easy for her to watch the rest of *The Fellowship of the Ring* in one sitting. As the credits played, she looked up at Jack tearfully. "That was wonderful… It was just as wonderful as I remembered it being."

Jack stroked her gently, not wanting to break their embrace. "Even after the spanking?"

Becca returned the hug, before pulling away from Jack, letting the blanket drift gracefully off her back as she strutted away. "Pfft! You weren't even *close* to getting me to use my safe word."

"Well, you were so tearful and remorseful after I finished with the wooden hairbrush, it broke my heart. I couldn't bear to spank you any more."

"You didn’t even get to use the slippers, let alone that belt of yours! Talk about anti-climactic."

Jack pulled the tail end of his belt free of its loop. "If you insist on being a brat, I could remedy that right now…"

Becca licked her lips at the sight of the belt, considering the multiple possible meanings of Jack’s words. Then she threw open a kitchen cabinet and pulled out a novelty "Kiss the Cook" apron. "No thank you! I’ve learned my lesson about being a brat… for today at least. I’ve decided to be a good girl, and fix you a nice supper from scratch, to thank you for the movie night. How does pancakes, bacon and eggs sound? A little ‘second breakfast’ for dinner!"

"Becca, you know how we both agreed we didn’t want to have sex, until marriage?"

Becca scoffed as she retrieved the pancake batter. "I most certainly do, and don’t let my current state of dress give you any funny ideas. I’ll admit I needed the spanking, but apart from that, my ass is off limits until I see a–"

As she turned around, she found Jack kneeling on one knee, holding a small box. "Becca, marry me."

Becca dropped the entire bag of pancake powder. "Omigosh! Yes! Yes, I will—**Kaff* *Cough*!"*

The bag of pancake powder exploded, creating a cloud of white dust. "Oh, gosh! **Gaff*!"*

"I got you!" Before she knew what was happening, Jack had scooped her up and away from the dust storm, coughing himself.

Snickering between her hacking coughs, Becca saw Jack covered in a thin coat of white dust, and started crying as she looked down to examine herself, still naked except for her "Kiss the Cook" apron. "Now? You chose to propose *now?* You couldn’t have picked a worse possible moment!"

Jack didn’t take his eyes off her. "I’m sorry! I didn’t think–wait, you said yes?"

"Well, of course I said yes. Yes! Yes! Yes! But…sweet baby Moses, Jack? **Snort** That… that *timing!* Ah, ha ha ha!"

Becca felt tears of laughter stinging her eyes, but as Jack held her hands, he looked at her with that same, steady, stoic, sternness she loved to tease him for. "You really mean it? You're not making fun of me?"

Becca lightly lifted the corners of her apron in a mock curtsy. "Why? Gonna *spank* me if I turn down your proposal?"

But as she looked at Jack's earnest, sincere face, Becca's desire to play the brat melted away. "... Yes, Jack. I really mean it. Marry me."

Silently, Jack pulled Becca into a hug, a shuddering sigh of relief the only sign of his nerves.

Becca melted into the embrace, losing herself in Jack, before one of the apron strings tickled her bright red buttocks, and shook her awake. With a giggle, she nipped Jack's neck to get his attention, and looked at him with loving eyes. "Of course, from now on, I'm probably going to need *lots* of spankings, to teach me to behave on movie nights."

The End

Naughty, Nasty Nancy
By Yu May

The living room was quiet except for the faint ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner. Nancy Nethers sat stiffly on the edge of the couch, her arms crossed tightly over her chest. Her mother, Clarise, stood by the fireplace, her expression a mix of disappointment and resolve. Her father, Edgar, leaned against the doorway, his arms folded as he watched the scene unfold.

"Nancy," Clarise began, her voice steady but firm, "do you understand why we're having this conversation?"

Nancy rolled her eyes, her signature move whenever she felt cornered. "Because I forgot to take out the trash? Or was it because I didn't finish my homework? Oh, wait—maybe it's because I breathed wrong at dinner. Honestly, it's hard to keep track."

Edgar sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "This isn't about the trash, and you know it. It's about the way you've been treating people—your teachers, your friends, even us. That attitude of yours is getting out of hand."

"Out of hand?" Nancy shot back, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Oh, please. I'm just speaking my mind. Isn't that what you always tell me to do? 'Be honest, Nancy. Stand up for yourself, Nancy.' Well, guess what? I'm doing exactly that."

Clarise stepped forward, her gaze softening but still unwavering. "There's a difference between standing up for yourself and being disrespectful, sweetheart. You've been crossing that line a lot lately, and it's not okay."

Nancy flapped her lips, imitating a mewling kitten. "Mewl, mewl, mewl! Whatever! You're not the boss of me!"

Clarise was stunned into silence, but before Nancy could add further insults, her father stood up, glowering. Something about the way he seemed to fill the room gave Nancy pause. "Nancy, you will *not* speak to your mother that way, so long as you want to live in this house. We've talked about this before, and it's clear that talking isn't getting through. This isn't easy for us, but we love you too much to let this behavior continue. You just earned yourself a spanking with that little stunt."

Nancy’s bravado faltered for a moment, but she quickly masked it with a smirk. "Oh, so now it’s ‘tough love’ time? Great. Just what I needed."

"Yes, Nancy, tough love. We don’t enjoy punishing you. We want you to grow into the best version of yourself, but that means holding you accountable when you mess up."

Nancy’s defiance wavered again, but she quickly rallied. "Fine. Whatever. Let’s just get this over with."

Ever since Nancy was a child, Clarise and Edgar had followed a similar strategy on the rare occasions they determined corporal punishment was necessary. Clarise always spanked Nancy first, followed by a second spanking delivered by Edgar. The point was to communicate a clear message to Nancy: both Mommy and Daddy are in this together.

Clarise exchanged a glance with Edgar before nodding."Alright. Let’s go."

Nancy’s heart raced as she reluctantly stood and allowed her mother to take her seat on the center of the sofa.

At the sight of her mother’s lap, Nancy hesitated, her cheeks flushing with a mix of embarrassment and defiance. "Seriously? This is so archaic," she muttered under her breath.

"Nancy," Clarise said, her tone leaving no room for argument. "Come here."

With a dramatic sigh, Nancy stepped forward, her stomach churning as she positioned herself over her mother’s knees. Before Nancy had time to get fully settled, the first swat landed with a sharp crack across the seat of her skirt. Nancy flinched, her fingers gripping the armrest. The sting was immediate, and she bit her lip to keep from crying out.

"Ow! Okay, okay, I get it!" Nancy exclaimed, her voice tinged with irritation.

"Do you?" Clarise asked, resting her other hand on Nancy’s back, before delivering another firm swat with her dominant hand. "Because your actions lately suggest otherwise."

Nancy squirmed, her pride warring with the growing discomfort. "Yeah, yeah, respect and all that. Can we speed this up?"

Clarise landed a particularly forceful spank, hard enough to make Nancy yelp. Then, Clarise patted Nancy's bottom lightly for emphasis. "Your attitude isn't helping your case, young lady."

Nancy groaned, her face burning. "Oh, come on. I'm just trying to lighten the mood!"

Edgar, who had been standing quietly by, stepped forward. "Nancy, this isn't a joke. Your behavior has consequences, and it's time you understood that."

Clarise resumed, the swats falling in a steady rhythm. Nancy clenched her teeth, her mind racing. Why do they have to make such a big deal out of everything? she thought, though a small voice in the back of her mind whispered that maybe, just maybe, they had a point.

The sting was building now, and Nancy's feet kicked involuntarily. "Okay, okay, I'm sorry! Can we stop now?"

Clarise paused again, her voice gentle but firm. "Sorry for what, Nancy?"

Nancy hesitated, her pride fighting a losing battle against the growing ache. "For… for being disrespectful," she mumbled.

Clarise nodded, giving her a few more measured swats. "Good. And?"

"... And for being a *brat*," Nancy sighed. She tried to make her voice sound as nonchalant and unaffected as possible, but as she felt her face burn with embarrassment, Nancy knew she was fooling nobody.

Clarise delivered twelve more crisp swats, and finally stopped when she heard Nancy howl in protest, kicking her feet meekly.

With a wry smile, Clarise helped Nancy to her feet. Nancy stood, wincing, and reached to clutch her bottom, before remembering that she was trying to play it cool and cavalier. Grimacing, Nancy awkwardly settled on rubbing her arms, avoiding eye contact. "Okay, I'm sorry. Are you happy?"

As her father stepped forward, and placed a hand on her shoulder, Nancy quailed. "No, Nancy. I am *not* happy that I have to spank you."

When she had said she was sorry, half of her had just wanted to pretend indifference, but the other half of her really meant it. As Nancy looked up at her father, she knew full-well another spanking was coming, and felt both halves of herself in conflict. She equally feared, and wanted, the spanking. She equally resented, and respected, her father. As she felt her complex feelings warring with one another, Nancy teared up. Now that pretending indifference had blown up in her face, she instinctively fell back on being "daddy's little girl" again. "Daddy? I'm sorry! I really am!"

Almost like a dance, Clarise stood up to allow her husband to sit, and Edgar gracefully took his place on the sofa, guiding Nancy across his knee, and hooking her legs firmly in place with his free leg. "Not yet, you're not."

As she felt her legs locked, and saw the couch cushions filling her vision, Nancy stiffened. Now that she was trapped, it was as if the spanking had ceased to be an external "thing" she could safely ignore, only to transform into "everything." Her entire reality was now: *spanking!*

"No, Daddy, No! Please, please, please, I'm–"

The first clap sent waves reverberating through her bottom, the thin cotton skirt providing no meaningful cushion whatsoever. "Yeaaaah-hoooow!"

That was enough to put a stop to Nancy's crocodile tears. The tears that filled her eyes were all too real, and just as she finished her first, long, loud howl, the second spank landed with perfect timing.

"Guh! Ugh!" Nancy strained with all her might to kick free, only to find her legs pinned, immovable, at the knees. When the third spank landed, she launched her upper torso forward, like a sprinter at the starting line of a 100-meter dash, only to flop forward face first at the sound of the starting pistol.

As Nancy's rump bucked up and down wildly, albeit uselessly, across his knee, Edgar shook his head and adjusted his position, releasing his leg lock on Nancy's legs so he could balance her across one knee. "Nancy, hold still."

Not quite in the mood to be reasoned with, Nancy kicked her feet wildly. "Nooooo–oh!"

The fourth spank cut off her final, trailing cry of protest. This time, when Nancy bucked, her legs locked straight at the knees, dangling in the air for a few precious seconds, before she felt gravity taking its toll on her. It was as if she had just run a 100-yard-dash after all. As she took a shuddering breath, Nancy felt a cool breeze brush against her lower cheeks. As she felt her skirt folded against the small of her back, Nancy knew what to expect without looking, but she glanced over her shoulder anyway. "...Oh…noooooo..."

Out of the corner of her eye, Nancy could just make out the waistband of her charcoal grey panties. Clarise tittered sweetly. "Oh my, I remember getting you those. You were in junior high! I'm surprised you still have them!"

Without being able to see them, Nancy remembered with a pang of horror that she was wearing an old pair of Kim-Possible-themed panties today. Mom had tried to throw them out a couple years ago only for Nancy to rescue them from the trash, insisting they were good luck. They bore the slogan: "So, What's the Sitch?"

Dad's palm came down squarely across the center of Nancy's buttocks, covering the entire surface area of the slogan. Nancy's tears returned, and she wept freely. Having spent her energy in her previous struggle, Nancy lay obediently, though not quietly, across her father's thigh. After ten slow spanks, her cries built to ugly, broken sobs.

After another twenty brisk spanks, her sobs melted into blubbering, gulping gasps for air. After another thirty, lightning-fast spanks, Nancy managed one final, woeful wail of despair, arching her back, before she collapsed back into position. Now that she felt more like she had run a marathon, not just a 100-meter dash, Nancy lay meekly across her daddy's knee. In response he slowed the pace slightly, as if coming in for a landing.

After twenty more of the brisk spanks, Nancy was crying softly again, but without the panicked quality from before. After ten final, slow, deliberate spanks, Nancy's cries had died down. She whimpered and sniffled between the last few spanks, and finally hiccuped, before Edgar landed a final, resounding clap to act as a memorable finale.

He let Nancy catch her breath, before propping her up to sit on his lap. Between hiccups, Nancy stammered out an apology, praying she wasn't in for another round of spanking. "I'm… I'm sorry… *Hic*... really sorry, Daddy."

As Nancy returned his hug, Edgar patted his daughter gently, between her shoulder blades. "I know you are. Now, what do you say to your Mother?"

Blinking back the last remnants of her tears, Nancy twisted to face her mother, still clutching to her daddy. "M'sorry, Mommy. I was… a total jerk to you!"

Edgar chuckled. "We're proud of you for admitting that, Nan. It's not easy to own up to your mistakes, but it's an important step."

Nancy nodded, her throat tight. Now that the spanking was over, her embarrassment was returning, with a vengeance. "... Yeah, I guess."

Edgar gave her a small smile. "We love you, kiddo. This isn't about making you feel bad—it's about helping you grow."

Nancy looked up at him, her eyes still glistening from her previously shed tears. "I know. I just… I don't like feeling like I messed up."

Clarise sat beside them, and pulled Nancy into a hug, her voice soft. "Nobody does, sweetheart. But the important thing is what you do next. Learn from this, and do better. That's all we ask."

Nancy buried her face in her mother's shoulder, the last of her defiance melting away. "I'll try," she whispered.

After what seemed like hours, Nancy pulled away and headed for the stairs, feeling a strange mix of emotions—relief, guilt, and a quiet determination to do better. She paused halfway up and turned back, her trademark smirk flickering to life. "Just so you know, though, I'm totally getting you back for this, come April Fool's Day!"

Edgar laughed outright this time. Ever since Nancy was a kid, April Fool's Day had gradually become a spectacular battle of wits for the household. "We'll take our chances."

As Nancy disappeared upstairs, Clarise and Edgar exchanged a look—part exasperation, part affection. Raising a spirited, quick-witted teenager was no easy task, but they wouldn't have it any other way.

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Nancy closed her bedroom door behind her with a soft click, the weight of the afternoon pressing heavily on her shoulders. She stood still for a moment, her back against the door, and let out a long, shaky breath. The sting from her punishment still lingered, a persistent reminder of the conversation—and chastisement—she'd just endured.

She crossed the room to her dresser, where a small mirror sat propped against the wall. Turning slightly, she glanced over her shoulder and lifted her skirt, her cheeks flushing as she caught sight of her reflection. Below the line of her Kim Possible panties, splotchy red marks were clearly visible, a stark contrast to her otherwise pale skin. She winced, not just from the physical discomfort but from the memory of her own bratty behavior that had led her to this moment. "Okay, yeah, I definitely earned that."

Her stomach twisting with a mix of guilt and resignation, she traced a finger along the edge of the mirror, her mind racing. It wasn't the first time she'd been disciplined, but it was the first time she'd really stopped to think about why.

Her parents' words echoed in her head: "We love you too much to let this behavior continue." At the time, she'd brushed it off with her usual sarcasm, but now, alone in her room, the words hit differently. They weren't just trying to control her or ruin her fun. They genuinely cared. And that realization made her feel even worse.

Nancy sat down on the edge of her bed, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She replayed the events of the past few weeks in her mind: the snarky comments to her teachers, the eye rolls at her parents, the way she'd dismissed her friends' concerns with a flippant remark. She'd thought she was just being funny, just being herself. But now, she couldn't ignore the truth: she'd been a brat. A total brat.

She flopped back onto her bed, staring up at the ceiling. "Why do I always have to push things so far?" she wondered, frustration bubbling up inside her.

She hated feeling like she'd let people down, especially her parents. They weren't perfect, but they were always there for her, always trying to guide her. And how had she repaid them? By being sarcastic, disrespectful, and downright difficult.

The sting from her punishment flared up again as she shifted on the bed, and she groaned, rolling onto her side. *"Okay, lesson learned,"* she thought, her cheeks burning. No more smart aleck back talk. No more eye rolls. No more being a jerk just because I can.

She sat up abruptly, her resolve hardening. She didn't like the way she'd been acting, and she didn't like the way it made her feel. Guilty, ashamed, and, worst of all, like she was letting herself down. She wasn't sure how to fix it yet, but she knew she had to try. For her parents. For her friends. For herself.

Nancy stood and walked back to the mirror, this time meeting her own gaze head-on. "You're better than this," she said quietly, her voice firm. "You can do better."

She took a deep breath, squaring her shoulders. It wasn't going to be easy—old habits died hard, and her quick wit was as much a part of her as her messy hair or her love of cheesy rom-coms. But she could channel it differently. She could be funny without being hurtful. She could stand up for herself without tearing others down. She could be Nancy without being a brat.

A soft knock on the door pulled her from her thoughts.

Her mom's voice called gently from behind the door. "Nan? Can I come in?"

Nancy hesitated for a moment before answering. "Yeah, sure."

Clarise opened the door, her expression warm but cautious. "How are you doing?"

Nancy shrugged, her gaze dropping to the floor. "Okay, I guess. I've been… thinking."

Clarise stepped inside, closing the door behind her. "About what?"

Nancy mumbled, before clearing her mind and speaking firmly, "About… everything. About how I've been acting. And how I don't want to be that person anymore."

Clarise's face softened, and she crossed the room to sit on the edge of the bed, beside Nancy. "Oh, sweetheart. We all make mistakes. What matters is what you do next."

Nancy nodded, her throat tight. "I know. And I'm going to do better. I promise."

Clarise reached out, brushing a strand of hair from Nancy's face. "We know you will. And we're so proud of you for recognizing that you need to make a change. That's not easy to do."

Nancy managed a small smile, her eyes glistening. "Thanks, Mom. And… I'm sorry. For everything."

Clarise pulled her into a hug, her arms warm and reassuring. "We love you, Nancy. Always."

Nancy hugged her back tightly, the last of her defenses crumbling. "I love you too… Is Dad coming to talk to me?"

Clarise glanced at the window. "He's… taking a walk. He really hates having to punish you. I remember he was upset for a week the first time he had to spank you. I just think he needs to clear his mind."

As Nancy hung her head, her mother snuggled up next to her to whisper in her ear. "But I'm sure he'll be happy to talk to you when he gets back. Your punishment is over, so when you're ready, feel free to come down and join us. I'll make a brownie sundae. We can at least end a bitter day on a sweet note!"

Nancy nuzzled close as she accepted the gesture. "... That sounds wonderful."

As her mom left the room, Nancy felt a strange sense of peace settle over her. The sting from her punishment was already fading, but the lesson it carried would stay with her. She wasn't perfect, and she never would be. But she was determined to try her best. And for the first time in a long time, she felt like she was on the right path.

The End

Chase What Matters

The old farmhouse creaked under the weight of the storm outside, its wooden beams groaning as rain lashed against the windows. Inside, the air was thick with tension, the kind that settles when words have been said and cannot be taken back. Chase stood in the center of the room, her hands clenched at her sides, her chest rising and falling with the effort of holding back tears. Her father, Thomas, loomed before her, his face a mask of disappointment and frustration.

"Chase," he began, his voice low but firm, "do you understand why I'm upset?"

She nodded, her gaze fixed on the worn rug beneath her feet. She knew why. She had known the moment she'd taken the horse out in the middle of the storm, risking not only her own safety but the animal's as well. It had been reckless, impulsive, and entirely her fault. But admitting it out loud felt like swallowing glass.

"I asked you a question," Thomas said, his tone sharper now. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the rain.

Thomas sighed, running a hand through his graying hair. He was a man of few words, but when he spoke, his words carried weight. "You're not a child anymore, Chase. You're sixteen. Old enough to know better. Old enough to face the consequences of your actions."

Chase's stomach churned. She knew what was coming. It wasn't the first time she'd pushed the boundaries, but it was the first time she'd truly scared him. She could see it in his eyes—the fear that had flickered there when he'd found her soaked and shivering in the barn, the horse trembling beside her.

"Come here," he said, his voice softer now but no less commanding.

She hesitated, her feet rooted to the spot. The room felt smaller suddenly, the walls closing in around her. But she knew better than to disobey. Slowly, she stepped forward, her heart pounding in her chest.

Thomas sat down on the edge of the wooden chair by the fireplace, his expression unreadable. "This isn't easy for me," he said, his voice tinged with regret. "But I

need you to understand that actions have consequences. You can’t keep acting like the rules don’t apply to you."

Chase bit her lip, her eyes stinging with unshed tears. She wanted to argue, to tell him that she hadn’t meant to scare him, that she’d only wanted to prove she could handle the storm. But the words stuck in her throat. As she lay across her father’s lap, Chase felt the denim of her overalls straining taught against her upturned backside. She knew from experience, they would not cushion a spanking nearly enough to stop her from crying, sooner or later. It was only a matter of time.

When the moment came, it was swift and deliberate. Thomas’s hand landed with a sharp crack, the sound echoing in the quiet room. Chase flinched, her breath catching in her throat. It wasn’t the pain that stung the most—it was the weight of his disappointment, the knowledge that she’d let him down.

The first strike landed—firm, deliberate—and Chase gasped at the sudden heat blooming across her backside. She squeezed her eyes shut, her fingers twisting around the legs of the wooden chair. It wasn’t the pain that stung the most—it was the weight of his disappointment, the knowledge that she’d let him down.

Another swat fell, then another, each one measured and unhurried. The rhythmic sound of palm meeting fabric filled the quiet room, punctuated only by Chase’s shaky breaths. The warmth spread, sharpening into a deeper sting, and she bit down on her lip to keep from crying out.

"You know better." Thomas’s voice was low, steady. "That storm could’ve taken you both."

Chase swallowed hard. She had known better. But the wild thrill of the wind in her hair, the way the horse had surged beneath her as lightning split the sky—it had all felt worth the risk. Until now.

Another smack landed, harder this time, and she jerked forward with a soft whimper. Her cheeks burned, and not just from the spanking. Shame curled hot in her chest.

"I trusted you," Thomas said, pausing. His hand rested lightly against her back, a silent reminder that he was still there. "You’re smarter than this, Chase."

"I’m s-sorry," she choked out, the words thick with unshed tears.

The spanking resumed, each swat a firm reminder of the danger she'd courted. The fire crackled in the hearth, its warmth a stark contrast to the storm still rattling the windows. The scent of rain-damp wool and woodsmoke filled the air, grounding her even as her thoughts spun.

Tears pricked at her eyes, then spilled over. That was the worst part—he wasn't shouting. He wasn't even angry, not really. Just… disappointed. And that cut deeper than any punishment.

Chase wailed, tears and snot spilling freely down her face. "Aha! Daddy, I'm so, so sorry! Aaaah! Auuwaaah-haugh! Guh! Hoo… hoo…"

Thomas stopped. For a long moment, the only sound was the drumming rain outside, and Chase's broken sobs. Then his hand settled gently on her shoulder, turning her slightly to face him. His expression was stern but not unkind.

"I know you are," he said quietly. "But sorry isn't enough if you don't learn from it. If it ever happens again, you can expect another spanking, just like this one, and another one after that, just as hard."

Chase nodded, swiping at her eyes with the back of her hand. The sting lingered, but the heavy guilt in her chest was worse. She had scared him. She had been reckless. And that realization hurt more than any punishment ever could.

Thomas exhaled, pulling her into a rough hug. She stiffened at first, surprised by the gesture, but then she melted into it, burying her face in his shoulder, breathing in the familiar scent of hay.

For a moment, the world outside didn't matter. It was just the two of them, father and daughter, weathering the storm together. His arms tightened around her, solid and safe. "I'm not doing this to hurt you. I'm doing this because I love you. Because I need you to be safe. No more foolish risks."

He murmured into her hair. "Understood?"

"Understood," she whispered.

Outside, the storm raged on. But inside, Chase finally let herself cry, without fighting back the tears—not from the pain, but from the relief of forgiveness, and the quiet promise to do better.

When he finally pulled away, he cupped her face in his hands, his eyes searching hers. "Promise me you'll think before you act next time," he said. "Promise me you'll be more careful."

"I promise," she whispered, her voice trembling.

Satisfied, Thomas patted her bottom, a silent gesture to send her to her room. "Good. Now go dry off and get some rest. We'll talk more in the morning."

Chase nodded, wiping her tears as she turned to leave the room. As she climbed the stairs to her bedroom, she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of relief. The storm outside was still raging, but inside, the tension had lifted. She had faced the consequences of her actions, and in doing so, she had found a measure of peace.

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Chase shut the bedroom door behind her with a soft click, the weight of the evening still pressing heavily on her shoulders. The storm outside had quieted to a steady drizzle, the occasional rumble of distant thunder the only reminder of its earlier fury.

She crossed the room to the old, oval mirror propped against the wall—the one with the chipped wooden frame that had once belonged to her mother. For a moment, she hesitated, then turned her back to the glass and glanced over her shoulder, lowering her denim overalls to inspect the damage.

Her cheeks flushed as she took in the sight. Even through her thin, white underpants, the evidence of her father's discipline was clear—a warm, rosy hue that would no doubt linger for a while. She gingerly touched the tender skin, wincing slightly at the contact. It wasn't unbearable, but it was enough to make sitting down an uncomfortable prospect.

A sigh escaped her lips as she turned back around, seating herself on the edge of her bed. With a wince, she lifted herself up, gingerly, then spun around to lie on her stomach, sinking her face into a pillow. The events of the day replayed in her mind like scenes from a cautionary tale: the reckless thrill of taking the horse out in the

storm, the fear in her father’s eyes when he found her, the stern lecture, and finally—the consequence.

She had been foolish. She knew better.

Her gaze drifted to the small wooden cross hanging above her bed, its polished surface catching the dim glow of the oil lamp. Clara clasped her hands together, bowing her head.

"Dear Lord," she whispered, "thank You for watching over me today, even when I wasn’t being very smart. And... thank You for giving me a Dad who cares enough to spank me."

Her throat tightened. She hadn’t always appreciated his firm hand—there had been plenty of times she’d grumbled about his rules, his lectures, his punishments. But tonight, for the first time, she truly understood. He hadn’t disciplined her out of anger. He had done it because he loved her. Because he wanted her safe.

"Help me to be wiser," she continued softly. "And help me to remember how much I’m loved."

A gentle knock at the door startled her.

"Chase?" Her father’s voice was quiet, hesitant. "Can I come in?"

She quickly wiped her eyes. "Y-yes, sir."

The door creaked open, and Thomas stepped inside, his broad frame filling the doorway. He held a small tin in one hand—the salve he kept for saddle sores and minor burns.

"Thought you might need this," he said, setting it on her bedside table. His eyes were kind, the earlier sternness softened into something warmer. "You alright?"

Chase nodded, offering him a small, wobbly smile. "Yeah. Just... thinking."

Thomas sat beside her, the mattress dipping slightly under his weight. He didn’t speak right away, just rested a hand on her shoulder, his calloused fingers giving a reassuring squeeze.

"You’re a good girl, Chase," he said finally. "But even good girls need reminding sometimes."

She leaned into him, resting her head against his arm. "I know. And... I’m glad you do."

He chuckled softly, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. "Get some rest. Tomorrow’s a new day."

As he left, closing the door gently behind him, Chase reached for the salve, her heart lighter than it had been all evening. The storm had passed—both outside and within her.

And for the first time in a long time, she felt truly, deeply *safe*.

The End

Lily Learns her Lesson

Once upon a time, in a lively neighborhood filled with blooming flowers and tall trees, lived a bright and spirited ten-year-old girl named Lily. She loved exploring the world around her, always eager to discover new things and have fun.

One sunny afternoon, Lily's parents asked her to finish her homework before playing with her friends. Filled with excitement, Lily found it hard to wait and decided to sneak out to join her friends in the park. "I can't wait to play outside! Just a quick visit won't hurt."

For a while, Lily had a great time playing with her friends. But as the sun started to set, she realized she had lost track of time. Feeling a pang of worry, she hurried back home. "Oh no, I stayed out too long! I hope I can make it back before Mom and Dad notice."

As she ran home, Lily thought about the warning she had gotten last week when she had been playing with her Pokémon figurines instead of doing her homework. “Lily, if you disobey again, I’ll spank you!” Mother had said, while planting a warning smack onto the seat of Lily’s pants.

Lily lowered her head and ran faster, her wheat-colored hair and lilac skirt flying in the wind behind her. As long as she ran home at super-speed, she would be fine!

When Lily reached home, she tried to quietly open the front door and tiptoe inside, only to find Mom standing right at the front door waiting for her while talking furiously on the phone. “Oh, thank God! Mark? She’s here! Yes! You were right! She just walked in the front door.”

Mom pulled Lily into a hug, then looked into her daughter’s eyes. "Lily, how could you disobey us? We were worried sick!"

Lily gulped and tried to think of a lie that was at least partially true. “I was just…playing outside?”

Mom released Lily from her embrace and stood up, straightening her skirt. “Don’t try that with me! Playing outside, my butt! Not in the backyard, not anywhere within earshot of the house or you would have heard me calling you. Your father guessed you’d run off to the park alone. That was it, wasn’t it? Just wait until your father gets home!”

…

When Lily’s father got home, he crossed his arms, while towering over her. "You know we have rules for your safety. We can't allow you to stay out so late."

Feeling ashamed and guilty, Lily held her hands as if praying as she pleaded. "I'm so sorry, Mom and Dad. I didn't mean to worry you. I promise I'll listen from now on."

Mom and Dad exchanged a look, and both nodded in turn. Lily could tell that they were deciding something, and wondered what it could possibly mean.

Mom seemed to be on the verge of tears. "Lily, we love you, but we can't let this behavior go unpunished. You need to learn from your mistakes."

Dad pointed to the stairs. "It's time for a serious talk, young lady. Go to your room."

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As Lily sat on her Disney Princess themed bed, she kicked her feet and hung her head. Her father sat on the edge of the bed, and her mother stood nearby, their expressions serious yet filled with love.

Dad put a finger under her chin to lift her eyes up to his. "Lily, sneaking out without permission is not safe. We need you to understand that your actions have consequences." She couldn't tear her eyes away from his stern expression, her small hands fidgeting with nervous anticipation. The room seemed to shrink around her, and her breathing quickened.

Dad patted his lap. "Lily, what you did was wrong, and we need to make sure you understand. Please come here. I have to give you a spanking."

Lily's heart sank as she realized what was about to happen. As she crawled across his lap, she could feel a knot forming in her stomach, a mix of fear and regret. Gently, father guided her over his knee.

Then something soft flapped against her back. Turning to look, Lily was dismayed to discover Dad had flipped up her skirt, revealing her beloved, lucky Powerpuff Girl pattern undies.

As Lily clenched her bottom, one of the pictures of Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup disappeared into her butt crack, as though the Powerpuff Girls were hiding from a spanking themselves.

Her father's hand settled on Lily's back, pinning both skirt and girl firmly in place. "Lily, I'm going to give you ten spanks to make sure you remember the importance of our rules." His voice was firm yet shaky.

As Lily felt the fabric of his pants scratch against her tummy, it heightened her awareness of her impending doom.

As she braced herself, her palms clammy against the sheets, her mind raced with a flurry of thoughts. "I shouldn't have disobeyed. Why didn't I listen? I'm such a bad girl."

The first spank landed with a resounding clap across Lily's skirt, causing her body to jolt and a sharp sting to reverberate through her. She winced and covered her bottom. "Ouch! It hurts."

Dad guided Lily's hand away from the seat of her skirt, and gestured to Mom to help him. "I know it hurts. It's a spanking and it's supposed to hurt. But I promise you, this hurts me more than it hurts you."

Mom silently sat on the bed in front of Lily and held her daughter's hands. Lily remembered how once, when Lily got a splinter, her mother told her to squeeze her hand tightly as she pulled out the wooden shard with tweezers. As she felt the second spank land with a clap, Lily squealed and squeezed her Mom's hands tightly

After only five spanks, Lily's bottom grew warm and sensitive, the pain intensifying with each connection between her father's hand and her bottom. She couldn't help but kick, her breath catching in her throat as she fought back tears. "I'm sorry, Dad. I promise I'll be good. Please, let this be over soon."

Dad put his hand and forearm against the back of Lily's flailing legs. "Lily, stop kicking. You're a big girl, now. Be brave and hold your legs still."

Unable to hold back the tears any longer, Lilly gasped. “I’ll try.”

As she set her legs against the mattress, Lily curled and uncurled her toes, wanting the spanking to be over, and not wanting the next spank to ever come.

Satisfied that Lily was ready to obey, Dad landed the sixth spank. Lily’s feet kicked up a few inches reflexively, but she kept them far away from her bottom.

Fresh tears welled up in Lily's eyes as her father delivered the seventh spank. Each one was worse than the last! As the tears flowed freely down her cheeks, Lily wailed, "Ow! I'm sowwy, Dad! I'll nevah’ do id again!"

She had just enough time to realize that her nose was wet and running, when the eight spank landed. Lily bucked and screamed, all thoughts in her mind going blank.

After the ninth spank, Lily’s banshee scream trailed off to uncontrolled sobbing, snot and tears flying.

After the tenth spank landed, Dad placed his hand gently on her bottom as she shuddered and bawled her eyes out. “That’s ten. It’s over, Lily. No more spanking.”

As she dimly registered the words, a wave of relief washed over Lily. The terrible pain gradually subsided, only to be replaced by a lingering warmth and soreness, as though her skin was too tight. She lay still, her body trembling with a mix of emotions as she tried to lift herself up onto her hands.

Dad's strong arms encircled her, pulling her into a warm embrace. “Lily, we love you, but please remember we want you to be safe."

Lily clung tightly to her Daddy, wanting to bury herself in the hug and never let go. As Mom joined in the group hug, Lily scooched onto her Dad’s right leg to give Mom more room. "We forgive you, Lily. It's important to learn from our mistakes and make better choices."

Lily's cheeks were stained with tears, but a sense of resolution blossomed within her. She felt embarrassed by the spanking, but her shame was now mixed with understanding. It was a humiliation that brought humility. "I'm sorry, Mom and Dad. I know I deserved it. I promise to never, ever sneak out of the house again."

Mom gave Lily a kiss on her cheek. "We love you, Lily. We only punish you because we want what's best for you."

Dad gently guided Mom onto his lap, so that both of his special little ladies were each sitting on one of his legs, "Remember, we're always here for you, and we want you to grow into a responsible young adult."

Lily learned a valuable lesson that day. She understood that listening to her parents and obeying their rules was crucial for her well-being and safety. From that day forward, she made a conscious effort to be a good and obedient child.

The End

Whappin' a Flapper

Chapter I: A Lesson in Respect

The sun was setting over the city, casting a warm glow on the bustling streets below. Among the crowd of people rushing to their destinations, a young woman stood out like a bright star in the night sky. Her name was Molly, and she was a flapper.

With her bobbed hair, red lipstick, and short, fringed dress, she was the epitome of the modern woman. She was a wild child, a rebel, and she loved nothing more than dancing the night away in the city's most popular speakeasies.

As she made her way to her favorite club, Molly couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement bubbling up inside her. The city was alive with energy, and she was ready to embrace it.

"Hey, Molly!" a voice called out from behind her.

She turned to see her friend, a fellow flapper named Clara, hurrying to catch up with her.

Clara gave Molly a playful nudge. "You're looking mighty fine tonight."

Molly grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, you know me. I always like to make a statement."

The two girls laughed and made their way to the club, where they danced the night away to the smooth sounds of jazz.

As the night wore on, Molly lost herself in the music and the energy of the crowd. She flirted with handsome men and teased her friends, never once thinking about the consequences of her actions.

Finally, when the sun began to rise over the city, Molly knew it was time to go home. She bid farewell to Clara and made her way to the train station, where she caught the first train back to her parents' farm.

When she arrived at the farm, she was greeted by her father, a stern, bearded man with a furrowed brow. "Where have you been?"

Molly shrugged, rolling her eyes flippantly. "Out dancing, of course."

Her father's face turned red as a beet. "Enough is enough," he said, his voice shaky. "You've been running wild for too long, and it's time you learned a lesson. I'm going to give you a lickin'!"

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Molly's father took her by the wrist, his grip firm but not painful. He led her to the couch, where he sat down and, without a word, took Molly across his knee. She was in disbelief. Surely, this couldn't be happening. But it was.

Her father began to spank her, and Molly was shocked into silence. She still couldn't believe this was happening to her. Finally, she begged her mother to help, but her mother only stood there, nodding in approval.

"You've had this coming to you, Molly," her mother said, her voice calm and collected. "You've been getting too big for your britches, plain and simple."

Molly felt her temper rise, her face flushing red to match her hot seat. "Horse apples! I'm too old to be spanked! I'm eighteen years old, I'm a modern woman, I can vote, and I can go out hoofin' anytime I want. You're just jealous to be stuck at home with Pops like a couple flat tires!"

But her words only seemed to make her father more determined. Pops landed a ferocious pop on Molly's seat to shut her trap.

Then, he stood her up and looked her straight in the eyes. "You're never too old to learn respect, Molly. And you will learn it, one way or another."

Molly smirked, thinking her spanking was over. "Well, I've learned my lesson! Anyway, I'm heading to the Juice Joint. Want me to bring you back some…hooch?"

Unfortunately for Molly, her father was not done with her yet. He lifted her skirt and pulled down her knickers in a single yank. "Strike two. We're going to start this spanking over from the beginning. This time, you will learn to never dishonor your mother."

Molly's complaints died on her lips as she was forced over her father's knee once again, as easily as a rag doll. Her bottom, once her pride and joy, now on shameful display. The lesson in respect had only just begun.

End of Chapter I

Whappin' a Flapper
Chapter 2: A Lesson in Modesty

Molly's cries echoed through the house as her father's calloused hand met her bare bottom, the pain searing through her body. She had never felt such a stinging sensation before, and she realized how much more vulnerable she was without the protection of her clothing.

"Please, Daddy!" she begged, her voice wavering with a mix of pain and desperation. "I'll do more chores! I'll never be disrespectful again! Please, just stop!"

Her father paused for a moment, his hand resting on her reddened bottom. "Molly, I know you're going to be a good girl from now on, because I'm going to spank you each and every time you behave like a flapper. Now apologize to your mother, and then I'mma finish paddlin' ya."

Molly's heart sank. She couldn't imagine enduring this kind of punishment on a regular basis. She looked to her mother, tears streaming down her face. "Mommy, please ask him to stop. I'm sorry, I really am!"

But her mother shook her head, her expression unyielding. "It's too late for apologies, Molly. You brought this on yourself."

As she heard her mother's words, Molly felt a sense of foreboding doom like a thundercloud come crashing down on her. The cloud seemed to dispel as Molly's father resumed the spanking, his hand coming down hard on her tender bottom. Molly cried out, her body writhing in pain, but there was no escape.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, her father stopped. Molly lay over his knee, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she tried to recover from the ordeal.

She looked up at her father, her eyes filled with tears. "Is it over?" she whispered.

Her father shook his head. "No, Molly. It ain't near over. Not yet, anyway. That all depends."

Molly grit her teeth, her eyes flashing. "Depends on what?"

Pops landed a firm swat to reward Molly's disrespectful tone. "Depends on you

minding your tongue for one. Now, git out of that feathery, fool outfit and stand in the corner while I talk to your Ma."

Molly scrambled forward off her father's lap to escape further swats and quickly undressed. Just as she bent to pull up her knickers from her ankles, she heard her mother's voice snap from behind her. "No, Molly. Keep those drawers down. You like showing off your legs and fanny so much around town? Fine! You can show them off while you stand in the corner."

Pulling her knickers back up anyway, Molly turned around to argue, but one look from Pa made her shut her mouth with a snap.

Pa rested his hand on his belt. "You heard your Ma, little missy."

"Yes, Pa!" squeaked Molly, her voice cracking to resemble a mouse. Refusing to surrender completely, Molly lowered the knickers to just below her bottom, keeping the fabric pressed tight between her thighs to hold them up, and shimmied into the corner.

She felt her parents' eyes on the back of her head and turned to look, wondering if she'd just earned a third spanking for not stripping entirely. She followed Pa's eyes as he inspected her work, then he nodded. "That's better. Now, put your hands behind your head, your nose gin' the wall, and not a peep out of you."

Molly obeyed, her hands trembling, her knees knocking, and her lip quivering.

She dreaded what would happen when she was free from this corner. She wondered if she would ever be free again.

End of Chapter II

Whappin' a Flapper
Chapter III: A Lesson in Obedience

Minutes passed. Molly kept her button nose pressed firmly against the wall as she listened in on her parents' discussion behind her.

Finally, she heard Pops sigh. "Ma, would you like to take a crack at Molly?"

Molly heard her mother hum, and a shuffling sound of steps. Molly dared to peek out of the corner of her eye and saw Ma taking off one of her leather slippers. "Yessir! I think I'll feel much better after I've taken my slipper to Molly!"

Molly twisted to look behind her. "Please! Not the slipper, Ma! Ain't I been spanked enough?"

In answer, Ma planted a quick slap on the underside of Molly's left cheek with her free hand. "Hold your tongue, and keep that nose in the corner like Papa told you! … That's more like it. You stay there till I call you."

Molly's knees trembled as she heard her parents arranging the furniture in the living room. "Thank you, Papa, that will do. Molly? Come out of the corner and come to Mama, you naughty little bearcat!"

Her face burning, Molly covered her front. She turned to discover Ma standing behind the sofa, which had been moved to the center of the room. It didn't matter that Molly was a few inches taller than Ma after her last growth spurt. Molly still felt just as helpless as she ever had at age two at the sight of the leather slipper. Molly marched demurely to face her mother eye to eye, hoping that she might still be shown mercy if she was only obedient.

Ma slapped the slipper against her palm a few times, testing the feel of the leather sole. "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Realizing this was her chance, Molly affected what she hoped was a pitiable expression. "Mama? Don't… don't you love me anymore?" she asked, her voice breaking.

Ma's face betrayed no hint of emotion. "Of course, I love you, Molly. That's why I have to do this."

Molly's pathetic puppy-dog eyes instantly became those of a hoary hellcat's. "But…"

With a single flick of his thumb, Pa loosened the end of his belt from a single loop on his trousers. "You listen to your Ma. Bend over that sofa, or I'll take my belt to ya'!"

Fresh tears of anger welling up in her eyes, Molly meekly obeyed, her face resting against the seat cushions so that her rump rose high in the air.

As Ma patted her bottom with the slipper, Molly couldn't help but wonder if this was really what love felt like.

Ma brought the slipper down with a sharp thwap that echoed in the small room. Molly howled, mentally steeling herself to feel a furious assault of quick spanks. Instead, Ma only tapped Molly's bottom gently with the slipper again. "Alright Molly, yer getting a good slipperin' today no matter what, but if you show a better attitude…I'll ask your Pa to consider sparing you a lickin' with his belt. Now, what did you do wrong?"

Molly bit her lip, desperate to say anything to save her bottom from the slipper. "I…I couldn't keep my yap shut?"

Ma thwacked Molly sharply with the slipper. "None of that fool talk. Speak plain."

Molly bit down hard on her lip by mistake, and whined with surprise as she felt a trickle of blood. Ma waited a few seconds, then patted Molly's bottom again. Knowing another spank was coming, Molly licked her lips and screamed what she hoped was the right answer. "I was disrespectful to you and Pa!"

Molly felt the soft, steady, tap, tap, tap of the sole of the slipper against her keister. "That's right. And what else?"

Molly thought of her answer in her own words, but had to second-guess herself to remember the right way to say it for her Ma. "I tipped a… ah, I went drinking?"

Tap, tap, tap. "Drinking *what*, Molly?"

Molly choked, remembering how she'd bragged to her Pa about bringing him home some hooch less than an hour ago. Ma already knew the answer, and they both knew it. "I was drinking alcohol, Ma."

Ma swung the slipper with extra force, so that it practically ripped across the surface of Molly's exposed buttocks. Molly squalled, swinging her head back and forth. But this time, instead of returning to the soft, steady taps, Ma landed a second spank, using a downward angle to leave a vertical red mark on Molly's left buttock. This surprised Molly enough to make her forget the first stroke.

Fortunately, after taking a hissing breath, Molly remembered to stay in position over the sofa. The red mark left by the created the illusion that Molly just gotten a sharp kick in the ass. Ma began the steady tapping again. "It's agin' the law, Molly. What if you get put in jail?"

"The cops… the police don't care about Prohibition. Most of them are Paddys. They all drink too."

Ma landed a brisk spank, just shy of her full strength. It stung like mad, but Molly was able to suppress her scream. Ma held the slipper high. "It don't matter what the police do or say. It's the Devil's drink, Molly."

Molly took a sharp breath through her nose, and clenched her jaw (along with clenching her buttocks). "They… they drink wine in the Bible!"

Ma landed four full force smacks against Molly's clenched buttocks. "Not! In! Dens! Of! Sin!"

Jolting slightly at each smack, Molly kept her silence, inwardly smiling as she felt the sole of the slipper bounce of her clenched buttocks. If this has been a paddle or cane, tensing her buttocks would likely result in bruises, but Molly knew she could tough out a slipper… at least for a little while.

"I suppose there's dancing, and men of ill repute at these… saloons?"

Molly forced her eyes open, blinking back tears. "There's dancing in the Bible."

Ma landed another downward stroke to leave a vertical, red shoeprint mark on Molly's right buttock to match the first. "There's fornicatin' in the Bible, and it's still a sin. How many of these men have you slept with, Molly?"

Molly snarled. “None! I ain’t slept with none!”

Another spank, aimed square at the center of Molly’s bottom. “How do I know that, Molly? When you come home pregnant, out of wedlock?”

Molly sank her head into the cushion, in a failed attempt to muffle her scream. “I swear I haven’t!”

Ma angled an upward stroke across Molly’s lower left sit-spot, where the buttock connected to the upper thigh. “You’ve lied to us before, Molly.”

“I ain’t lying!”

Molly felt a matching upward stroke to her lower right sit-spot. “Ah-haaw! Please, Ma! I’m telling the truth!”

Two quick strokes, one across Molly’s left thigh, the next to the right, well below her bottom. The sound of the impact was sharper and snappier than the earlier spanks. Molly kicked and felt her foot connect with the slipper.

Ma brushed Molly’s foot away, pressed her left hand down against the small of Molly’s back, and started spanking as hard and fast as possible, concentrating on Molly’s lower buttocks. “Quit! Your! Kickin’! And! Hold! Still! Or! It’s! The! Belt!”

Panicking, Molly started to kick, resting more of her weight on her elbows. “No! Please!”

Ma delivered two of her hardest spanks yet. “Hold! Still!”

Molly screeched, her voice cracking, as two tears spilled down her eyes.

“That does it! Pa? Whup her!”

Molly’s eyes went wide, and she forced herself to put her feet back down on the floor. “No, Pa! No! Not the belt! I’ll hold still! Please! I just was just scared!”

“Quiet!” roared Pa.

Both Molly and Ma snapped their traps shut.

Pa undid the clasp of his belt with a click, and pulled it from the loops. Molly's lip trembled as she saw him fold it and hold it tight in two hands. "Ma, you can't expect her to hold still if you keep laying it on her the whole time. Slow down, and give her a chance to obey."

Ma waved her slipper at Molly's upturned bottom. "You're taking her side? She's been an ornery, spiteful–"

Pa snapped his belt. "Do I need to take my belt to you, woman?"

Ma froze. "... No, sir."

Pa nodded. "Then don't tell me when I need to take a belt to my daughter. Now, as for you…"

Molly stiffened, wondering if Pa had decided he needed to take a belt to her after all. "... if you kick at your Ma again, I *am* taking my belt to you. Come 'ere!"

Molly tensed as she felt her Pa grasp her hips, but with surprising gentleness, he guided her back from the sofa, stood her up, then placed her hands on the back of the sofa. "There, now you oughta' be able to keep your feet firm on the ground. Ma? Finish giving Molly her spanking, and keep your temper under control."

Ma's voice was noticeably less heated. "Yes, Pa."

This time, Ma took a deep breath, and placed her left hand on Molly's left hand, softly tapping Molly's behind with the slipper again. "All right, Molly, you say you ain't been sleeping around at these saloons?"

Turning to look into Ma's eyes, Molly felt a strange sense of calm. "No, ma'am."

Ma continued the steady tapping. "I believe you… But what if some snake poisons your drink?"

Molly swallowed. She'd heard other flappers warn her how easy it was for a guy to slip a lady a mickey, even if she watched her drink like a hawk. There were dives where you could always pay the bartender to do it for you. "... I'm being… I was careful!"

Molly tensed as she saw Ma raise the slipper. But Ma faltered. “And if a bunch of them gang up on you? Pa can’t protect you if you sneak out to God knows where.”

Molly frowned, then looked away from her Ma. “... I can… I didn’t think–”

“No, Molly, there’s no excuse. We spanked you once, then out you go again… *after* you told us you wouldn’t! You could be dead in a gutter, and how would I know? Read it in the paper?”

Molly hung her head. Ma flicked the slipper against Molly’s bottom, and held it steady, pressing lightly against Molly’s aching lower buttocks. “Well? Got anything to say for yourself?”

Molly’s shoulders trembled. “No, ma’am.”

Ma tapped Molly’s bottom twice. “Look me in the eye, Molly.”

Molly flanked furtively over her shoulder. Ma began to brush soft circles against Molly’s cheeks with the sole of the slipper. “I am gonna’ finish this spanking, and then you’re gonna’ promise me you’ll never run off like that again.”

Molly scowled. “But how’m I supposed to meet any fellas if I can’t–”

Ma landed a quick snap with the slipper. “Nope! No, ‘buts.’ What kind of men do you expect to meet at these speakeasies? Wolves, looking for little lambs. And if one of ‘em gets pregnant, so what? They can just skip town. Who’s to know? Is that what you want?”

Wincing, Molly shook her head. “I don’t want—there’s no boys my age at church to—”

Ma interrupted Molly with a well-aimed spank, using her full arm for more follow through. The impact sent Molly rocking forward, but in this pose she found it easier to keep in position. “I don’t care about the boys at church! You said last time that you weren’t gonna’ sneak out again. Are you gonna’ keep your promise this time? I want a yes, or a no.”

Molly took a sharp breath through her nose, and finally twisted to look her Ma right in the eyes. “And what if I say ‘no’? Why’s it matter? I already lied once, didn’t I?”

To Molly’s surprise, she saw a tear in Ma’s eye. “Because even if you lied last time, I wanna’ believe you’re telling the truth this time…”

Ma wiped her eyes on the back of her sleeve. “Please… just say you’ll keep your promise, Molly.”

Molly suddenly felt cold. The only sound was the distant clucking of the chickens from the coop outside. “... Yes, Ma. I promise.”

Ma sniffed, and patted Molly’s bottom with the slipper, while giving Molly’s hand a gentle squeeze. “And do I need to hit ya’ to make you keep that promise?”

And suddenly, Molly realized something. There was no amount of whipping that could make her obey, if she was set on disobeying. “No, Ma. You don’t gotta’ hit me no more… I’ll remember.”

Ma took a shaky breath then released her grip on Molly’s hand. “Then, I’m satisfied. Now, stand up! You still need to face your Pa…”

Furtively, Molly covered her front as she straightened up, but Ma tapped her bottom with the slipper. “... No, Molly, hands behind your head.”

Molly felt a lump in her throat. She didn’t obey immediately. Of course, she remembered being taught as a child to hold her hands behind her head after earning a whipping, but Molly hadn’t been ordered to do this in years.

As she covered her bush with both hands, Molly was now painfully aware that she was now eighteen years old, and how her age didn’t matter at all when it came to getting a spanking. She was still a child.

But as Molly felt an angry twinge from her backside, her mind was made up. Standing straight, she raised her hands and held them behind her head, looking at anything she could find in the house except Ma and Pa.

She heard Pa’s voice, like a gentle hammer. “Eyes up, Molly.”

Trembling, Molly finally looked up, and found both her parents facing her, their faces composed. “I don’t want to whip you again if I don’t have to. If you keep your promise, you won’t get the belt. But if you ever sneak out again…I’m showing you what a real whipping is. Understood?”

“... Yes, sir.”

Pa frowned. “There’s one more thing… the neighbors know about you running off. One of Reverend Moorton’s oldest saw you sneaking off to the train station, while he was coming back from the city mission. You were the talk of the town all week. Because of that… I’m gonna give you a switching this Sunday, before, *and after,* church.”

Molly clutched the back of her head. “W-why on Sunday? Please, can’t we just get it over with now?”

“Cuz folks know you did wrong. Now they need to know you’re sorry. Their chillun need to see what happens, if they dishonor their father and mother.”

Molly felt cold, clammy sweat on her palms and neck. “... See what—Pa, you’re not gonna—you’re going to give me a switching after we get home, right?”

Pa took a step closer to Molly. “I’m gonna give you a switching here at home first thing Sunday morning, as your punishment for disgracing yourself. Then, we are going to church like always, and Reverend Moorton will address the wages of sin. The sin of drunkenness. The sin of disobedience. Your sins. Then, he will invite you to stand and confess your sins before the congregation. And once you’ve asked for forgiveness, you will invite the assembly to witness your chastisement, immediately after the service.”

Molly felt her knees knocking. “Pa, please—”

Pa reached around to plant a quick smack on Molly’s behind, but even that felt as heavy and terrible as the worst blow of Ma’s slipper. “No arguing. I will not have any gossip around town that you’re spoiled. It’ll be hard for you. But once it’s over, people here will know that you’ve been corrected, and forgiven… but it’s gonna have to be a proper lickin’.”

Molly strained her legs as she felt the swat, fresh tears filling her eyes. As she blinked, she felt them spill down her cheeks, and she looked at her father with blurred vision. “I… I’m sorry, Pa!”

As Molly’s resolve crumbled, she started to weep freely, and felt her Pa hugging her, followed by Ma. As Molly returned the embrace, she blubbered. “... Please, please, forgive me!”

Pa patted her back. “Of course we forgive you, Molly… but there’s still a price to pay.”

Nodding, Molly broke down sobbing, burying her head in her father’s chest, kissing him, and her Ma. There was nothing that could save her from her punishment. She dreaded it, and accepted it.

The End

Saddle Sore: Sibling Showdown
Chapter I: A Sisterly Duty
By Yu May and Dr Kriege

[Author's note: this is a "What If?" story inspired by the universe and characters of *Saddle Sore*. It doesn't necessarily occur in canon, but fits well with the spirit of the characters and universe. Think of it as a possible "filler episode."]

Jayme Schmidt groaned as she lay on her bed. She'd had a splitting headache all day, and had actually been excused from morning chores for once (though Mamma had taken her temperature to confirm she wasn't faking it). Jayme blinked as she heard muffled noises next door, and guessed her siblings must have completed their morning routine. But there was something odd about the noises from across the hall. Jayme could have sworn she heard the F-word. That was enough to get her to shoot up from her pillow.

Jayme tried to hop out of bed, found her balance was still shaky, and decided to take things more slowly. Creeping out her door, Jayme heard the muffled sounds increase slightly, It wasn't just one F-word. It was a whole series of them in a row, a high-pitched man's voice she didn't recognize. "Oh, fuck me in the–"

The last word cut off, and the muffled noise vanished. Jayme peered skeptically down the halls at her siblings' rooms. One stood out. Joanne's door, decorated with ornate gothic stencils and an upside-down silver cross (to represent the martyrdom of Saint Peter), and some jumbled words Jayme couldn't read, maybe Latin or something.

Here's one of the neat and not-so-neat things about having siblings: when you play detective, you don't have to worry about constitutional rights. Without announcing herself, Jayme barged through Joanne's door, and found Joanne sitting on her bed, crouching over an iPad. Joanne squeaked, her head catching on the cord of her earbud headphones as she thrust the device under the purple blanket. "Jayme? What are you doing? I'm gonna tell on you. You're gonna get the spanking of your–"

Jayme strode toward Joanne's bed and ripped aside the blanket, ignoring Joanne's dainty grip on her wrist. Joanne choked. "–life?"

Jayme stared at the iPad as she popped out the headphone jack. An animated cartoon was playing, full of strange, monstrous-looking characters. A furry, white,

noseless creature with sharp yellow teeth was in the middle of a sentence. "–myself, huh? How about this? I LOVE to suck–"

As Joanne reached to snatch back the iPad, Jayme held it high, well out of Joanne's reach. A bizarre, winged feline character appeared on screen. "I swear to fuck if you say dicks!"

The furry white character answered. " –popsicles, ya sicko! Get your mind outta the gutter! … But, you know, dicks too!"

Jayme stared in horror, before quickly lowering the volume. "Joanne, what is this garbage?"

Joanne stepped back, glancing nervously at her bedroom door. "It's not garbage! It's… uh… just an interesting character drama."

A logo blinked on the screen, and Jayme peered at it. "... *Hazbin Hotel?* Hold on, I've heard of this. Isn't this that Satanic cartoon?"

Joanne waved her hands. "No, no, no! That's a misconception. See, the plot revolves around angels and demons."

"Demons? So these weird, thin guys are supposed to be the demons? … Why are they all so pointy?"

"That's just the art style. It's sort of an old-timey broadway musical thing. See, the Hazbin Hotel is supposed to be like a rehab program, to help sinners turn over a new leaf. If you think about it, it's kind of like a Christian story of redemption."

Ignoring Joanne, Jayme turned the volume up on the iPad as the next episode started to play automatically. A cartoon bad guy roared, "... guess I'll just have to *fuck* the information outta ya."

The furry white character from before smiled seductively, "Do your worst… Daddy!"

Then the bad guy started spanking the furry white character, as he moaned with delight. Jayme dropped the iPad. "What the hell, Joanne! Is this porn?"

Joanne caught the iPad and quickly turned it off. "Um… I'm sure whatever that was probably made more sense in context."

Jayme put her hands on her hips. "Joanne, shame on you! That's not a show a Christian should be watching!"

Joanne forced a smile as she bit her lip. "Well, Poppa never said I *couldn't* watch it!"

Jayme looked Joanne right in the eyes. "Well, did Poppa say you *could* watch it?"

Joanne shrugged "I… plead the fifth?"

"C'mon, Joanne. You know Mamma and Poppa wouldn't approve of this smut!"

"Hey! It's not smut! It's one of the biggest hits in independent animation in history. Anyway, I was going to ask Mom and Dad about it soon, just… wanted to get a feel for what it was all about first."

Jayme snatched back the iPad, and dangled it high out of Joanne's reach. "Oh really? Well, then let's go show them, right now!"

Joanne stiffened. "No! You can't do that! If you show them, I'm gonna get… I'm gonna…"

As Joanne trailed off, Jayme paused at the door, and turned. "Go on."

Joanne hung her head. "... I'm gonna get spanked."

Jayme nodded. "Exactly. You knew what you were doing—hold on—how'd you get past the parental lock on the iPad?"

Joanne suddenly looked proud of herself. "Oh, I overheard Mamma reciting a Proverb about 'training up a child' when she unlocked it for you. I figured she was reminding herself of the password, so I looked up the Scripture reference. The password is 226, for Proverbs 22:6."

"And at no point did you stop and think, huh, maybe I *shouldn't* be using my knowledge of the Bible to hack into the iPad we use for homework so I can watch a devil cartoon?"

"That’s not hacking, Jayme."

As Jayme felt her head ache, she sighed, and handed the iPad back to Joanne. "You know what? I’m *not* going to tattle on you."

Joanne beamed, and held the iPad tight against her chest. "You’re not?"

Jayme grimaced, then started to turn, clutching her skull. "Nope. You’re going to tell them. I’m going back to bed."

Just as Jayme was about to leave, Joanne stopped her. "But I can’t tell them, Jayme, they’re out. You’re watching the house today, remember?"

Jayme blinked, struggling to focus. The room seemed to be swimming around her thanks to her throbbing head. "Ugh… what? Then, you’ll just have to wait until they get back."

Joanne shook her head. "No, you’re responsible for me today. Look, Jayme, I’m on thin ice. If you make me tell Poppa about this… I’m definitely getting a trip to the woodshed. Can’t you just give me the spanking instead, and get it over with?"

Jayme rubbed her temples, and the pounding in her brain subsided slightly. "Sp-spank you? Me? But I’m not allowed to spank you anymore. Not after last time."

Joanne held up a finger. "You only got in trouble last time because I raised a stink about it. But this time, you’ve got me dead to rights. I’m pleading guilty. If you agree I need a spanking, and I agree I need a spanking, and you’re in charge of me, then what’s the issue?"

"The issue is I need permission."

"But *I’m* giving you permission, Jayme."

"I mean Mom and Dad’s permission, Joanne."

Joanne smiled mysteriously. "Oh, come on, Jayme… You know you’ve wanted to spank me since we were little."

Jayme blinked, and when the room finally stopped spinning, she took a good look at Joanne, who was wearing her gothic, black and purple pajamas for lounging around the house tonight. Jayme frowned. "Only because you've had it coming the whole time."

Joanne hung her head, looking ashamed. Suddenly, Jayme remembered every single sibling squabble she and Joanne had had over the years, along with all the spankings that they had earned one another. With a crisp motion, Jayme grabbed Joanne by the wrist, and led her astonished younger sister toward the bed.

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Meanwhile, in a cartoony version of hell, the ragtag members of the Hazbin Hotel were having a heated argument, only for their TV to erupt with a burst of static and show two American farm girls on the screen.

"Huh? *Saddle Sore*? What kind of stupid name for a show is that?" said Husk, the cat-demon.

Angeldust, who was the same white, furry spider-demon Jayme had seen on the iPad a few minutes before, held his hands together. "Oh! I adore this one! It's like *Little House on the Prairie*, but kinky. Some episodes are just wall-to-wall spanking scenes. And it looks like a new spanking scene is just about to start…"

Princess Charlie Morningstar pouted. "Spankings? Aw, the poor girls! I feel so sorry for their cute little bottoms."

Angeldust pointed at the screen. "Hold it! That's Joanne? Everyone shut up, I gotta watch this! I've been waiting all season for her to finally get the spanking she's got coming!"

Vaggie stared at the screen passively, her voice monotone. "So, Joanne's the goth-looking chick? Huh, for a girl who's about to get her butt spanked, she seems strangely… stoic. I like that."

***

Jayme sat on Joanne's bed. Even while seated, Jayme was roughly at eye-level with her petite younger sister. Joanne's black bangs flopped down across her eyes as she glanced down. "Wait, you're starting now? I thought we'd–"

Jayme undid the bunny-ear knot of Joanne's pajama pants, and tugged them down with a single yank. Joanne's eyes popped so widely open, not even her bangs could hide her expression. "–wait?"

Jayme raised an eyebrow as she noticed the decoration on Joanne's panties. They were Teen Titans themed, with the logo for the cartoon and a picture of the dark-cloaked superheroine Raven. The words "Evil Beware, We Have Waffles" were stamped across the back in gothic letters. Joanne quickly tried to hide her panties from view, before Jayme snatched her little sister's hands away and pulled her forward. "What's the point? You know you've got a spanking coming. Let's get this rodeo started."

Joanne flopped down across Jayme's left leg, before Jayme pinned Joanne firmly into place with her right leg: a leg-lock spanking position. The decorative picture of Raven and the slogan stretched taut as Joanne's bottom was thrust up high. "Oop! … Um, can't we talk about the details, first? I mean, sure, I deserve a spanking, but maybe you want to lecture me a bit?"

It suddenly occurred to Jayme that, although she was very familiar with what it felt like to assume this spanking position, she'd never seen it from this perspective before. As Jayme patted Joanne's petite behind, all she could think about was how much Joanne's bottom reminded her of a nice, wide-open target at the gun range. Jayme rubbed circles across Joanne's butt cheeks, smoothing out the wrinkles in the panties. Jayme smiled as she considered how the gentle massage would also wake up the nerve endings across Joanne's lower bottom, which was slightly exposed beneath the line of the panties. "This *is* the lecture. You said it yourself, Jo: what you *really* deserve is a trip to the woodshed for the whooping of your life. But since I'm in charge, I'm letting you off easy: with a stern *talking to*."

Jayme raised her arm high, and landed a firm clap across Joanne's right buttock to punctuate her last sentence. Joanne whooped, but she sounded more surprised than pained. Jayme watched a soft, pink mark flush across Joanne's behind, before it quickly faded. Watching closely, Jayme delivered another swat across Joanne's left buttock with similar force.

This time Joanne gasped with a little, "Eep!" before pressing her lips tight together.

Jayme reflected on all the spankings she had received over the years, and had a delightful realization. She knew exactly what those two swats must have felt like:

warning shots. The kind of thing Mamma would give Jayme to warn her that she was an inch away from earning a real spanking.

There had been nothing wimpy about the first two slaps. Jayme had not been unconsciously holding back. But now, she consciously knew she didn't need to hold back at all.

Jayme was sure that both slaps had stung plenty, but to make an actual impression on Joanne… Jayme would have to put more pep into it.

Joanne exhaled sharply, and started to blabber automatically. "Okay, solid opening pitch. I'd say I'm learning my lesson already. Maybe, like, ten good ones like that, and I'll be–"

Jayme wound up her arm exactly like a baseball pitcher preparing a fastball, and delivered a resounding spank across Joanne's right buttock, making sure to follow through. Joanne yowled. "Yow! Okay, that's definitely hard enough. That's as hard as Mamma spanks. You don't have to–"

Jayme experimented with a different swing, bending her elbow tight before shooting her hand forward, to deliver a strike with her open palm across Joanne's left buttock. It occurred to Jayme her second spank was more like a martial artist jab than the first baseball pitch spank. She relished the strange sensation as she felt the force reverberate through Joanne's surprisingly firm gluteus maximus. As Jayme considered how she was going to deliver this spanking, a delightful thought filled her mind: *"... So many possibilities!"*

Joanne yelped, trying to keep her breath steady. "Hoo-ooh! Okay! Point made! You spank harder than Mamma! That's plenty hard! You don't have to go all–oooout!"

As the next spank landed, Joanne shouted the last word, before she started to hoot and holler uncontrollably after each blow. "Owwwah! Ahow! Yeow! Yee-aaah!"

Joanne tried to stammer out something, maybe a smart-aleck attempt at gallows-humor, maybe a desperate attempt at a rational argument for clemency, but Jayme didn't care. All Jayme could hear was the delicious, musical sound of smack… smack… *smack!*

As Jayme increased the tempo of the spanking, she discovered how to keep a steady rhythm by simple instinct. After years of having her own rear end on the

receiving end of a spanking–sometimes struggling defiantly, sometimes laying obediently, but always helpless while her bare bottom simply took everything that Mamma or Poppa had to dish out–Jayme was now realizing just how fun it was to *give* a spanking.

And in that moment, Jayme felt a strange rush of gratitude. She was thankful for all the spankings she had received over the years, and thankful that it was *finally* her turn.

And as Jayme watched her little sister's bottom bouncing and jerking beneath the relentless slaps, she saw it slowly flush to a soft rose pink, in sharp contrast with the black panties. Stealing her breath, Jayme uttered a silent prayer. *"Thank you, God. Thank you for giving me parents that love me enough to spank me. Thank you for all those spankings I got, so now I know what I have to do. And thank you for giving me Joanne as my little sister. And thank you for giving Joanne this cute, naughty little bottom, and for giving me the chance to spank this cute, naughty little bottom, red and raw. Please God, help me spank her right, right now!"*

As Jayme landed the last blow with a sharp pop across the center of Joanne's bottom, Joanne bucked, her bangs flying wildly as she shook her head. "Argh! Okay, okay! I'm sorry! I'll never do it again!"

Jayme hummed, flashed a cute, satisfied smile, and patted Joanne's bottom, relishing the ambient heat she felt radiating from it. "Hmm… I believe you. All right, that should do for the warm up."

Jayme stood Joanne on her feet, and spotted a small sparkle of light as Joanne quickly wiped two small tears away from her eyes. As Joanne stiffened, her eyes flew open wide with dawning comprehension. "Huh? The warm up? That wasn't it?"

Jayme felt her heart swell. She suddenly felt a fresh wave of love and sympathy for Joanne. She knew exactly what her sister was going through: dread, embarrassment, discomfort. But Jayme also knew her duty, and it was like the universe suddenly made more sense to her. Of course! This was why Mamma and Poppa spanked her all the time. It just felt so right, to know that there was a naughty bottom that needed spanking, and it was your joyful duty to see that it got spanked properly. "Of course not, silly head. Just because I'm showing you mercy, that doesn't mean I'm letting you off with a few love taps. You know *exactly* what happens when any of us get a spanking in the privacy of our bed rooms…"

Jayme pinched the sides of Joanne's Teen Titans panties, and tugged them down. "... We get a spanking right on our bare booties–just like we deserve–for dishonoring our mother and father."

Joanne squeaked and pulled down the front of her shirt with one hand, covering her exposed rear with her other hand. "Wait! This is going overb–"

Reflexively, Jayme snatched Joanne by the wrist with one hand and reached around with her other hand to plant a firm swat on her lower buttocks. Joanne yipped like a puppy, then snarled like a mad dog, twisting her arm to pry loose from Jayme's grasp. "–Oh, ow! Hey, lemme' go!"

Jayme stiffened, realizing that she wasn't much stronger than little Joanne. When they'd taken taekwondo classes together, they'd always been close to a perfect even match in sparring (Jayme was leading with 51 wins to Joanne's 49). Without knowing why, Jayme scooped Joanne up by the armpits, holding her dangling a few inches above the floor. "Enough. Joanne, you asked for this."

Joanne stiffened, her fists clenched at her sides. Jayme could tell just by looking at her little sister's face that Joanne was resisting the temptation to deck her. Jayme kept her face calm, knowing that if Joanne wanted to start a fist-fight, there was nothing she could do to stop it now.

Joanne grit her teeth. "But… I didn't mean…"

"No more buts. And no more hands covering butts. You know the drill. Keep your hands behind your head while I'm talking to you."

Gently, Jayme set Joanne back down on her feet. To her relief, the little maternal gesture seemed to have worked. Joanne fidgeted, then slowly raised her hands, interlacing her fingers behind her skull. With a start, Joanne pressed her knees together, bowing forward slightly to let the front of her pajama shirt preserve at least a shred of her modesty, before raising her blushing face high to look Jayme in the eye.

Jayme felt a fleeting temptation to laugh at the sight. Joanne's posture reminded her of being a little girl desperate to use the potty, doing the bathroom dance. But Jayme felt a pang of sympathy for Joanne's predicament, having been in exactly the same position all too often, so Jayme decided not to make Joanne's humiliation

any worse than it had to be. "That's more like it. Now, Joanne, what do you and I usually get for a spanking, when Mamma or Poppa have to give us a stern talking to?"

Joanne's words caught in her throat before she forced herself to answer. "Uh… W-we usually get spanked with an implement, like one of the hand paddles, or a hairbrush."

"That's right. And the number of strokes is usually twice our age."

Joanne shrugged. "Not all the time?"

"Right. Sometimes it's more, if we show defiance. But for you, since you're fourteen, the *minimum* would be twenty-eight good, solid whacks. Isn't that right, Joanne?"

Joanne forced a nervous smile. "Sure, but maybe you could give me fourteen and call it good, if your arm's getting tired?"

"My arm is just fine. And we're not going to 'call it good.' I'm giving you the absolute minimum spanking Mamma or Poppa would give you. And when they get home, we're going to explain the whole situation, and you will tell them exactly why I had to give you a spanking today."
Joanne blinked twice, before a new look of dread stretched across her face. "T-tell them… why?"

Jayme nodded curtly. "Yup. After you confess everything, maybe, just maybe, Poppa take a look at your backside, and decide I've spanked you enough for one day."

Joanne's look of horror grew, but now it was mixed with indignation. "But… you sneak! We agreed that if you gave me my spanking, we wouldn't have to bring this up again."

Jayme crossed her arms. "I agreed to no such thing. You said you deserved a trip to the woodshed with Poppa, and, in my humble opinion, that's exactly what you deserve to get. But it's not up to me. If he decides you've been spanked enough, so be it. If he decides you deserve another spanking, so be it. Either way, you'll get exactly what our father thinks is a fair punishment."

Narrowing her eyes, Joanne pouted. "I'd never have agreed to let you spank me if I knew that was what you were up to."

Jayme raised a single index finger. "That's the problem. Even now, you're still trying to wriggle your way out of taking accountability. A spanking isn't a get-out-of-jail-free card, it's supposed to be a *just* punishment. We can't just… keep our sins a secret forever, hoping we never get caught."

Jayme swallowed as she remembered all her secret attempts to spank herself late at night, and all the close-calls. With an effort, Jayme recited one of the Bible verses she'd memorized as a member of the A.W.A.N.A. Christian scouts' program. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Joanne straightened her posture, lifting her chin proudly. "So you're gonna rat me out."

It was a statement, not a question.

Jayme shook her head. "No, I will not. You're gonna tell Poppa and Mamma what you did, because they deserve to know the truth. You know we can trust them to always be fair, don't you, Jo?"

Joanne sighed, and for the first time, looked at least a little repentant. "I know that… But if I've got to turn myself in anyway, why don't we call the spanking here? If I'm going to get a trip to the woodshed anyway, isn't this a bit overkill?"

Jayme smiled. "I thought of that. As much as I think you deserve the woodshed, Joanne, I don't *wish* that fate on you. Has it occurred to you that if I tell Poppa I already gave you a good, hard spanking, he's more likely to say you've been punished enough?"

Joanne pouted again, but this time it was more playful than petulant. "I can't argue with your logic… but I won't pretend to like it."

Jayme stood to her full height, towering above Joanne. "Let's try that again with less sass. Do you have a hairbrush in your dresser?"

Joanne scowled up at Jayme, before hanging her head. "Yes, Jayme."

Jayme gestured to the dresser, then nudged Joanne's arms before she could drop her hands to cover her bottom. "Go and fetch it, and keep your hands right where they are until I say otherwise."

Joanne glanced down to examine her state of undress. Though the hem of her pajama shirt just barely covered her at the front, Joanne noticed that, thanks to her posture of surrender, the back of her shirt was hiked up at the back, precariously perched above her bottom. Her Raven-themed panties were resting in an inverted triangle just below her bottom, right where Jayme had left them. Joanne fixed Jayme with the unmistakable, angsty teenager look. "May I fix my shirt at least, *ma'am?"*

Jayme drummed her fingers against her arm, resisting the urge to snatch Joanne and start round two of the spanking immediately. "Nope. Just keep your hands right where they are."

Joanne pursed her lips as she considered her predicament, then spun around slowly. Just as she finished turning, Joanne hunched her shoulders, and the back of her shirt flopped down to partially cover her exposed, bright pink, full moon. Joanne flashed a minxish look over her shoulder. "Oops. Want me to lower my hands so I can pull my shirt back up for you, ma'am?"

Jayme took a whistling breath through her nose, then repeated her words with more emphasis. "Nope. Just keep your hands *right* where they are."

Joanne's smile faded, and as she tried to step forward, she felt her panties start to slip down, and noticed her pajama pants were bunched around her ankles. Desperately, Joanne pressed her thighs together, taking short, waddling steps forward.

After three steps, Joanne's panties started to droop, and glided half way down her thighs. Joanne paused, and tried to step out of her pajama pants. She nearly pulled one leg free, before her ankle caught and she stumbled forward a few steps. "Whoops!"

Jayme reached out and caught Joanne around the waist. "Woah. You okay?"

Joanne bit her lip. "I'm fine. Just need to–"

Jayme straightened Joanne up and guided her hands back into the surrender position. "Good. Now keep your hands behind your head."

Joanne twisted, and glared at Jayme with menace. "May I *please* just fix my pants? I can't walk like this."

Now it was Jayme's turn to smile. "You can walk just fine. Stop worrying about whether I'll catch a glimpse of your butt. I'm going to be seeing plenty of it in a minute anyway. Just march your butt over to your dresser, like a good girl."

Gritting her teeth, Joanne marched straight to her dresser, feeling one inside-out pant leg trailing behind her. As Joanne stopped at her dresser, she felt her panties catch around her knees, and knew what an absurd picture she must be presenting to Jayme's amused gaze. "May I finally lower my hands, ma'am?"

Jayme sat back down on the bed, her voice like honey. "Of course. How else are you going to fetch me the hairbrush I'm going to use to bust your butt?"

Joanne thrust open the drawer and snatched up her black, ebony hairbrush. She spun like a soldier and marched back to face Joanne, her pajama pants finally pulling free from her foot, and dragging like a ball chain around the ankle of a prisoner in an old-timey cartoon. Jayme saw Joanne's lip was quivering, and let the moment hang.

Finally, Jayme held out a hand. "Hand me the hairbrush, Joanne."

Joanne thrust it forward, just roughly enough to make it clear she was furious, without crossing over into open defiance. Jayme accepted the hairbrush. "Now, you may remove your pants and panties. Wouldn't want you to get them tangled up if you start to kick. Fold them neatly beside your bed."

"Ugh! Can't we just end this already?"

Jayme slapped the smooth surface of the hairbrush against her palm, sharply enough to produce a crisp clap. "That's two extra swats you just earned yourself, right there. If you want to get this over with sooner rather than later, then obey, without delay."

Joanne nodded and bent over to take off her pajama pants. "Okay, just give me a second."

"Three."

Joanne glanced up, confused, and saw Jayme holding up three fingers. Then Jayme held up a fourth finger. "Four"

Instantly, Joanne understood. Mamma used this trick all the time if one of the Schmidt siblings tried to delay their inevitable spanking for too long. Every second meant an extra spank. Joanne flipped her bare foot free of the pajama pant leg, then sat to take off her panties.

Jayme didn't blink as she held up a fifth finger. "Five."

Joanne threw aside her panties and started to stumble back up onto her feet. "Okay! I'm going, I'm going!"

Jayme flicked her hand with a sharp snap, and held up a single finger, than a second. "Six… seven"

Joanne suddenly remembered the order to fold her pants and panties, and dove to snatch the discarded clothing back up, folding them neatly.

Jayme wiggled her two fingers, menacingly, before counting three, then four. "Eight…. nine…"

Joanne finished folding and stood to attention. "Okay, okay! I'm done!"

Slowly, deliberately, Joanne held up a fourth finger, and then a fifth. "Ten… and, eleven. No, it's not, 'okay, okay.' You just do what you're told, when you're told to do it, without delay. You know full well what that kind of stunt would get you with Mamma or Poppa. Slow obedience is disobedience. Do you *want* a trip to the woodshed?"

Joanne shook her head. "No! Please don't tell Poppa on me!"

"We are well past that point already. If you don't shape up, I will give you a trip to the woodshed myself, before I tell Poppa you were a pill the whole time I was watching you. Are you ready to fix your attitude?"

Joanne nodded, and reflexively put her hands behind her head. "Yes, Jayme!"

"For the rest of this spanking, let's stick with, 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am.' And think very carefully about whether 'No, ma'am,' is really the right answer before you try using that one. Are you ready to accept the spanking you know you have coming, Joanne?"

Joanne's eyes welled up with tears. "Yes, ma'am."

Jayme gestured with the hairbrush, and glided it up along Joanne's hip. "Then lift your shirt up at the back, all the way up, and come across my knee."

Without hesitating, Joanne hoisted up her shirt, and settled down to rest on top of Jayme's toned left thigh. Joanne's legs spread helplessly along either side of Jayme's knee, and Jayme felt with a pang how exposed and vulnerable she'd felt the last time she'd assumed this exact position for a taste of the wooden hairbrush. Jayme spotted a stuffed plushie of a somber looking cartoon cat she vaguely recognized as some video game character, and scooped it up to hand it to Jayme. "Here, hug tight to this little fella. It will give you something to hold onto, rather than try to cover your bottom."

Joanne looked miserably at the stuffed animal, but clung to it anyway. "Please… I'm sorry…"

Jayme wrapped her arm around Joanne's waist, and pulled her close against her own waist. "You say that now, Joanne, but you have sinned. You sinned on purpose, knowing it was a sin, and you tried to cover it up…"

Jayme paused as she remembered her own secret sins, and took a shaky breath, and started stroking the smooth back of the ebony hairbrush across Joanne's quivering hindquarters. "... But I think you asked for this spanking in the first place because deep down, you know you need it. Isn't that right?"

Sniffling, Joanne answered with a voice that was not whiny, but sorrowful. "Yes, ma'am."

Jayme nodded, and patted the center of Joanne's bottom, still a cheerful shade of pink from the last spanking. "But that doesn't mean I can let you off easy. You were going to get twenty-eight strokes to begin with. Thanks to how you dragged your feet, you're now getting thirty-nine strokes. Did you know that in the Bible,

the maximum sentence for a criminal was forty lashes, minus one? That means if you earn any more strokes…"

Jayme tapped the hairbrush twice in quick succession, against each buttock in turn. "... I'll have to pause this spanking to let your bottom recover. Then we'll pick up right where we left off, and start all over from the beginning, with another hand spanking, and another thirty-nine lashes, only this time, I'm taking you to the woodshed to use Pa's razor strap. Is that what you want?"

Joanne shook her head meekly, not looking at Jayme. "No, ma'am."

As Jayme raised the hairbrush high, she noticed Joanne's buttocks quivering and hesitated, before setting the hairbrush down. "You're shivering. Let's say a prayer of supplication together."

Joanne made a small, whining noise. "Suppah… wuh?"

Jayme stroked Joanne's backside gently, feeling how the peach fuzz was standing on end. Despite the toasty warmth from the previous spanking, Joanne's bottom was still covered in goose pimples. "Supplication. We'll ask God to help you get through this. I'll start…Dear Jesus, please help my sister Joanne. I know she has sinned, and fallen short, but I know she wants to do better. Please help this spanking be a lasting reminder for her not to disobey our parents, and help her be brave and take it. And please help me spank her well, just like Mom and Dad would do for me."

Joanne sniffled, and answered with a long, shuddering whine. Jayme petted Joanne's bottom. "Anything you'd like to add, Jo?"

"I'm sorry, okay? It was just a cartoon!"

Jayme delivered a gentle love tap to get Joanne's attention. "You're not really sorry if you're still making excuses."

Joanne kicked her feet, but she clearly had no hope of breaking loose. It was more a gesture of desperation. "Please don't spank me… Pleeee-heeeze…"

Frowning, Joanne scooped up the ebony hairbrush, rubbing the cool surface of the wood against Joanne's tense buttocks. "Nope. We're well past that point. You're

getting the spanking you have coming no matter what, so why not try to tell God what's on your heart?"

Joanne twitched as she felt the wooden hairbrush, then lowered her feet. "I… I know watching the cartoon without permission was wrong… I know it was a sin… I'm so sorry, Jayme. I'm just a screw up. The black sheep of the family."

Jayme popped the hairbrush across Joanne's bottom twice, with just enough force to raise a soft tingle. "Don't beat yourself up. You're not a screw up, or a black sheep… And even if you were a bit of a black sheep, you know what, I'd still love you, because Jesus still loves you. The Bible says that if a good shepherd loses one little lamb, he will leave the flock to seek the lost lambs and bring them back safe, black or white. That's us, Joanne. I get spanked all the time, but I know that Jesus will always forgive me, and help me try again."

Joanne wiped her nose against her arm, her voice cracking slightly, but more clear and steady. "I know that… I just wish I didn't forget so much…"

Jayme felt Joanne's whole body go stiff. But as Jayme pressed the flat surface of the hairbrush against Joanne's tense glutes, and gently rubbed small circles, Jayme felt Joanne finally start to relax. "Why not talk to God about it? The Bible says, 'Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' What would you like to say to him?"

Joanne hugged her plushie, and buried her face into it. "I'm sorry I disobeyed! I'm sorry I tried to hide it! I'm sorry, God! Ah'm saaahreeeee… Puh-please, Jesus, help me s-sit still for my sp-sp-spanking!"

Jayme lifted the hairbrush high, concentrating on her target, visualizing the next stroke, and took a deep, controlled breath. "Amen."

Jayme brought down the hairbrush to land a tremendous, resounding thwack, smack across the center of Joanne's left buttock. As Joanne realized that her true punishment had begun, and she would not be getting off lightly, the unfortunate goth girl roared; and as she strained valiantly against her older sister's arm, her black bangs flew wildly about her face. "Aaaaaargh!"

But thanks to years of honing herself with horse ranching, Jayme kept Joanne pinned in an iron hold.

After the second stroke of the hairbrush came crashing down across the center of Joanne's right buttock, she cried just as loudly, but more from melancholy than surprise. "Waaaa-haaaaw!"

Joanne writhed a final time, then flopped down, her head and legs seemingly sinking into a relaxing repose. At precisely that moment, Jayme aimed the third stroke dead center across Joanne's lower bottom with a pop. Joanne screeched, shrilly, but didn't struggle.

Jayme was satisfied that she had spanked most of the fight out of her charge, and switched to a steady pattern of one-and-two-and-one-and-two, alternating between left and right buttock. Jayme's first goal was to make the spanking as uncomfortable as possible, but her second goal was to bring it to an end without further delay.

As Joanne felt the change in pace, she gave a long, warbling wail, which finally gave way to open sobbing. Jayme aimed the next eighteen whacks all across Joanne's lower buttocks, keeping a silent count.

Without skipping a beat, Jayme aimed the next two swats across Joanne's upper left and right thighs, just below her bottom. Joanne instantly noticed, and squirmed slightly, too tired for any hope of a successful struggle.

As if on cue, Jayme lifted her knee just as Joanne raised her bottom, and secured her grip on Joanne's waist. Now that Joanne's bottom was lifted higher and angled more sharply, her sit-spots–the soft, sensitive skin hidden between buttock and thigh–were no longer protected.

Dimly, Jayme realized that she'd accidentally figured out how to fix Joanne's pose for the grand finale of the spanking, but there was no time to pause and congratulate herself on her accomplishment. Jayme delivered four sharp blows to Joanne's pasty white sit-spots, then paused, just long enough to watch them flush to a soft, rose pink.

The brief reprieve from the relentless tempo gave Joanne enough time to notice something was different, and snap her out of her uncontrollable crying. As she felt the prickling, tingling sensation start to rise across the fresh, unmarked flesh, Joanne gasped.

Jayme aimed another two strokes across Joanne's upper thighs, then paused again, to let Joanne process what was in store for her. Jayme smiled. Joanne was always a smart-ass, but there was no denying she was also smart. Jayme was sure her little sister was picking up the pattern, even in the throes of pain. Two strokes to the upper thighs… followed by four strokes to the delicate sit-spots.

As Jayme delivered the next four strokes, she noticed Joanne's yelps resembled the yips of a newborn puppy. Then Jayme delivered another two strokes across Joanne's upper thighs, and took in the sight before her. Joanne tried to clench her buttocks, but thanks to how securely she was pinned across Jayme's knee, the sorrowful, suffering Joanne couldn't even manage to do that. Joanne hissed, then moaned, and as she lowered her head in defeat, she lifted her bottom high, as if holding it up as a sacrificial offering.

Jayme basked in the sight of Joanne's bright-red, well-spanked, bare behind lying before her, but as she had expected, Jayme noticed Joanne's sit-spots were not quite the same deep shade of strawberry-red. With a smile, Jayme delivered a final four swats, so that Joanne's sit-spots finally matched the rest of her rear end. Joanne's screams reached a crescendo, until the thirty-ninth and final spank landed, and she broke down into a fresh wave of incoherent tears.

Instinctively, Jayme set aside the hairbrush and let Joanne cry long enough to catch a shuddering breath, then lifted Joanne up to face her, still straddled across her knee. "There, there. It's all over. You took it well, Jo."

Joanne looked up at Jayme with shimmering, tear-stained cheeks, before she buried her face against Jayme's chest, and wept softly. "Shh..shiii-hiiii–"

Jayme tensed, and reached around to pat Joanne's exposed hindquarters with a sharp, warning love tap. "Hey! No saying the s-word!"

Joanne flinched, then pulled back from the hug. "S-sorry! You're not… gonna spank me again, are you?"

Jayme sighed, before wrapping her arms around Joanne. "I guess you didn't finish saying it. But don't push your luck."

Joanne shook her head. "Are you kidding? You spank harder than Mamma. Hell, that was almost as bad as a spanking from Poppa."

"Oh? Maybe if I get a little more practice, I can break Poppa's record… but I'd rather not. I had no idea giving a spanking could be so exhausting."

Joanne scowled. "You're complaining? What, would you enjoy being on the receiving end more?"

Jayme started to answer, but her words caught in her throat. "I do *not* enjoy—Ahem!—That reminds me…"

Jayme picked Joanne up and set her on her feet in front of her. "Hands up high, above your head."

With a confused frown, Joanne raised her hands slowly. As Jayme lifted Joanne's pajama shirt up and over her head, leaving her completely naked, Joanne's eyes popped open. "Huh? What's this now?"

Jayme stood to pull the pajama shirt free, and turned to fold it on Joanne's bed. "I'm putting you in timeout, of course… No, don't cover yourself. You're still 'under arrest' so hands behind your head again."

Joanne's expression was furious, but she nevertheless clasped her hands behind her head. "Is this really necessary? What's the point of—"

Jayme held up a finger to shush her diminutive sister. "The point is, I'm giving you a moment to reflect on something. You and I are just like Eve, in the Garden of Eden. Just like Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, on purpose, knowing she was disobeying God, today you disobeyed our Mother and our Father, on purpose, knowing exactly what you were doing."

Joanne pouted, and tried to talk past Jayme's finger. "Muh' I said I wa' sowwy."

Jayme glared at Joanne, and tried to imitate the stern tone of voice she remembered Mamma always using during spanking time. "I know you're sorry now, Joanne, but what about next time? Think you'll still be sorry by tomorrow, when your butt doesn't hurt so much?"

Joanne shrugged. "Prob'ly?"

"Let’s hope so. But for today, I want you to think about how, like Adam and Eve, we have sinned. And after Adam and Eve gained the knowledge of Good and Evil, they finally noticed they were naked, and for the first time, they felt shame."

Jayme pulled her finger away to let Joanne answer, and let the moment hang.

Finally, Joanne’s eyes grew watery. "So… you want me to feel ashamed… and stay butt-naked?"

"Exactly. When you do something shameful, you should feel ashamed of yourself. So I’m putting you in timeout, clothed just as you are now. Go stand in the corner, Jo, and press your nose against the wall."

Joanne glanced at the decorative posters that lined her wall, and groaned, before marching to stand in the corner. Finally, she sighed. "... How long’s my corner time?"

Satisfied, Jayme turned and examined the digital alarm clock by Joanne’s bed, and fumbled with the buttons to set it. "As long as I think you need to think everything through. I’ll start a timer, and come to check on you a bit later. Think hard, Jo. Your answers will let me know if the lesson has *sunk in* properly."

Joanne gulped, and held her tongue. The emphasis in Jayme’s words made it clear that if the lesson hadn’t sunk in by then, Joanne would be the one sinking into deeper trouble.

Joanne sniffled, and realized her eyes were red and raw from crying. Then she heard Jayme’s voice snap from behind her, like the crack of a whip. "Oh, and Jo? While you’re in time out, there’s one more thing I want you to think hard about."

Joanne flinched, and twisted to look over her shoulder, expecting to see Jayme looking down on her with cold judgment. But instead, she saw Jayme’s face was peaceful. "No matter how ashamed of yourself you feel right now, I want you to remember that I’ve made exactly the same mistake, plenty of times. But Jesus has paid the full price for our sins. He endured great shame and pain on the cross, so that we can be free from the shame and pain of sin."

Joanne glanced down at her bottom. "It’s sort of like… he took the spanking I had coming?"

Jayme clasped her hands, trying to remember her Bible history classes. She remembered how, after getting spanked for touching Poppa's gun safe without permission, she'd asked Poppa if she'd get spanked forever and ever in hell, only for him to comfort her. "Kind of? Or maybe it's like–we got a bunch of fines for a billion speeding tickets, more than we could ever pay off in a lifetime–and he paid off our debt, or something?"

Joanne nodded. "Yeah… but when we sin, even though we're forgiven, we still have to get our spankings, don't we? Like, don't get me wrong, I'm really thankful Jesus took my punishment, but if he already paid the penalty for our sins… isn't it weird that *we* still have to get spanked for our sins?"

Jayme started to nod. "Well, I think that's called the distinction between temporal punishment, and eternal punishment. I wish Poppa was here, he could explain it better."

Joanne smiled. "I think I get it. You know, I've been thinking about how Jesus died for me a lot more recently. I used to be so angry, all the time, thinking about how none of the kids at junior high still got spanked, but I still got plenty of 'em, even as a teenager. But recently, I guess I've been looking at it a bit differently, especially after… the public-school party incident. It's finally started making more sense to me, why Mamma and Poppa have to spank us…"

Jayme finished Joanne's sentence for her. "... because they love us?"

Joanne sniffled, then glanced down at her flaming red bottom. "Yes… if it's for the right reason, then maybe getting spankings isn't so bad. So… thank you for spanking me, Jayme."

Jayme felt a strange swelling in her chest, and brushed a tear from her eye. "You're welcome Joanne."

As Jayme sighed with relief, she uttered a silent prayer of gratitude. Sure, it was never fun to get a spanking, but as Jayme reflected on the thousands of spankings she'd endured, all well-deserved, she couldn't help but feel thankful to her parents for giving her the spankings she needed, and a little proud of herself for having endured them.

Then, Joanne's bedroom door burst open, and Mamma appeared. "Girls? I thought I heard a ruckus when I pulled in. Did someone get… hurt?"

As Joanne, Jayme, and Mamma all froze, all eyes in the room were on Joanne's bright-red, bare buttocks. Mamma knit her brow. "Jayme, what have you done to your sister?"

End of Chapter I

Saddle Sore: Sibling Showdown
Chapter II: Our Get-Along Shirt

Jayme stammered, struggling to find any combination of words that made sense.

Joanne piped up first. "It was my fault. I broke a rule, and Jayme spanked me."

Mamma snapped her arm to point at Joanne in the corner. "I asked Jayme. Keep your nose pressed against the corner, and not a peep out of you, Joanne."

Perhaps it had something to do with having a smarting, freshly-spanked bottom, but Joanne obeyed instantly.

Mamma crossed her arms and faced Jayme. "Well, Jayme?"

Jayme grit her teeth. "Well, I caught Joanne doing–uh, something–she shouldn't have been doing."

Mamma narrowed her eyes. "And what was that?"

Jayme looked to Joanne for help, and only saw the back of her little sister's raven-haired head. Finally, Jayme took a calming breath, and stood to her full height, towering a full foot over her mother. "I promised to wait and let Joanne tell you and Poppa, when you got back."

Mamma nodded curtly. "Fair enough. Then we will wait to hear her side of the story when your father gets home. But that doesn't explain why you took it upon yourself to spank her."

Jayme swallowed a lump in her throat. "Well, Jo said since I was in charge, I could just give her the spanking she had coming, and we'd call it good."

Joanne nodded in the corner. "Yeah! I said it was okay!"

Mamma snapped a finger at Joanne, who squeaked and pressed her nose flat against the wall. Mamma watched Joanne for a few seconds, then turned back to Jayme. "Who is the head of this household? Your little sister, or your father?"

Jayme felt a bead of sweat on her brow, and her palms felt clammy. "Poppa is the head of this household."

"And what was the rule that Poppa told you, the last time we came home and found out you had given Joanne a spanking while babysitting?"

Jayme hung her head. "The rule was… I was not allowed to spank Joanne ever again… without permission from you or Poppa. But I figured you would have given me permission, if you knew…"

"If we knew that Joanne had deliberately broken a rule of the house, Poppa and I would definitely have spanked her. If you had called to ask us about the situation, we probably would have discussed the matter, and your Poppa would have decided whether an immediate spanking was warranted, and whether to grant you permission to act on our behalf. But instead, you took matters into your own hands. Why didn't you call us, Jayme?"

As she looked Mamma in the eye, Jayme felt her excuses die on her throat. "Because… I was being foolish."

Mamma spotted Joanne's black ebony hairbrush on the bed, and picked it up. As Mamma seated herself on Joanne's bed, she gestured with the hairbrush for emphasis. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child…"

Without taking her eyes off the wooden hairbrush, Jayme tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her pajama pants, and finished reciting the Proverb from memory. "... but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

With a single graceful motion, Jayme lowered her pajama bottoms to her ankles, and stepped out of them, before lying obediently across her mother's lap, bottoms up. Jayme noticed she was wearing an old pair of orange panties from childhood, which she hadn't quite outgrown, depicting the character Applejack of *My Little Pony* frame.

Mamma began the warm-up hand spanking over Jayme's cartoony panties. There was no sound apart from the steady clap of palm against buttock, neither a word of lecturing from Mamma, nor a whisper of protest from Jayme.

After a few minutes of peppering her daughter's toned backside, Mamma gracefully slid the undergarments down, and carried on paddling Jayme with the hairbrush. From that point on, it became impossible for Jayme to maintain her steady, silent resolve. Jayme started to hoot and holler, exactly like when she was

at a rodeo, though she managed to resist the urge to kick. Thanks to Jayme's remarkable display of self-control, her Applejack panties remained in place just below her bottom, providing her with no protection other than a remnant of modesty.

After delivering thirty-two ferocious swats with expert aim, Mamma paused the ordeal. "Jayme, how many spanks did you give Joanne with the hairbrush?"

Heaving for breath, Jayme brushed away tears. "I gave her thirty-nine whacks, ma'am."

"And do you think you deserve another seven whacks, so you get just the same as Joanne?"

Jayme nodded. "Yes, Mamma. And I deserve whatever additional punishment you decide to give me."

Mamma patted Jayme's backside with the back of the brush. "Good girl. Then you have seven more to go. Hold still, and you'll be past the first part of your punishment soon."

Jayme's eyes watered at the mention of this being only the first part of her punishment, but she held as still as she was able. Jayme twisted her hips and fidgeted her legs after each of the final seven blows, but Mamma didn't lecture her nor add additional strokes for moving too much. The Schmidts expected their children to be obedient during a spanking, but they also understood their children were only human.

Finally, Mamma sighed. "That will do. Stand up, Jayme. Hands behind your head."

Jayme stood, and as she felt her favorite, lucky undies from childhood pinched between her thighs, she couldn't help but feel a little proud of herself for not kicking and squirming until she kicked the panties across the room.

Then Mamma glanced at Joanne, standing naked in the corner, and reached out to tug Jayme's panties all the way down to her ankles. "Hands above your head. Since you put Joanne in her birthday suit, let's have you in matching outfits. What's good for the goose is good for the… *other* goose."

Jayme blushed as she felt Mamma lifting her pajama shirt up past her belly button. Knowing what was expected of her, Jayme bent over at the waist to allow her much shorter mother to peel her pajama shirt up and over her head. The moment she was stripped naked, Jayme folded her hands behind her head.

Mamma folded Jayme's clothing neatly on the bed beside her. "Joanne, come out of timeout and stand next to Jayme. I want to have a word with both of you, before you have to make your confessions to Poppa."

Joanne shuffled out of her corner to stand side-by-side with Jayme. Both sisters mirrored one another in their poses of surrender, and thanks to their nakedness, that only served to highlight the contrast in their physical appearance. While Joanne's petite bubble butt was usually pale as a vampire's, Jayme's butt was athletic, toned, and usually displayed a prominent tan line where she wore her shorts. At the moment, both were equally a mottled shade of red: their hides had been literally and thoroughly tanned.

Mamma rummaged for something in Joanne's closet, and emerged with a baggy, extra-extra large white t-shirt. "Aha! Still here, right where I left it. All right, girls, ordinarily, a good hairbrush spanking would be enough for breaking one of the rules of the house. But deliberate disobedience is a serious matter. I'll have to discuss this with your father. He may well decide that you both need a trip to the woodshed. You understand that will be his decision, and I expect you to submit to his judgment?"

Both girls nodded meekly, and mumbled, "Yes, Ma'am."

Mamma held up the massive t-shirt, and revealed the slogan written on the front in marker: "You remember your 'Get Along Shirt,' don't you? The last time we left Jayme in charge of the house, we came back and found you girls at each other's throats. That means this is a repeat offense."

Joanne's mouth drooped in horror. It seemed she most definitely remembered it. "You're *not* gonna' make us wear that again?"

"Joanne Agatha Schmidt, do not speak out of turn again. And of course you've got to wear it. I won't let you eat dinner completely naked. Now, help each other put it on."

Jayme and Joanne looked at each other with sympathy. Jayme had long ago resigned herself to whatever fate awaited her. Joanne wore her misery plainly on her face. The baggy shirt still fit them both easily, though it only reached low enough to cover their bottoms like a scandalously short mini-skirt. Jayme's left hand was free on one side, while Joanne's right hand was free on the other side, creating the illusion they were a comically mismatched set of conjoined twins.

Mamma clicked her tongue. "Now, although I fully believe that both you girls deserve a trip to the woodshed, I don't wish that fate on either of you… yes, Joanne? Thank you for raising your hand. You may speak."

Joanne's arm seemed to be swimming in the massive t-shirt sleeve as her hand faltered in mid-air. "Um, if you're going to say 'Poppa's probably going to spank us as soon as he gets home,' Jayme sort of gave me that whole explanation already, when she spanked me. So if you're asking if we want you to spank us again, on the thin hope he'll let us off, my vote is to let you spank us now."

Mamma shook her head. "I wasn't asking for a vote, and I'm not asking for your permission to spank you. I'm simply explaining that I am going to spank you both, properly, before Poppa gets home. Yes, Jayme, do you have a question?"

Jayme quailed as she held up her hand. "But… didn't we both get the maximum number of spanks allowed? I thought the Bible said that a criminal gets forty lashes, minus one."

"Thank you, Jayme, that is a perfectly fair question. Your Poppa and I believe in following Biblical principles. You see, God's law does clearly teach an upper limit on the number of strokes a criminal can receive, for each offense. But under covenant law, the implement used for corporal punishment was a leather whip with three cords. Practically speaking, that means that the total number of stripes for a flogging was one-hundred and seventeen, *per offense*, under Biblical law.

"Of course, we don't feel the need to use such a stern punishment on our children, even as you've grown older. But it's important to remember that while God's Word provides an upper limit to what is considered fair for corporal punishment, it also *requires* that corporal punishment be harsh enough to dissuade a child from sinning, while they are young.

"What that means is, for anything short of a trip to the woodshed for a *Biblical* flogging, your father and I use common sense to determine a fair punishment for

any of you children, depending on your offense. ‘Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.’ Does that make sense?"

Jayme’s hand trembled in midair. Behind her back, she reflexively reached for her bottom with her other hand, hidden beneath the massive t-shirt. "So… under the law, we could get up to one-hundred and seventeen lashes, so when you give us thirty-nine spanks with a hairbrush, or something like that, that’s you taking it easy on us?"

"Exactly. While you children are still young, we want to show you the meaning of both mercy, and justice."

Joanne spoke in a dry, dull monotone. "Man, I’d hate to earn the full forty lashes, minus one."

Mamma glared at Joanne. "I was originally only going to give you ten lashes to put you in the right frame of mind to face Poppa, but that is the second time you’ve spoken out of turn, Joanne. So, yes, you will *both* be getting another forty strokes, minus one, for your snark, along with Jayme, for her irresponsibility. But most fortunately for your poor little bottoms, I will only be using a paddle, not a lash of three cords."

Jayme hung her head. "But are you sure I don’t need the full hundred and seventeen strokes? After all, I’m older than Joanne… old enough to know better."

Mamma stroked Jayme’s cheek. "Your humility in repentance is admirable, Jayme, but I’m sure a simple paddling will be more than enough to leave the message thoroughly ingrained. Do you trust me and Poppa to punish you fairly?"

Jayme sniffed, and felt her nose clogging from her earlier tears. "Yes, Mamma."

Mamma gestured to Joanne’s bed. "Then I want you girls to lift the back of your shirt up nice and high to uncover your booties. You’ll have to work together to hold it in place. Then stand in front of the bed and wait for me while I fetch a good-sized paddle. The first thing I expect to see when I come back is both of your bare bottoms, ready and waiting for your next spanking."

After Mamma left the room, Jayme took a step towards the bed, only to feel Joanne dragging behind her. "C'mon, Jo. Mamma will expect to see us in position and ready to accept our punishment."

Joanne half stumbled, only catching herself thanks to the shirt. "Hold on, I can barely keep up with your long-leg stork strides."

With some negotiation, Jayme and Joanne settled themselves over the bed, hoisting the back of the shirt up behind them. At first, Jayme's knees buckled thanks to her awkwardly long legs, and she shifted to try and rest her weight more securely against the mattress. Joanne choked. "Hey! Watch it! You're dragging me by the collar here!"

"Oops! Well, I can't really hold still like this. I feel like I'm doing the squats. Maybe if we…"

Joanne stood, and followed Jayme into a new position, farther across the bed. Jayme felt Joanne's feet kicking behind them. "Jayme, this won't work. If I can't keep my feet on the floor, I won't be able to hold still when Mamma starts paddling!"

"You'd better if you don't want to earn extra strokes."

"And If I earn extra strokes, what makes you think your butt is safe? We're in this together."

"Okay, okay, just give me enough room to support my weight… here, this might work."

Together, they settled into a position that accommodated them both, Joanne touching the floor with her toes, while Jayme was able to support herself in a horse stance with slightly bent knees. Joanne pouted. "Ugh. I feel like I'm wearing high heels. Could you kindly *not* get another growth spurt?"

They both tensed as they heard the door turn, and Mamma entered the room, cradling a 16-inch wooden paddle. "Perfect. Two bare bottoms ready and waiting for me, without further argument. That's the kind of teamwork we need. Now girls, before I start your paddling, do you understand why you are being punished? Joanne, you first."

Joanne groaned. "I mouthed off…"

Mamma patted the hand paddle across both of their bottoms, easily covering both of them, and Joanne stiffened. "... er, I mean was disrespectful, ma'am."

Mamma glided the wooden paddle along their sensitive hindquarters, awakening a fresh prickling sensation. "That's better. And Jayme, why are you getting this spanking?

Jayme sniffled. "I disobeyed you and Poppa, and spanked Joanne without permission."

Mamma stroked the hand paddle along both of their bottoms, lifting their cheeks slightly. "That's right. Though, you didn't do too bad a job of it. We'll have to discuss finding more opportunities to let you practice the art of giving a proper spanking. It's a handy life skill. Well, I know I promised both you girls another forty lashes for disobedience… but do you recall how, last time I had to use the 'Our Get Along Shirt,' both you girls got spanked together for any offense, until you learned to stop fighting?"

Jayme and Joanne glanced at each other, realizing the full implications. The last time they were forced to wear the massive shirt, they were both spanked any time either one of them misbehaved, meaning they got the equivalent of two spankings each for any act of fighting. Both sisters swallowed and answered, "Yes, ma'am?"

Mamma patted their bottoms again. Jayme noticed that Mamma was positioned on Joanne's right side, meaning that, although the paddle would land across both of their bottoms, Jayme's left buttock would absorb most of the brunt of the coming paddle stroke from the farthest tip of the paddle. Mamma sighed. "Well, ordinarily that would mean that you would both be getting a set of forty strokes, minus one, each… if we were still following that old rule. But since you're doing such a good job working together, I will instead give you twenty swats each, minus one, if you hold yourselves in position and take your spanking like good girls should."

Jayme and Joanne both audibly exhaled.

"Thank you…" whispered Jayme, thankfully.

"Ma'am!" added Joanne, urgently.

Mamma patted the paddle across their bottoms with more firmness, to alert them the real paddling was about to begin. "I love you both. Now say a quick prayer for strength, and grit your teeth…"

As Jayme glanced up, she spotted a framed picture on Joanne's wall which she recognized as an old self-portrait of Joanne in an anime style with full goth regalia, leaning on the shoulder of Jesus. Jayme suddenly felt a fresh pang of guilt for spanking her sister. *"Let he that is blameless, cast the first stone…"* thought Jayme, as she grit her teeth.

Then the first stroke of the paddle landed, leaving a vivid red, rectangular mark which stretched all the way across Jayme's left buttock.

…

After many years of practicing the art of enduring spankings obediently, Jayme and Joanne were determined to not earn themselves extra strokes. But if Mamma felt sorry for them to hold back slightly, she didn't feel sorry for them enough to make the spanking not hurt. After twelve solid whacks, Jayme felt her resolve not to kick start to crumble, and wondered how Joanne was doing. As if in answer, Jayme felt Joanne's hand squeezed hers beneath the shirt, and Jayme squeezed it back. They held on to each other to endure the last seven strokes, before Mamma paused, strode to Jayme's left side, and switched her grip on the paddle. "That's Jayme's half of the forty, minus one. Joanne, this next half will be harder for you. Take a moment to catch your breath, and tell me when you're ready. Then we can get this wrapped up, before your father gets home."

Wincing, Joanne hissed past her clenched teeth, and took her sweet time catching her breath. Jayme heard the sound of a slippered foot tapping, and glanced over her shoulder. When Jayme saw the look on Mamma's face, she decided that they'd better not try to stall any further. Beneath the shirt, Jayme gave Joanne a soft nudge with her elbow. "Ready, Mamma!" whispered Jayme.

Blinking back tears, Joanne nodded, and gripped her purple blanket tight with her free right hand. "Ready," whimpered Joanne.

Mamma commenced the paddling immediately, and Joanne yelped when she felt the full impact, and Jayme knew that Joanne's right buttock in particular was probably throbbing already.

Jayme held tight to Joanne's hand, and forced herself to hold still, willing Joanne to somehow take some of her resolve. Somehow, it worked. After fifteen strokes, Joanne was wailing freely, and Jayme could feel her body trembling against hers. But Joanne resisted the urge to kick or let go of the mattress until the nineteenth, and final, stroke landed.

Jayme sighed, and glanced at the tear stains that dotted the mattress in front of both of them. A good spanking always ended in tears, and Mamma never failed to deliver.

Behind them, Mamma blew a sharp breath. "Phew! All right, ladies, I'm satisfied. Of course, it's still up to your father to decide if you've been punished enough, or if you still need a trip to the woodshed. Try to stand up. I've got a hairpin handy for you."

Jayme's eyes popped open. "A hairpin?"

As if in answer to Jayme's unspoken question, Mamma's hand hiked the back of the shirt up, and pinned it at the back. "Those are certainly two, well-spanked, bright red bottoms, no denying it."

Joanne's voice trembled as she whined. "But…we're only supposed to get spanked on our bare bottoms in private?"

Mamma set down the paddle and patted their bottoms playfully with her open hand, stroking them gently. "Usually, yes. But the only reason we instituted that rule in the first place is to stop you from teasing Jayme for getting spanked on her bare bottom. Given the circumstances…I doubt there's much danger of that. Now, straight to the dinner table, and no more whiny noises."

Joanne's lip quivered, but she successfully suppressed the urge to complain. In the dining room, they were instructed to replace their usual chairs with the wooden piano bench, and had to work together to carry it awkwardly to their place at the table.

From the kitchen, Mamma poked her head past the door frame to give them a look of approval, taking a sip of soup from a wooden spoon. "That's more like it. Have a seat and wait for your father to get home while I finish preparing supper. We're having minestrone."

As Jayme sat down onto the wooden bench, she felt her burning butt cheeks squash flat against the hard surface, and groaned. Joanne opted to gasp softly.

Jayme caught her breath as the initial pang of discomfort subsided, to be replaced by that all-too-familiar, distinctive, dull ache, which the Schmidt siblings all referred to as "butt hurt."

Jayme tried to smile at Joanne. "Well, at least we made it this far."

Joanne scowled as she scooped up her spoon. "I'm not going to have to spoon-feed you soup, am I?"

Jayme glanced down at the bowl and second spoon in front of her, and was surprised to find it was already full of soup. That was odd. Mamma usually waited to serve them until everyone was seated. Experimentally, Jayme picked up her own spoon. "I think I can handle using my left hand. I'm better with my right, but I've always wondered if I'm ambidextrous."

Mamma's voice cooed from the kitchen. "You might have gotten that from me. I'm ambidextrous. Comes in very handy when I have two naughty bottoms to spank at once."

Jayme nodded as she took an experimental bite of soup. "Thanks, Mamma. Hopefully, Poppa will take pity on us. Maybe we won't get a trip to the woodshed."

Joanne blew at her soup. "I dunno, Jayme. Doesn't something about all this seem…strange?"

Jayme blinked. "Like what?"

Joanne glanced nervously at the kitchen, and whispered in Jayme's ear. "Like, wasn't that spanking a lot harsher than what we usually get? Even for disobedience bad enough to earn us a trip to our rooms for a stern talking too? And why is Mamma home so early before Poppa? And why are we eating soup if Mamma is still making it in the kitchen? There's something suspicious going on here!"

Jayme accidentally spilled a whole spoonful of soup. "What are you saying?"

Joanne glared at Jayme. "I'm saying…it's almost like I'm trapped in some sort of vivid dream, cooked up by someone with a deep, sub-conscious obsession with being spanked!"

At that moment, the front door burst open, and Poppa strode in, his cowboy boots clicking ominously with every step. "I'm home! Well, well, well, what have we here? I can see that my two favorite, prodigal daughters are in some kind of trouble."

Mamma appeared from the kitchen, stark naked except for an apron, and carrying a full pot of minestrone soup in front of her. "Oh, I'm afraid I had to give them both a spanking. Girls, why don't you tell your father what you did wrong today?"

Poppa held up a hand, and unfastened the buckle of his rawhide belt. "No need for explanations. Just from the looks of those red behinds, I can see that my little firecracker and my favorite little ray of sunshine have been very naughty today… which can only mean…"

Poppa whipped his belt free from the loops, folded it, and snapped it between his hands. "... you two are long overdue for a trip to the woodshed!"

Jayme felt her chest tighten, and the world spinning around her, her headache returning with a vengeance. "Huh? But you never spank us without hearing us out first! You always say we're innocent until proven guilty!"

"And clearly, that was a mistake, or you wouldn't be such a bad, naughty, sinful little girl, Jayme Schmidt. Clearly, you're secretly up to something bad I don't know about. So from now on, I'll just thrash you once a day, just to be safe."

Mamma appeared at Poppa's side, still naked, and rested her oven mitt covered hands on her plump hips. "Oh dear, do you really think the full, Biblical forty lashes, minus one, will be necessary, Poppa? I feel so sorry for their poor bottoms already?"

Poppa nodded, his face emotionless. "I'm afraid so… of course, since both of them are wearing the 'Get Along' shirt, that means I'll have to give them both the full, Biblical forty lashes… twice."

Jayme swooned, and fell backwards, dragging Joanne along with her. "I'm… a… bad… girl…"

They slammed against the floor, but then something strange happened. They sank into the floor as if it were a fluffy blanket, and fell into a deep, eternal blackness.

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Jayme snapped awake from her bed, her head splitting. "... bad… girl?"

Jayme glanced around, and recognized her bedroom. Still feeling the agonizing ache all across her ass, Jayme reached into her pajama pants and clutched her butt cheeks, only to find them cool to the touch. She hadn't been spanked at all! … Not recently at least.

Jayme laughed. "It was all… just a dream? Oh what a relief! For a second there, I thought I was a goner!"

Then, Mamma's muffled voice rang from outside her bedroom door. "Jayme? Are you up? Feeling better?"

Jayme felt her forehead. "Um, a little better, I think?"

"Good. Then get your butt to the kitchen, before I have to spank it!"

Jayme tensed. "No! Please don't spank me!"

Jayme's bedroom door seemed to pause, thoughtfully. "Jayme, I'm only kidding. I made you minestrone. Nothing better for when you're feeling icky… Dinner is in ten minutes. Take your time… but don't be late!"

Jayme's voice cracked. "Or I get spanked?"

Mamma opened the door and peered in. "Jayme, honey, I really don't want to spank you when you're feeling sick, but the rules of the house still apply. Don't test them. Understood?"

Mutely, Jayme nodded. Mamma smiled sweetly. "Good girl."

The End

A Butt-Warming Spring Break

By Dr. Kriege

"That was completely inappropriate, Joanne!" Jayme scolded as the hotel door flew open, her long legs carrying her across the room in just a few strides. Her limbs were bare and tanned, poking out from the denim shorts she was wearing over a white and blue striped swimsuit. A moment later the wide cowboy hat she was wearing went flying onto the bed as she turned to face her younger sister, hands on her hips in the stern stance which was the perfect image of their mother.

Behind her, sixteen-years-old Joanne followed her older sibling into the room, arms folded. She too wore a swimsuit, dark purple, covered with a thin cotton shirt and skirt in lacy black. A matching sun hat covered her hair and she still had her sunglasses on.

"Oh don't be so dramatic. You won didn't you? And think of the holiday we can have with the money," Joanne replied, tossing her own hat onto the bed and clipping her folded sunglasses to her waistband.

"It's my holiday, Joanne," Jayme snapped back. "You begged to be able to come out here to join me on spring break, and I let you because I know how strict Mamma and Poppa can be and thought you could do with a break to cut loose. But within reason. Darn it Joanne, that was all our holiday money you gambled with. If we'd lost it we couldn't have even paid the hotel bill." Jayme's face was flushed with more than just the Florida heat. Indeed it was going from pink to crimson in stark contrast to her straw yellow locks as her anger increased.

Joanne folded her arms, anger rising in her own face too. "Mamma is strict? Have you looked in a mirror lately, Jayme?" she sneered.

Jayme paused, realising she was still in the same hands-on-hip stance she's been scolded in by her mother so many times before. Embarrassed, she dropped her arms, then caught herself.

"I'm in charge Joanne. That was the agreement. You could come join me for the weekend of spring break, but I was in charge. You acted without consulting me and put all our holiday money at risk. You know what Momma would do if she were here."

Joanne snorted. “Yeah, well if you think I’m letting you spank me you can forget it!”

For what seemed like a long moment the two sisters seemed they would reignite the rivalry that had marked their early teens. Jayme broke the deadlock by stepping forwards, but Joanne was fast, despite her smaller size, and darted quickly for the bathroom, slamming the door and throwing her weight behind it as she fumbled with the lock.

“Joanne Agatha Schmidt, get back out here this instant! Jayme cried, suddenly aware how exactly like their mother she sounded. Stunned, she stepped back, her mind reeling. Was she becoming their mother? Mamma had always loved them, but oh boy had she spanked them. Them and all their siblings. Even Juniper was earning her fair share of sore bottoms these days, but Jayme and Joanne had spent more time across their mother’s lap than the remainder of their family combined. Was she becoming the spank-happy teenager she used to be? Or their mother? Was that a bad thing?

The room seemed to swirl around her, and Jayme staggered, sitting down promptly on one of the beds as her head swam. What was she doing? She didn’t really want to spank Joanne. They weren’t bratty teenagers anymore. She was at college. Heck she’d let Joanne come out here to give her a break from spankings.

And yet.....

And yet Jayme was in charge. She was the eldest sibling and an adult now, having turned eighteen the previous month. More importantly, Mamma had put her in charge. She didn’t want to be an ogre. But Joanne had messed up. As always she’d taken an inch and run a mile with it. But did that mean Jayme was right to spank her?

Sitting on the edge of the bed she took a deep breath. “Ok Jayme, think about it logically” she said aloud. “Joanne messed up. She did something she darn well knew she shouldn’t do. Gambling all our holiday money on a stupid contest. Alright, we won, so no bad came of it. But plenty of bad could have come of it. And a spanking is more than just a punishment, it’s also a warning to prevent you making silly mistakes in the future. So yes, she does deserve a spanking.”

Still her stomach twisted at the notion.

“So why does it feel wrong?” she murmured. “There were plenty of times I wanted to give Joanne a spanking growing up. Why do I feel so uncomfortable about the idea now?” Jayme rubbed her temples, feeling how hot and flushed her face was. She rested cool palms on her cheeks and felt the flush recede, helping her think.

Was it that she’d get into trouble? No, her parents had put her in charge, and they would absolutely agree Joanne deserved a spanking (and a sound one at that). Heck, if she’d pulled that trick at home Joanne would likely be going to the woodshed. So why was the thought of administering a punishment making her stomach twist?

Then finally it came to her. One line that made it all make sense: “This will hurt me more than it’s going to hurt you.”

The number of times she’d been sat across her parents’ knees or bent over the side of her bed and heard this phrase, it was etched into her memory. But of course, like any child, she’d never understood it. Not until today. But it made perfect sense. She didn’t want to spank Joanne. She wanted to be her friend, her sister, the cool older sibling taking her on a get-away-from-it-all holiday. But Joanne needed to be punished for her actions, and she was in charge. “With great power comes great responsibility,” She said, quoting the comics like her parents quoted scripture.

Jayme took a deep breath in, then exhaled. Gathering her composure she stood, crossed to the bathroom door, and calmly knocked.

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Inside the bathroom, Joanne locked the door and stepped away. For a moment she was afraid Jayme would break the door down to come after her, she seemed so mad. But after a single knock there was a spooky silence. Confused and a little scared, Joanne lowered the lid and sat atop the toilet.

“What the heck just happened?” she whispered, pinching the bridge of her nose between forefinger and thumb. There was a familiar pressure building there and Joanne didn’t like what it entailed.

She was going to cry.

What was the problem? She knew Jayme would win. An automated, bucking Bronco Machine in a seaside arcade. Jayme had won *actual* rodeo. And the guys hanging around were all rich kids from upstate. They would never have beaten Jayme. And it wasn't a sin. Not really. They had been keen to take on Joanne's "sister," presuming it would be another dark-haired, petite Goth girl. Even when they had seen Jayme, tall and long limbed, none of them had backed out. They clearly had it coming.

But then gambling was a sin. And it hadn't even been her money she was gambling with.

Inside an uneasy sick feeling was rising in Joanne's stomach. She knew that feeling too. It was guilt.

The tears came now, replacing the anger of the moment and streaking her cheeks. The memory played again and again in her head, and she could see it all from the side-lines. Pride, arrogance, greed. Blast, was she going to be sick? She certainly felt nauseous, but it would pass.

No, she realised, as more tears flowed. It wouldn't pass. It would go away, but only when she was forgiven. She had to apologise to her sister, have her call their parents, and...

But then their holiday would be over. Papa would demand her on the first train back, and Jayme would likely get an earful for letting it happen. Heck they might even call Jayme back from her holiday too. Give her a spanking for not keeping Joanne under control.

No! Joanne stood up. She wasn't going to ruin Jayme's holiday. Jayme, who had been nice enough to bring her along, and frankly must have better things to do than spend spring break babysitting her sixteen-year-old sister.

Just the thought of how much trust she'd betrayed Jayme's trust twisted a knife in her guts. Deep down Joanne knew there was only one thing for it. Only one way she'd feel better. Taking a steadying breath she strode to the door, sliding the bolt back just as Jayme knocked again.

Gingerly she opened it, and the two sisters faced each other across the threshold.

"You need to be spanked," Jayme said.

“I need to be spanked,” Joanne said, at the same time.

An uneasy silence settled between the two of them.

“I-I don’t actually want to do it,” Jayme confessed.

“I need it,” Joanne replied. “I deserve it and I-I want it. I want to get it over with and be forgiven.”

“You know I forgive you right?” Jayme asked. “You can be pretty annoying at times but you’re my sister, and your heart is always in the right place.”

Fresh tears rolled down Joanne’s cheeks. And she realised Jayme’s eyes were glistening too.

“It isn’t just about you forgiving me. It’s about me feeling forgiven. I feel lousy right now. You’ve messed up enough to know what I mean Jayme, and you know what will make me feel better.”

“A spanking?” Jayme asked.

“A spanking!” confirmed Joanne.

The two sisters hugged for a moment, and Joanne felt the sickly feeling instantly begin to recede.

Eventually Jayme broke the hold. “You know what you need to do?” she asked.

Joanne bit her lip and nodded nervously. Then, as Jayme stepped away she began to undress, carefully removing all her clothing, scooping up her sunglasses once they fell forgotten to the floor, and standing before her older sister, naked as Eve.

Jayme meanwhile recovered her hairbrush from her suitcase and sat upon the end of the bed.

How many times had she dreamed of this when they were younger? Of really teaching her little sister a lesson. And now, here she was, wishing with all her heart she didn’t have to do this.

“Warning shots to warm you up. That’s thirty swats Joanne, and it will be on your bare behind. Then I’m going to use the belt, understand?”

"Yes, Jayme." Joanne sniffed, then stepped forward, bending over Jayme's lap and positioning herself. Both girls had spent enough time in this position to know how to make it comfortable, and they quickly settled in, Joanne bent over with her splayed fingers touching the floor and her feet hanging free.

"Here they come," Jayme said, and landed the first smack on Joanne's bared behind.

All the Schmidt sisters received regular spankings, and their behinds existed in a permanent state of slight tenderness. Still it took more than one firm swat to make Joanne yell out. Fortunately, more than one firm swat was what she had coming.

"Thwack, Thwack, Thwack!" went the hairbrush.

Jayme stuck her tongue out between her teeth as she concentrated. This was harder than she thought. Not just the willpower to see the punishment done, but the simple act of it itself. She needed to cover Joanne's rear, not focus all her attention in one place. She needed to keep her swing nice and even, and of course she couldn't lose count. Briefly she wondered if that was why Mamma often made them count their spankings, then realised in horror she had lost count. Mind reeling Jayme swallowed and asked, "How many was that?" trying to sound confident and in command.

"Eleven, Jayme" came Joanne's reply, her voice strangely muffled by her position near the floor.

"Good," Jayme answered, hoping it was correct, and resumed her spanking, this time taking care to count the strokes in her head as she spread the strokes out. Initially she was worried she might not be hitting hard enough, but by fifteen Joanne was squeaking, and at nineteen the dam broke and Joanne began to cry out with each smack. Her body bucked on Jayme's lap and her legs began to kick with each stroke. Confident she was getting her point across Jayme continued her spanking until she reached twenty-five.

Laying across her lap, Joanne had begun to sob. She realised she'd been hoping to hold it in, to endure her spanking stoically, perhaps not to look weak in front of her sister. But as the harsh stinging smacks had built up into a steady burning heat in her behind, Joanne had been forced to abandon all pretence of pride, and began to yell. Now she slumped crying across Jayme's lap, confusion slowly working its way through the thoughts of her burning behind as she realised Jayme had stopped six strokes too soon.

“I’ve just realised you need another punishment for the sin of gambling itself. But I don’t want to spank you for a third time, so I’ve got a little something in mind.” Jayme, her voice seeming to come down from on high.

Joanne twisted to try and see what was going to happen, then she felt the brush being patted against her bare behind, and realised with horror Jayme had flipped it.

“Not the bristles!” she cried out, but that was exactly what Jayme had in mind.

The next smack sent a hundred tiny needles of fire burning through Joanne’s behind and caused her to buck like the Bronco Machine at the centre of the issue. Jayme found that strangely appropriate. “The punishment fits the crime I guess” she whispered, then landed another swat on Joanne’s behind.

Joanne howled and howled! Each stroke made her buck and scream. By the time her last six strokes were done Joanne was hanging over Jayme’s lap sobbing like a babe. Jayme let her rest a moment before ordering her up. Standing, Jayme saw her younger sister naked and red faced, eyes puffy and swollen with tears and couldn’t help but hug her.

“Nearly done Jo’ she whispered. Go stand in the corner for ten minutes, then when I call you bend over the bed.”

Sobbing, Joanne nodded and stepped away, her hands rising to her head. With practiced efficacy, she moved to the corner and planted her nose firmly in it, resisting the urge to rub her burning behind and alleviate the sting of the bristles.

Ten agonising minutes later Jayme called out, “Alright Joanne, we both know the drill.”

Reluctantly Joanne crept over to the bed, bending over while keeping her legs straight to push her bottom up high.

“H-How many am I getting?” she stammered, looking at the long white belt Jayme had dug out of her luggage.

“As many as you deserve Joanne,” she replied, then softened the blow. “Just Ten. You’ve shown genuine contrition, so I’d give you the minimum for two offences.”

Joanne sniffed, genuinely grateful. She spread her legs a little and braced herself.

“Ready?” Jayme asked.

“Ready,” Joanne replied.

“CRACK!” said the belt, taking up its part in the conversation, a line it repeated several times to the accompaniment of Joanne yelling, “Ahhh! Yowie! Yaaaa! Eouch! Waaaa!”

By the time ten strokes had been administered, Joanne was again sobbing freely, and her behind was a red and crimson mess.

Jayme landed one open-palmed smack on her sister’s bottom. *“SMACK!”*

“And that’s for not listening to your big sister,” she added with a chuckle.

Joanne collapsed onto the bed, realising with Jayme’s laugh the punishment was finally over. Wasting no time, Jayme dropped down next to her and wrapped Joanne up in a hug.

“I’m sorry I had to do that,” she said, honestly.

“Not as sorry as I am,” Joanne replied, and both girls began to laugh.

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Sometime later Joanne lay naked on her bed. She had a pillow tucked under her lifting her rump up in the air. Jayme sat beside her, an ice bag filed from the machine gently pressed against Joanne’s blowing red behind.

“What will we do with the money we won?” Joanne asked, lifting her head off the pillow and turning to face her sister.

“We’ll find a local Baptist church tomorrow. We’ll tell the minister what happened, and ask him to use it for some charity work.”

Joanne nodded.

“Well, most of it.” Jayme smiled. “I think we can spend just a little on room service. You fancy some ice cream?”

“Can we get some for my behind?” Joanne asked, and the sisters laughed again.

The End